

RADIO MIRROR

October
25¢



LUCILLE NORMAN

Full Color Pictures—

BIG SISTER * WOMAN IN WHITE * ETHEL AND ALBERT

Your Skin is Smoother, Softer, too, with just One Cake of Camay!

You're the object of attentions and affections when your skin is soft and lovely! So isn't it wonderful that just *one cake* of Camay can give your skin a softer, smoother look. Put aside careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet! Follow directions on the Camay wrapper and watch your beauty bloom!



MRS. WILLIAM ALBERT TRISCHETT
the former Dorothy Bertuch of Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
bridal portrait painted by *Dormont*

MEET THE TRISCHETTS



Back at Dartmouth after a long tour overseas, Bill asked Dorothy, his high school sweetheart, to the Winter Carnival. Then and there they decided their romance was real! Dorothy set a date.



Now Bill gives Dorothy golf lessons near their Hanover home. He's helped her game. And her beauty tip can help your complexion:—"Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for a softer skin!"





"You make a lovely couple, Pet!"

GIRL: Me and the Falls, you mean?

CUPID: Who else? Funny thing, though, some girls come here with *husbands*. Honeymooning, I think they call it. But, of course, *they're* girls with sparkling smiles.

GIRL: Listen, my fine feathered fiend, if I could coax a little sparkle into my smile, I would, believe me! I brush my teeth regularly, but all I get is—

CUPID: Maybe some "pink" on your tooth brush?



GIRL: Bright, aren't you ... and what's a little "pink" in my young life?

CUPID: Grow up, youngster. "Pink" is a sign to *see your dentist*. He'll tell you what's behind it. And if it turns out to be simply a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."

GIRL: Fine, fine ... but by what higher mathematics does all this add up to one big, bright smile?

CUPID: Elementary, my dear witless. Sparkling smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums. So, if your dentist advises massage, go to it, gal. 9 out of 10 dentists today *do* recommend gum massage ... regularly or in special cases, according to a just-completed nationwide survey.

And what's more, they prefer Ipana Tooth Paste 2 to 1 for their own personal use.

Ipana



Product of
Bristol-Myers

for your
Smile of Beauty



HOW TO MASSAGE YOUR GUMS. Gently massage at the gum line, always keeping fingertip in contact with the tooth surface. It's at the gum line, where teeth and gums meet, that so many troubles start — where gentle massage can be so helpful. *Between regular visits to your dentist, help him guard your smile of beauty.*



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On the Cover
LUCILLE NORMAN,
Color Portrait by Geoffrey Morris

October, 1947

RADIO MIRROR

NORTH ATLANTIC EDITION

Vol. 28, No. 5

"This Is Stan Lomax".....	4
New Records	6
Facing the Music.....by Ken Alden	8
What's New From Coast to Coast.....by Dale Banks	12
Arranged by Gene Zacher.....	14
Boston's Wild Azaleas.....	16
Introducing—Sylvia Leigh.....	17
Radio Mirror Awards.....	19
The Secret Place—A Woman In White Story.....by Iris Noble	20
I Quizzed the Quiz Kids.....by Aline Neal	22
Big Sister—In Living Portraits.....	24
Bachelor's Lot.....by Pauline Swanson	28
The Pony Who Talked.....by Ed McConnell	30
"I Met The Right Man".....by Risë Stevens	32
Ethel and Albert—A Picture-Story.....	34
Between the Bookends.....by Ted Malone	38
Lucy Is A Beachcomber—Cover Girl Lucille Norman...by Polly Townsend	40
At The County Fair—In Pictures.....	42
Life Can Be Beautiful.....	44
The Most Precious Thing.....by Chichi Hamilton	46
Come and Visit Martin Block.....	48
For Better Living	
Apple Pie Orders.....by Kate Smith	52
Hopefully Yours	54
Once Upon A Time.....	55
Science vs. Crime—Exploring the Unknown.....	60
The Lovely Look.....by Mary Jane Fulton	62
Inside Radio	56
Information Booth—Your Questions Answered.....	64
A Million Out of Thin Air.....	66

All ♥ the world loves



Want More Flavor? ASK FOR FLEER'S

ALSO MAKERS OF FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM • FRANK H. FLEER CORP. • PHILA. • PA.

Coming Next Month



Living Portraits: Backstage

Wife (Mary Noble as played

by Claire Neisen)

COLLECT your wits and grade your favorites: in next month's Radio Mirror you'll find the *first ballot* in the First Annual Radio Mirror Awards, ready and waiting for you to make your marks and mail back to us. Directions will sit beside the ballot; be sure to read them before you plunge.

* * *

Lorenzo Jones, always in and out of some domestic embroilment, gets into a particularly dangerous one, the course of which you can follow in four pages of exciting pictures. We'll say only that many a marriage has broken up for less trouble than the Joneses have in our Radio Mirror Picture-Story—but since Lorenzo's involved it ends up, as do most of his difficult moments, more laughable than tragic.

* * *

In Living Portraits it's Backstage Wife, with Mary and Larry Noble featured in two brilliant, true-to-life full color portraits to add to your framed collection, and black and white pictures of the others who make the Nobles' lives so stimulating.

* * *

Visit Jack Benny—in color; read the very special story built around the beloved characters of The Guiding Light; examine, in For Better Living, actress Julie Stevens' house-of-the-future. But before you do anything else, find the ballot in November Radio Mirror and use it, right away quick!

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You've picked a perfect silent partner, Honey. Mum not only protects your work-a-day charm, but keeps you sweet and dainty after hours, too.

It's foolish for any girl to take chances with underarm odor. A bath washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of *future* offense.

Be a safety-first girl with



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum

safe for charm

Mum checks perspiration odor, keeps underarms dainty all day or evening.

Mum

safe for skin

No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

Mum

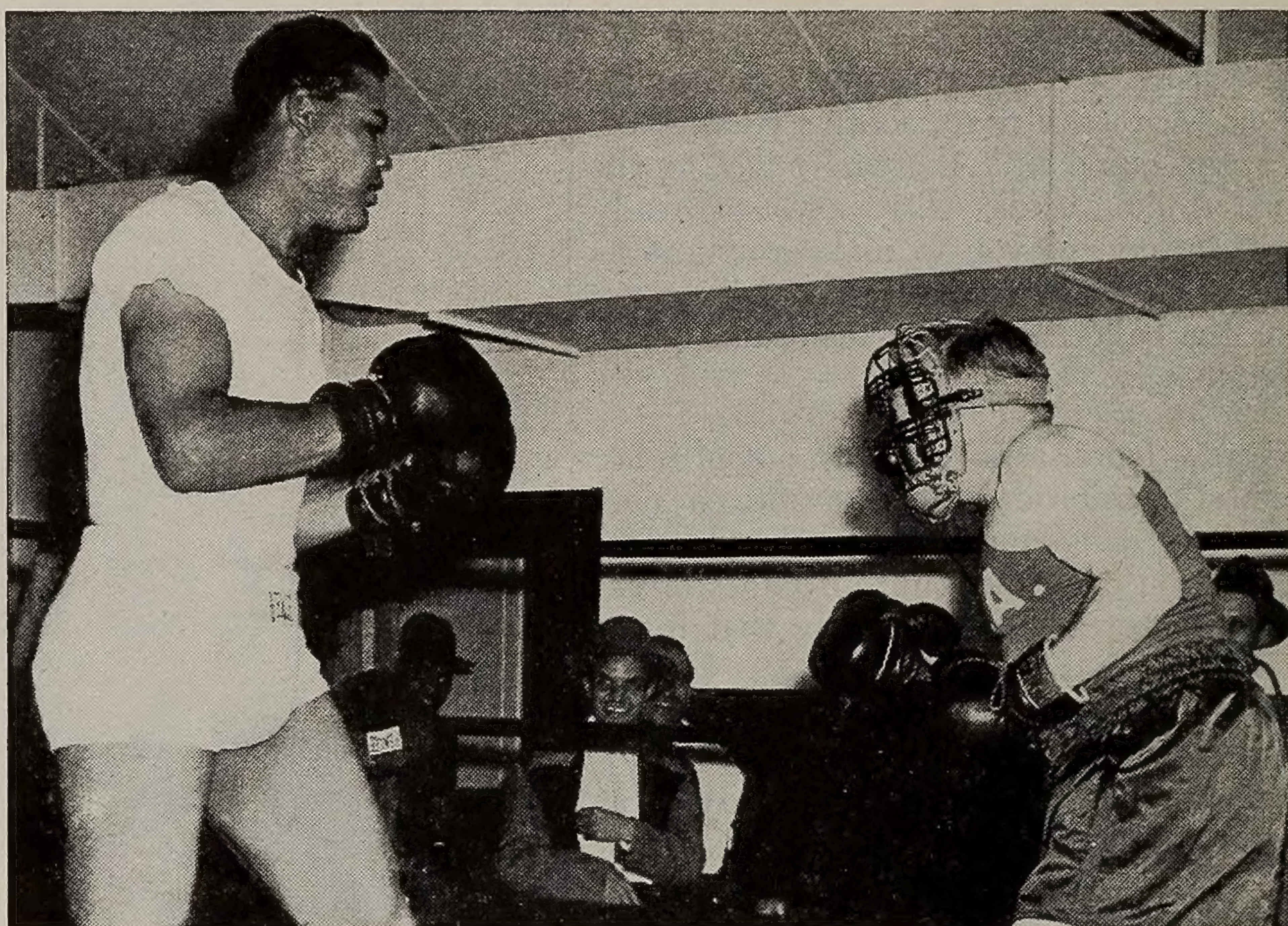
safe for clothes

No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.



Six times a week, at 6:45 P.M., fans tune WOR for the tops in sportscasts.

"This is STAN LOMAX"



With a mike inside a mask, Stan describes his bout with Joe Louis.

WHEN Henry S. Lomax was a youngster at Moravian and Bethlehem prep schools, fellow students said the S. stood for Sports. The reason: Lomax played first-string football, baseball and basketball. And when Stan went on to study at Cornell and Hobart he was a member of both grid squads.

Today Stan Lomax is one of America's top sports commentators and president of the Sports Broadcasters Association after 17 years of ace announcing on WOR. Stan is one sports writer star athletes swear by. They know he's fair and square and has a player's knowledge of the game. They know of his record as a pro basketballer in Pennsylvania and pro baseballer in West Virginia.

Lomax is a man with a sense of humor and an eye for news. Take the time he set up a bout with Champ Joe Louis so he could tell listeners "how it feels." Lomax wore a lip microphone behind a reinforced catcher's mask, a chest protector, shin guards and purple silk tights.

The first round consisted of gentle taps from Louis and out-of-breath comments by Lomax. It came to an end when a blow by Louis knocked Stan's mike loose. Round 2 came to an end when Louis aimed a couple of rights at the catcher's mask—they sounded like thunder on the air—and Stan found himself sitting on the canvas.

When rumors were circulating that Babe Ruth had lost his voice and was near death, Lomax was the first reporter to get an interview with the Babe. Ruth and

Lomax traded yarns about old times, like the season when Stan got chicken pox and almost quarantined the entire Yankee nine.

Stan is versatile. Not long ago he pinch-hit for Martha Deane, WOR women's commentator, and made history of a sort by giving a dubious recipe for rice pudding. Nevertheless he was a hit with the ladies, because Stan was called back to substitute once more. This time he gave a man's eye view of feminine fashions.

Lomax's radio debut came in 1930, when he acted as Ford Frick's assistant on WOR. When Frick became president of the National League in 1934, Stan took over his broadcasting assignment and has been at it—six times a week—ever since.

During the recent war, Stan was responsible for selling more than a million dollars' worth in War Savings Bonds and was cited by the Treasury Department for his work.

Stan is married and has a ten-year-old son who has definitely decided to be a professional baseball player. He lives in Manhasset, Long Island, where his one extravagance is buying trees and shrubs for the lawn. The husky 5-foot-8 sportsman plays golf, but his favorite sport is baseball. He does a lot of fishing and his prize catch to date is a 436-pound swordfish.

He carries a Dutch 10-cent piece, which he picked up on one of his tours, as a good luck charm. It helps him curb mike fright, which he admits to having—even after more than 6,000 broadcasts.



*"It's
going to be
wonderful
tonight!"*

AS Kathryn stood there, waiting for the boy she loved to waltz her into the glittering ballroom, she knew this was her night of nights.

Never had she felt so completely happy or looked so immaculately fresh and sweet.

Indeed that eternal freshness was one of Kathryn's charms. It was something that she strove for, recognizing it almost as a passport to the popularity she had known since her teens.

Just to look at her was to realize that here was a girl far too clever, far too fastidious to ever take chances with off-color breath (halitosis).

Can You Be Sure?

Can you say as much for yourself? Do you foolishly take your breath for granted? Well . . . *don't!*

One little offense (and you may not know when you're guilty) can stamp you as a person to avoid.

Follow the delightful precaution that countless popular people take . . . Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and between times when you want to be at your best. While sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, and then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Missouri

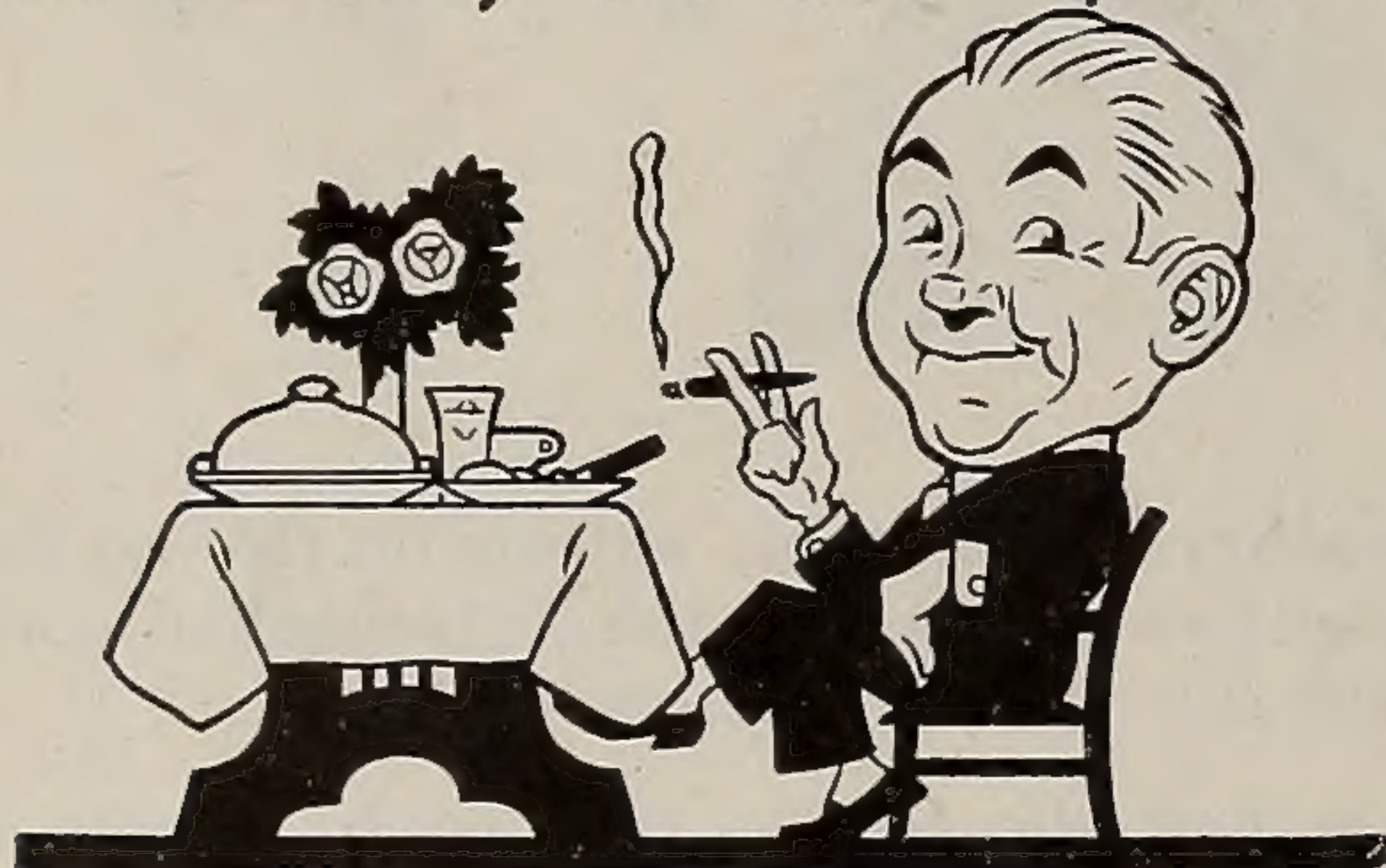
IT PAYS
to buy two packages
instead of only one.
PREPAREDNESS,
when you need relief,
means half the battle won



I keep an *EXTRA* package
of Alka-Seltzer near.
And when a headache
threatens... I soon get
in the clear.



Of course I keep an *EXTRA*.
And after all... why not?
If Acid Indigestion comes
I'm "Johnny-on-the-Spot"



I hate discomforts of a COLD
A sniffle, snuff or sneeze.
That's why I keep an *EXTRA*
For just such times as these.



Alka-Seltzer can be so helpful in
so many ways in your home, you
will find it wise always to have
an *EXTRA* package handy.
Why not do as thousands do:—
Instead of buying one, buy two!
All drugstores. 60c — 30c — and
the new purse and pocket size.

Alka-Seltzer

NEW RECORDS

RECOMMENDED
By KEN ALDEN



DAVE ROSE:

MGM shows what their talented conductor-composer can do with an all string orchestra and this album has eight fine demonstrations, including "Holiday For Strings" and the unforgettable "Laura."

LES BROWN:

The reliable Les Brown has collected eight of his best tunes and Columbia has made an album out of them. The orchestra is in fine fettle. Best bet, the dreamy, "Out of Nowhere."

DINAH SHORE-FRANK SINATRA:

A top-combine, they get together to help the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund and the results are magnificent. The pair do "My Romance" and "Tea For Two." A must.

JACK TEAGARDEN:

A Victor Hot Jazz classic with Mr. T singin' and trombonin' on "Say It Simple" and "Jam Session at Victor." Both good.

SKITCH HENDERSON:

A new and good band emphasizing Skitch's Steinwayward tinklings, plays "Dancing With a Deb," and "Dream On A Summer Night." Interesting dance tempos. (Capitol.)

ART LUND:

MGM's carefree crooner clicks again with "Naughty Angeline" and "What Are You Doing New Year's Eve."

ZIGGY ELMAN:

A new version of this trumpeter's unforgettable "And the Angels Sing" is worth having, as is "Three Little Words." (MGM.)

BUDDY CLARK-XAVIER CUGAT:

A neat doubleheader has Clark and The Rumba King doing "Story of Sorrento" and the guaracho, "Hugo and Igo." (Columbia.) Mr. C. evidently likes team work for on another Columbia disc he joins up with Eddy Duchin on "After Graduation Day" and "Je Vous Aime."

CAB CALLOWAY:

Familiar stuff with "The Jungle King" and "Give Me Twenty Nickels For A Dollar." (Columbia.) Victor's Count Basie also handles the former tune in ship-shape boogie style. For jazz collectors, Columbia has just issued a new collection of early Duke Ellington recordings which have never been released.

BUDDY COLE:

For something different try Capitol's album of organ console styling by this talented West Coaster. Among the tunes in this album are "Mood Indigo," "Sleepy Time Gal" and "Good Night Sweetheart."

BENNY GOODMAN:

Reliable jazz with "Tattletale" and the imperishable "Dizzy Fingers." (Capitol.)

FRANK LOESSER:

The talented composer sings his own new novelty "Bloop Bleep" and it's good fun. (MGM.) Woody Herman picks up the same tune for Columbia and does the plaintive "Baby, Come Home" on the reverse.

JOHNNY DESMOND:

Excellent swooning by this ex-GI as he gives out with "If It's True" and "Just Plain Love." The Page Cavanaugh Trio back him up admirably. (Victor.) On their own Victor disc, the threesome run through "Triskaidekaphobia" and "Love's Got Me In a Lazy Mood."

THE KING COLE TRIO:

They come up with two more winners, "Naughty Angeline" and "That's What." (Capitol.)

Joan Caulfield

starring in
Paramount's Picture
"VARIETY GIRL"



"Be Lovelier Tonight!"

"My Beauty Facials give skin
fresh new Loveliness," says this famous star

Lovely Joan Caulfield tells you how she takes her Active-lather facials with Lux Toilet Soap: "Just smooth Lux Soap's fragrant creamy lather well into your skin. Rinse with warm water, a dash of cold. As you pat gently to dry, skin is smoother, more appealing."

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. You'll find Joan Caulfield is right when she says "My Lux Soap beauty care will make you lovelier tonight!"

Another fine
LEVER product

It's thrilling when he whispers
"You're beautiful!" In recent
tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials
by skin specialists, actually
3 out of 4 complexions improved
in a short time!



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap — *Lux Girls are Lovelier!*

Margaret Whiting is Mon.-Wed.-Fri. vocalist on Club 15,
alternating with Patti Clayton on Tues.-Thurs. It's CBS, 7:30 P.M.



By
**KEN
ALDEN**

Facing the



Jerry Gray runs his band through
a Club 15 special, cueing Crosby, Whiting.

THAT bright-eyed Margaret Whiting is a spectacular singing success with her own commercial program and a string of Capitol record hits to prove it, comes as no surprise to those well-informed about the Whiting background. The 21-year-old blonde from Hollywood via Detroit, they will tell you, was born with the traditional silver spoon in her mouth.

But Margaret, who's always carefree and uninhibited, in love with the world and completely happy with the way her career has progressed thus far, is quick to become serious, if only for a moment, when this point is brought up.

"I almost gagged on that silver spoon," she protests. "Nobody believed I wanted to work and slave for a career. You don't have to work for a living, they said, so stop messing around with show business."

Among those who gave this advice were the friends of her father, the late great song writer Richard Whiting who made a fortune fashioning such hits as "Sleepy Time Gal," "Louise," "Beyond the Blue Horizon," "Guilty," "She's Funny That Way," "Japanese Sandman," "Till We Meet Again" and dozens of other favorites. They were such redoubtable fellows as Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Buddy De Sylva, Johnny Mercer, Hollywood director Leo McCarey, and others of tremendous influence in radio, record and music circles.

"They were always at the house, for Dad was a great one for throwing parties. And they loved me like their own daughters but they made the business tougher than if I'd been a complete unknown," she claims.

Finally Johnny Mercer stepped into the picture. If



Bob Crosby who M.C.s Club 15, and Margaret, both with singing in the blood, work out some good blends.

Music



The Modernaires Johnny Drake, Harold Dickinson, Francis Scott behind Ralph Brester, Virginia Maxey.

you are familiar with Mr. Mercer's accomplishments then you know that he is a songwriter, singer, actor, radio comedian and record company executive. On Margaret's behalf he proved to be a fine adviser and coach. On his recommendation she was given a sustaining program. Nice work on that show led to brief appearances with Ransom Sherman and later on the Jack Carson show. At 16 she won the vocalist's spot on the Hit Parade but was fired after four or five weeks because of lack of experience.

At this point the chorus of "I-told-you-sos" reached a high crescendo. Young Margaret was a failure so perhaps she would devote herself to school and dances and all the normal interests that young daughters of well-to-do families pursue.

Margaret could have suffered a while, accepted defeat and then enjoyed a peaceful and sheltered life at home. Instead she threw the challenge right back in the teeth of her detractors. She applied for and won the toughest job a singer could ask for as vocalist with Freddie Slack's band. Slack was then enjoying a measure of success but what made it tough for Margaret was that the band was confining its personal appearances almost exclusively to one-night engagements. This meant constant traveling on long journeys between towns, little or no sleep, bad hotel accommodations and few personal comforts.

They predicted she'd last a week but Margaret stayed with the band for over a year, and with it developed the warm, intimate tones that have made her one of the leading vocalists of the day. More, she learned to sing with a beat and project that beat to

the listeners, a trick that distinguishes the top singers from the rank and file. To aspiring young vocalists, Margaret's advice is to work with a band to get to feel how musicians in the band play with a beat and to learn how to get it into one's vocal interpretation.

What really won attention and stirred her dad's pals out of their lethargy were the fine recordings she made with Slack. For the first time everybody in Hollywood who knew Margaret realized that she had worked and sweated it out just as she said she would and that she now could sing with the major leaguers. Buddy De Sylva and the ever-present Johnny Mercer were now the heads of Capitol Records, a new firm they had catapulted from obscurity to fourth place among all record companies. In one of their typically alert and smart moves they signed Margaret to a contract.

"There was a thrill for you," laughs Margaret. "Now I *knew* I had proved to them how important singing was to me."

Getting places is one thing. Continuing to progress is another and Margaret has done just that not only by improving her voice but by keeping her eye on her objective from all angles. Although still new to show business, comparatively, Margaret has more friends and well-wishers than most veterans.

Margaret solidified her small measure of success by blithely walking into the recording studios and casually singing a tune which she had barely rehearsed. She had been meticulous, however, with the reverse side, the Irving Berlin oldie "How Deep Is The Ocean." Everybody felt the record would stand

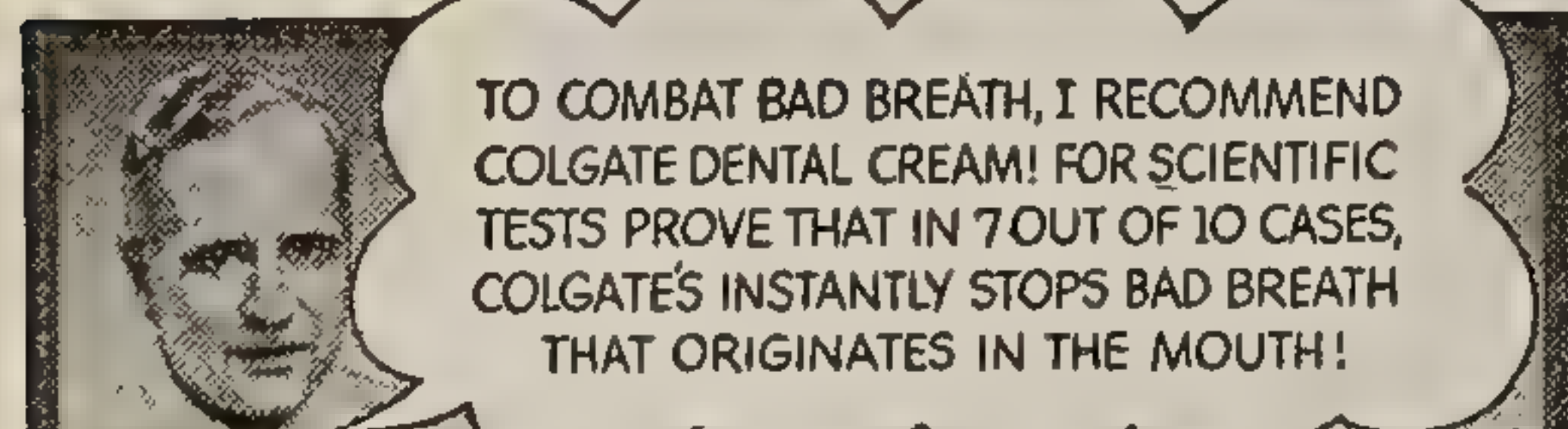
I Hate Wimmin!



WISH I HATED 'EM!
THEN THIS FREEZE-OUT
YOUR SISTER'S
HANDING ME WOULDN'T
HIT ME SO HARD!



I'M IN BAD WITH SIS, TOO.
SHE WANTS YOU TO
SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT
BAD BREATH. BUT WHEN
I SAID I'D TELL YOU —
SHE JUMPED ALL OVER ME!



TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC
TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES,
COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH
THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth — helps clean out decaying food particles — stop stagnant saliva odors — remove the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and safely!"



LATER—
Thanks to
Colgate
Dental Cream

HER KID BROTHER'S TIP-OFF SHOWED ME HOW
TO GET THE TREATMENT I'M GETTING NOW!



**COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM**
Cleans Your Breath
While It Cleans
Your Teeth!



Always use
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
after you eat and before
every date

Facing the Music

or fall on that particular number and the other side didn't count at all since it was one of the obscure numbers by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, from the motion picture, "State Fair."

The tune was "It Might As Well Be Spring" and because she hadn't prepared for it, Margaret thinks its success was a freak. The record, on which she was billed under orchestra leader Paul Weston's name, quickly rose to first place in 1945-46 and made Margaret the new girl vocal discovery of that period.

When Margaret arrived in New York for a vacation she was hardly prepared for the reception she received from radio sponsors. Before she had a chance to see the town she was offered and accepted a spot on a new variety show on NBC. In a short while she had another NBC show, Celebrity Club. By the end of the season another of her dad's pals had switched from scoffer to booster when Eddie Cantor signed her as the singing star for the 1946-47 season on his radio show. Now, she's winning plaudits for her work on Club 15 which she shares with M.C. Bob Crosby on CBS.

Margaret remains unaffected by the limelight for she has the kind of warm, vibrant personality that can take success in stride. She's not thinking of marriage yet.

"I'm still waiting," she laughs, "for the boy I always sing my songs to."

Get her started and she'll talk all day long about her family. She loves them all and never stops shouting their praises. But most importantly she cherishes the memory of her dad who died at the age of 45, at the height of his career. Margaret was only 14 at the time.

Ever since she was old enough to carry a tune, her dad spent hours every day going over the scores of Broadway shows with her. And he never submitted a song to a publisher without first playing it for little Margaret and winning her approval. He never thought her voice was extraordinary but he marveled at its true pitch. He taught her the importance of the lyrics in a song as well as the music.

Margaret is keeping his memory alive in the best way she knows. She recently established a music publishing firm dedicated to reviving her father's compositions. She also has urged the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers to establish, in her father's name, an annual Musical Oscar for singers. One of her ambitions is to record an album of her favorite tunes written by Mr. Whiting. This project has the sanction and approval of her record sponsors and will soon be accomplished.

Says Margaret: "I never made a record or sang a song on the air that I didn't wonder and hope that dad would approve of the way I had sung it."

Re-issues of old records featuring singers who are stars today, but were virtu-

ally unknown when these original discs were made, are making quite a hit with music fans but causing much feudin' and a-fightin' among the record companies.

Victor, which reaps a harvest with its talented Perry Como, is not happy about the fact that Decca is re-issuing a flock of old Ted Weems records which feature Como, made when Como was a member of Ted's band at \$75 a week. And Columbia has Decca mad because the former outfit is re-issuing a number of very old Bing Crosby platters. Such goings on!

Ginny O'Connor, vocalist with the Tex Beneke band, has left the organization to marry the orchestra's pianist, Hank Mancini.

The King Sisters believe in doing things together. Alyce recently gave birth to her second baby boy. Luise is expecting her bundle from heaven any day now, Yvette about a month later and Donna before Thanksgiving rolls around.

Al Jolson reversed himself and heads his own show next Fall on NBC's coveted Music Hall. He is in New York now conferring with advertising agency officials on the format of the program. One thing is certain. Expensive guest stars will be used.

A heavy promotional buildup will be given to Beryl Davis, British singing import by Victor records and NBC. The stunning brunette gained attention during the war when she sang for our troops stationed in England.

Despite two more operations, doctors are confident lovely and courageous Jane Froman will be well enough to resume her singing career by late Fall. If you remember, Jane survived a USO plane crash several years ago when she was enroute to the fighting fronts. The injury was almost fatal, has to date made the star an invalid.

Two Broadway singing stars who have yet to click on radio, Ethel Merman and Gertrude Niesen, are determined to get sponsors next season. Both are quietly auditioning radio program ideas which will serve as starring vehicles.

The dance band business, already in serious doldrums, has received another financial blow. Many important theaters have abandoned their band stage shows due to lack of cash customers.

Plans by a large advertising agency to present a full hour weekly series of radio versions of popular movie music have been abandoned due to the high cost of musicians and royalties.

Latest thing in the disc jockey field will be a platter series on Mutual just for children, m.c.d. by Frank Luther, one of the best known singers of kiddie songs.



Sensational was Vic Damone's first show, Saturday at 10 P.M. EST.



EDGAR
BERGEN

CHARLIE
McCARTHY

MORTIMER
SNERD

JUST IMAGINE!

CHARLIE MCCARTHY EDGAR BERGEN

DINAH SHORE MORTIMER SNERD

DONALD DUCK MICKEY MOUSE-ALL IN

Walt Disney's

new full-length musical cartoon feature

Fun and Fancy Free

FEATURING

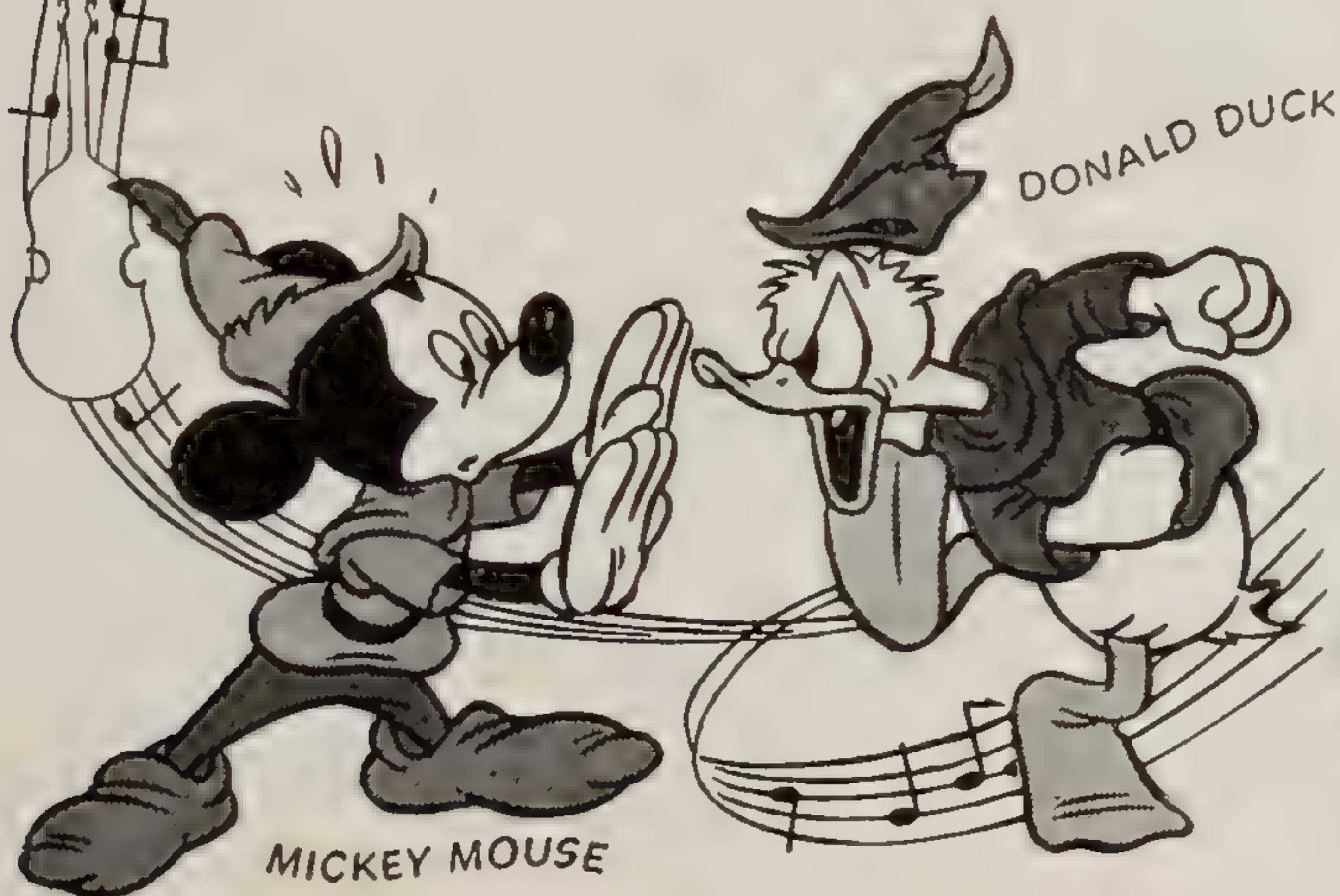
EDGAR **BERGEN** ... DINAH **SHORE**

with his radio pals Charlie McCarthy
and Mortimer Snerd

singing and narrating the tuneful
story of Bongo—the circus bear

plus Luana Patten, Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse and 3 new lovable Disney characters

Released through RKO Radio Pictures



MICKEY MOUSE

DONALD DUCK

Parade of Hit Songs

"FUN AND FANCY FREE"
"LAZY COUNTRYSIDE"
"TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE"
"SAY IT WITH A SLAP"
and others you'll be humming soon.

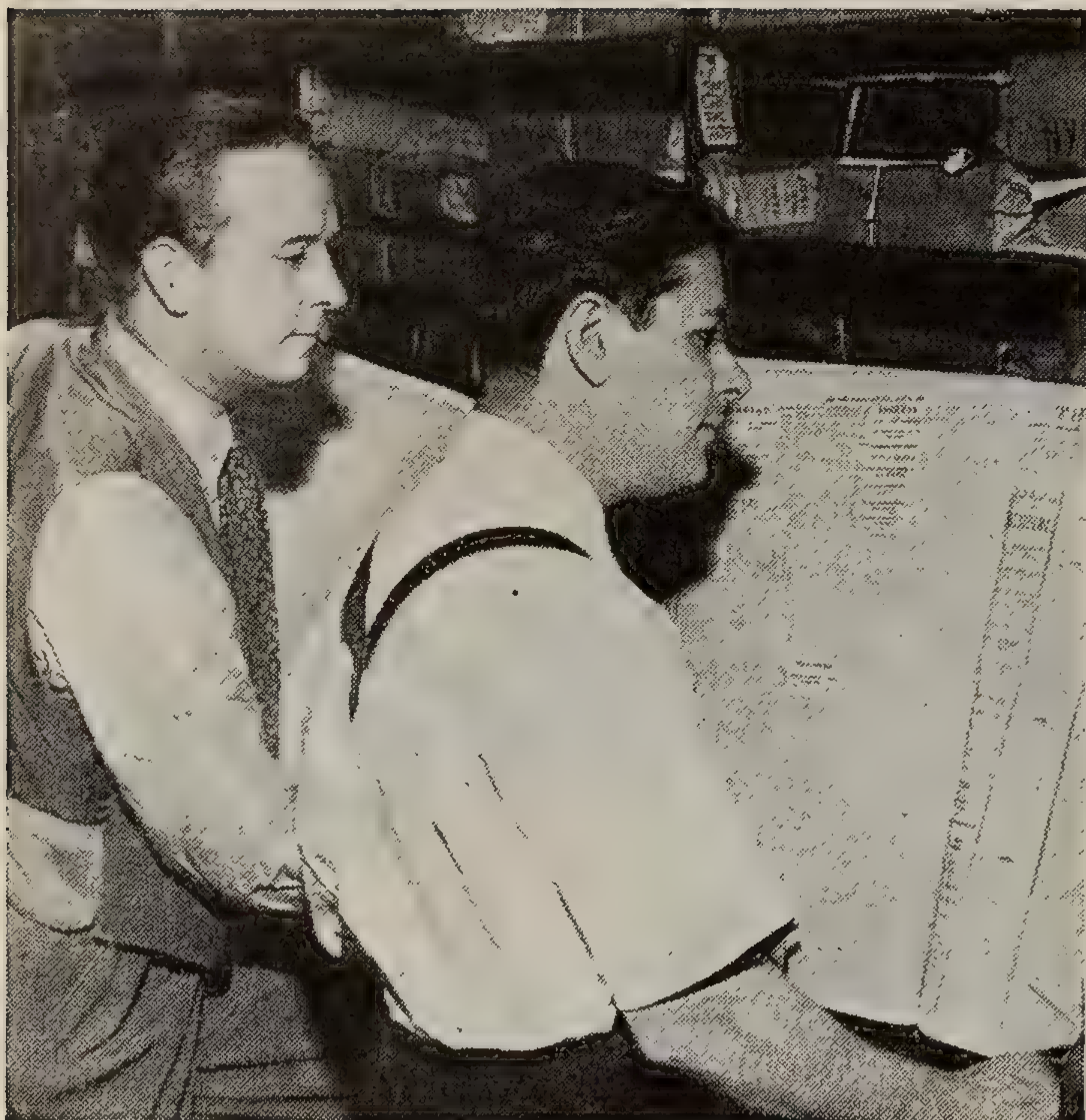


JIMINY
CRICKET

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

©WDP

Abbott and Costello telescope their activities, picking up a mid-day snack and some trade news at the same time.



Narrator John Daly, Producer Robert Shayon do intensive research for CBS *Is There* history-dramas.

What's New FROM

IT'S a long shot that Margaret Truman, the President's daughter, will be featured on a radio show this Fall. The rumors are still traveling around, but lots of smarties are inclined to take Miss Truman at her oft-repeated word, that she doesn't intend to make any definite commitments until after the elections.

* * *

Rumors are also rife that Billy Rose—our favorite columnist, but perhaps better known to you as the guy in back of the "Diamond Horseshoe" and the World's Fair Aquacade—is going to buy into the ABC network. So far, Billy ain't telling, one way or the other.

* * *

Another new car owner we've heard from is Arthur Gaeth, Mutual commentator, and he's not walking on air. He got one, at last, only it's going to take him months to locate and learn the functions of all the new gadgets on it. He's found some of them but hasn't the slightest idea what they're for, and he swears that there are some fixings on his car according to the booklet that came with it, which he has still to see with the naked eye. It's such a mechanical age, isn't it?

* * *

For years now, the movies and the stage have been playing so fast and loose with themes and characters with psychological problems, that it's good to know that somebody takes such things seriously enough to make sure he's presenting as factual a picture of disturbed minds, as possible.

Sherman H. Dryer, who produces the Mutual show, *Shadows of the Mind*, is such a person. In his desire to dramatize the stories which are written from factual and scientific case histories with the utmost accuracy, Mr. Dryer has an eminent psychiatrist at every program rehearsal, who checks on performances as well as on the scripts, to make sure they're true to life. A definite scientific pattern is followed in preparing each broadcast.

Dryer, one of the most respected producers in radio, was once a college professor, which may account for this passion for authenticity and background work. Whatever it is, it is welcome in the entertainment fields, all of them, where there has been a sloppy tendency to make all neurotics and psychotics into Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde types, designed to scare and horrify, but not to educate the general public on the real problems of mal-adjusted persons. And that's a job that needs doing, because only when the public begins to get understanding and knowledge will many people, who are now neglected or hidden away by shamed relatives, begin to get the kind of help they need, as soon as they begin to need it.

* * *

There's a lady out in Hollywood who worries more about her son's weight than he does—and he's a constant worrier, vocally, on that subject, even on the air. She's Mrs. Bessie Alexander, the mother of Heart's Desire Ben Alexander, and she's always after him to get him to stop mentioning his weight on the show. She's awfully bothered about what people must think he looks like.

* * *

Gene Hamilton, symphony-commentator extraor-

By
**DALE
BANKS**



Family party at the
Waldorf's Wedgwood Room—
Vicki and Jack Smith
hosted Jack's parents, Mr.
and Mrs. W. R. Smith.

COAST to COAST



Gene Autry (heard on CBS, Sunday nights) and a
fluffy friend greet a waiting group of fans.

dinary, is sporting a lucky charm these days. It rarely happens, but it happened to him—he found a pearl in an oyster, and he's hoping that wearing it will attract more of same.

* * *

Listening to Jack Bailey on the Queen for a Day show you'd never suspect that anything could ever embarrass him—or ever did. It's not so. Seems that on a job in the early days of the war, he was plenty embarrassed.

It was his first night on a new job as a disc jockey for KHJ in Los Angeles. And just that night, there had to be a blackout, something he'd never tried to work through before. His troubles got bigger when the studio door opened suddenly and a stranger walked in. Jack says he yelled, "Get out of here! Can't you see I've got my hands full without people hanging around?" The man got out—but the next day Jack found out that the stranger was the station manager who'd come five miles through the blackout to check emergency studio operations.

* * *

Met an out of town radio engineer recently named Jim Dickens, who did a bit of tale-telling about the floods last Spring out in Iowa that made our hair stand on end. It wasn't enough that he was isolated at the transmitter site by the flood waters, but, as the water seeped into the transmitter house, he had to divide his time between watching his "on the air" signals, bailing out the house and shooting deadly water moccasins, 17 of them before the water began to recede and stop floating them into the transmitter. That's what we call devotion to duty. One of those babies would have been enough to send us rowing away from that place fast. (Continued on page 70)



From Bob Ripley's vast Chinese art collection:
vase bearing one thousand "Good Luck" characters.



Gene toils late on the arrangements which his listeners enjoy and musicians everywhere use and appreciate.



Gene Zacher, pianist, arranger and Musical Director for WHAM.

Arranged By **GENE ZACHER**

BACK in 1920 there was a lad in Buffalo, New York, who preferred practicing "Chop Sticks" to tinkering with a crystal set.

Gene Zacher, Musical Director of Station WHAM, Rochester, smiles when he thinks back to those days when he played everything on the "black keys" and his left hand searched, sometimes fruitlessly, for the bass accompaniment.

This lad Zacher had decided that he wanted to be a pianist. He practiced hard . . . learned to read well . . . even developed a tricky version of "Twelfth Street Rag." It was inevitable that Latin, Ancient History and Algebra would find it hard competing with music during Gene's four years of high school, but somehow, when Graduation Day arrived, the high school's favorite pianist received his diploma.

The Eastman School of Music of the University of Rochester was Gene's next goal, so he left home and moved to Rochester to enroll. Between watching baseball games and courting Monica Rice, who lived sixty-five miles south of Rochester in the community of Fillmore, Gene had to study far into the night on frequent occasions so his marks in Musical Theory, Composition and Piano Technique wouldn't suffer. Again, graduation day came along and there in the ranks was Gene Zacher clutching his B.A. degree.

With school days over, Gene proved that he was not

only a good musician but also a capable business man, for he promptly went to work, doing theatrical pit work, radio programs, arranging and still found time to drive down to Fillmore to court Monica.

Gene started in at WHAM as a pianist. Later he did orchestral arrangements for the air. When the job of Musical Director opened, Mr. Zacher was the logical one to step in and take over not only dance programs but programs of semi and classical works.

Gene's big programs such as the Stromberg-Carlson Sunday Something in the Air show, his dance programs such as Modern Design, Kaleidoscope, and The House-party are tops. Often he presents piano recitals or, teaming up with Syl Novelli, programs of two-piano harmonies.

Not many listeners, however, know that Gene's arrangements are considered to be among the best on the air. Many of the feature melodies played on WHAM have been arranged by him. His arrangements have been used on all the networks.

Another phase of Gene's work is his dance orchestra. Society and bobby-soxers appreciate his dance music and keep him busy practically every week of the year.

Gene married Monica and they now have two lovely daughters, Sandy and Kathy. Gene still likes to watch a good baseball game but his real pastime in off hours is his home garden.

Are you in the know?



What's this paper doll trying to do?

- ☐ Get into print
- ☐ Scoop the news
- ☐ A slight-of-hand trick

Ma Nature gave this little girl a great big hand. Outsize paws seem smaller if you make them less conspicuous. With one hand, practice crumpling a sheet of newspaper into a ball. That's a trick to limber hands, lend them grace (a confidence builder!). At "those" times, too, you can gain self-assurance—with Kotex, and that exclusive *safety center*. Because it gives *extra* protection, it's a can't-miss for confidence.



Which type calls for this neckline?

- ☐ Pudge
- ☐ Pee-wee
- ☐ TNT

Scarves are neckline news again. Top 'em off with a fancy stickpin — maybe made from your own sorority pin. But mind you — chin-chucking scarves are not for the short or chubby. It's the TNT gal (tall 'n' terrific) who can best wear the style shown here. And by the way, it's smart to know *Kotex* comes in sizes! 3 of 'em! So — from Regular, Junior and Super you can choose the napkin suited to *you*.



What the lonesome lass lacks is —

- ☐ Goldilocks
- ☐ Good standing
- ☐ Gorgeous gams

It takes more than honey-hued tresses and trim pegs to make an impression. Avoid that Leaning Tower look. Since it comes from toting textbooks on one favored side — shift the ballast! Good standing improves your poise. Of course, poise is yours for the asking on difficult days — when you've asked for *Kotex*. Naturally! Because *Kotex* is the napkin with flat pressed ends that prevent telltale outlines.



Will you score with your stadium squire, if you're

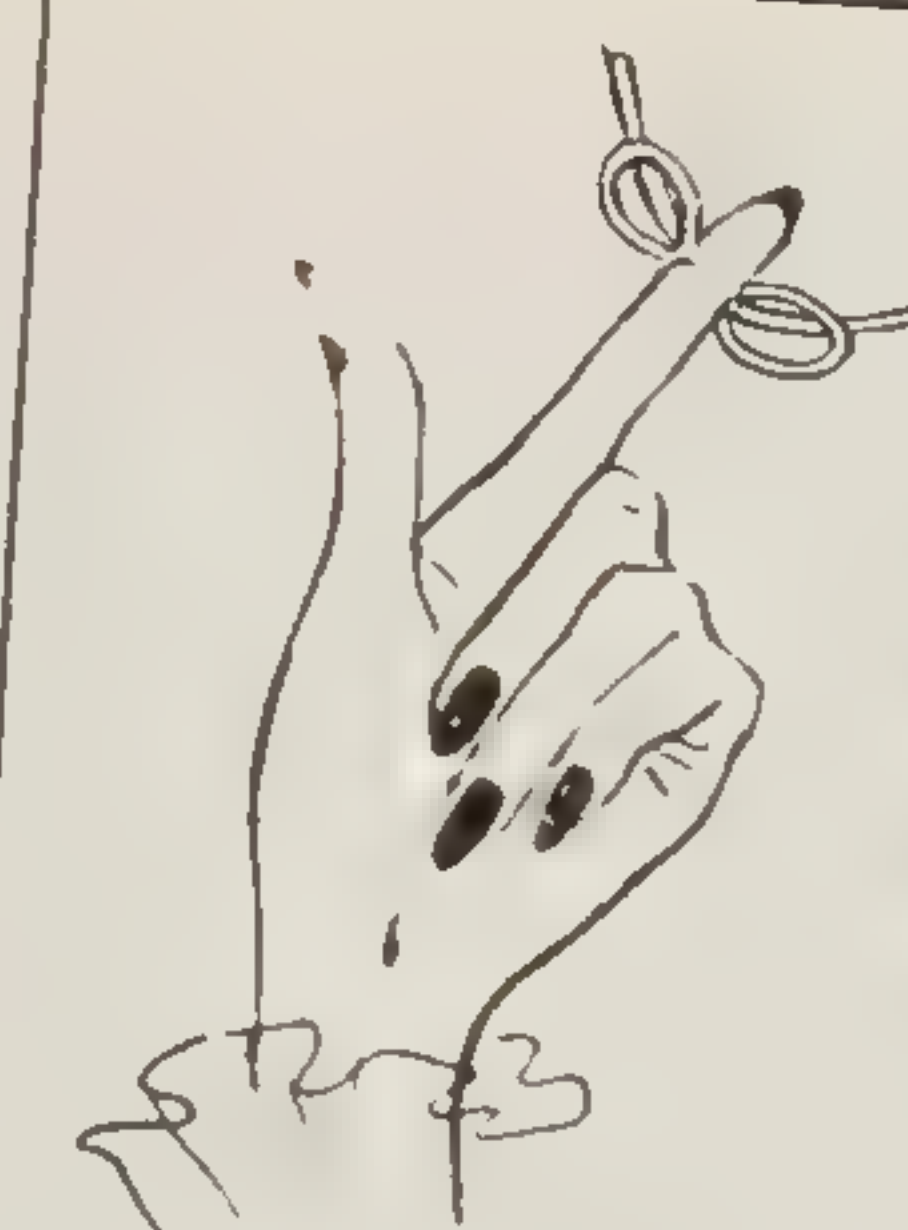
- ☐ Cheer-happy
- ☐ Sweet and silent
- ☐ A quiz kid

Gals should *know* football! — squires complain. Block that "kick" — by boning up, beforehand. Then get with the game!

Have fun! Better to cheer your head off than be sweetly mute or a question-box. And don't let calendar interference faze you. Just depend on *Kotex*: it's made to *stay soft while you wear it*. And teamed with a *Kotex* Sanitary Belt (all-elastic — snug-fitting — adjustable!) *Kotex* keeps you in blissful comfort, from kickoff to final whistle!



More women choose **KOTEX***
than all other sanitary napkins

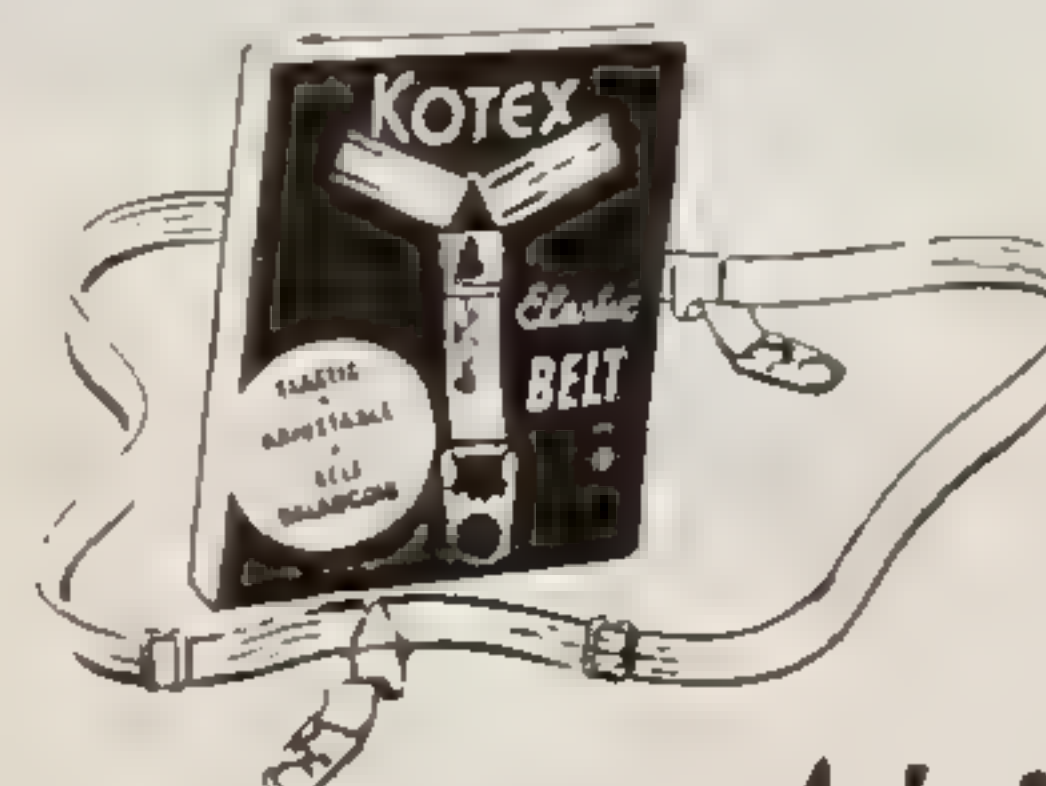


3 guesses
what girls
forget most!

- ☐ Remove makeup at bedtime
- ☐ Repair chipped nail polish
- ☐ Buy a new sanitary belt

Could be you *do* keep your nails neat . . . and your face scrubbed, at curfew. Yet, like most girls, chances are you forget to buy a new sanitary belt . . . keep putting it off until "next time." But to get *all* the comfort your napkin gives, *now's* the time to buy a new *Kotex* Sanitary Belt!

You see — the *Kotex* Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. Yes, a *Kotex* Belt gives you snug, comfortable fit. It's adjustable . . . all-elastic . . . non-binding!



**Kotex
Sanitary
Belt**

Ask for it by name

Boston's WILD AZALEAS



The Wild Azaleas of WEEI: Vincent Polo, Al Rawley, Julie Barry (fairest of all Azaleas) and Paul Cyr.



Al, with Snuffy and Shorty, adds Western flavor daily to the Beantown Varieties.



Al Rawley, rootin' tootin'est cowboy ever to come from Dedham, Mass.

IN BOSTON, it is always open season for sagebrush melodies. That's why WEEI spots thirteen such broadcasts a week, all featuring the same personality, Al Rawley. That's why Al and his Wild Azaleas are the most popular band in New England. They open the station with a half-hour broadcast at 5:45 each morning (except Sunday). They are an important daily segment of Carl Moore's Beantown Varieties, because songs of the sage have lassoed the hearts of Boston. Finally, Rawley has his own half-hour spot called Al Rawley's Jamboree every Saturday at 7:00 P.M. When he has nothing else to do he makes personal appearances.

There is nothing western about these radio cowboys. Al Rawley was born in Dedham, just on the outskirts of mother Boston. He never sang a song . . . didn't know he had a voice . . . until he was thirteen and a local band leader picked him out of a crowd and asked him to sing with the band. To this day, Al doesn't know how the man knew he could sing. He'd never sung, even around the house. But he joined the band, and they toured New England under the name of the Washboard Boys.

Then he sang alone for two or three years, and later with the Red River Rustlers. When that group broke up, he took his first radio job with a partner and his own sister Rita. In due course he built another group, but World War II broke it up, leaving only Al, Shorty and Snuffy. Right after Pearl Harbor, the boys all went down to enlist. The Air Corps, the Army, and the Navy took five of their group, but turned down the three who now are WEEI's Wild Azaleas. They sang on WEEI, toured with entertainment units to nearby camps, hospitals, Army and Navy bases, and warships that put into Boston Harbor.

All three are married. Al has a cute little son he has nicknamed Tubby, who leans to the singing business, too. Al teaches him a bit now and then and would like to see Tubby get into radio, provided he did not have to start at the bottom. Al feels that's too tough stuff for the little fellow.

Although Al's mother was a music teacher, Al never studied music. To this day, he can't read it. He relies on Snuffy (Vincent Polo), his violinist and a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, for his scores and arrangements. Snuffy helps Al with the songs he has composed. There are seven, but his favorites are "Sleeptime Cowboy," a lullaby which he has dedicated to his son, and "There's a Tear In Your Eye, Little Darlin'" which he has sung several times on the air.

It's not fair to brand Al Rawley altogether as a radio cowboy. He has had his own pinto, who answered to Lightnin'. Al used to be the advance man for his outfit. He'd ride ahead of the rodeo, singing his favorite tunes "If You Were the Only Girl in the World" and "Cool Water." Lightnin' was an important part of the act.



Sylvia Leigh

IF you wanted an acting career, particularly a radio acting career, would you head for it by losing your voice, to begin with? Very doubtful. Sylvia Leigh herself doesn't advise it, though to a bad case of laryngitis she owes the highly radio-active past few years, during which she's appeared on far more programs than are listable (just for a sample, she's been "Linda Allen" on *Calling All Girls*, "Rory Applegate" on *Front Page Farrell*, numberless roles in *My True Story*).

What happened was this: Aiming originally at a career as concert-pianist, Sylvia practiced away until, one day, she hurt her hand—so badly that the concert stage was no longer a possibility. So she tried another kind of stage, going into summer stock at Pawling to learn the "theater." It was then that laryngitis took over; she developed it, and had to play two performances suffering from it, which so effectively strained her voice that the doctor barred any use of it for six months. Trying to make up for lost time, Sylvia searched until she found the voice teacher to whom, she says, she owes her career—Mary de Nioto. Under Miss de Nioto's guidance any lingering strain vanished, and Sylvia's voice developed a lovely low, level tone.

Visiting radio actress Lesley Woods in Chicago, Sylvia air-auditioned; and it was evident to everyone concerned that her nice new tones were suitable—sensationally so—for radio. In no time to speak of she had a running part on *Ma Perkins*. This naturally led to other shows, which led to New York; and her luck held. For it's sometimes hard for even experienced radio people to make any dent in New York radio—but Sylvia did it in six weeks. One small oddity that helped is that she sounds a little bit like Helen Hayes. "She doesn't know it," Sylvia says, "but I got several good breaks because of that lucky voice similarity." What makes the oddity particularly odd is that Sylvia looks like Helen Hayes, a little. She's small—five feet, two inches—and slender, with an aureole of pale hair and long-lashed blue eyes. Traditional heroine stuff, this; and yet "In the theater they cast me as a dumb ingenue," she remarks, "and in radio it's menaces."

Sylvia has the strangest hobby in the world—learning. So long as there's a teacher, she takes a lesson, be it dancing, voice, languages, tennis—and it's all of those, right now. There are lots of things, she figures, that you never get to know anyway; the best thing to do is try to learn as much as you can, as fast as you can, about anything that interests you. And almost everything interests Sylvia Leigh.



Which Twin has the Toni?

(and which had her permanent at a beauty shop?)

"No one could tell our permanents apart — can you?" asks the Toni twin, Kathleene Ring of Chicago . . . "My Toni Home Permanent looked soft and lovely from the start! No wonder my sister says after this we'll be Toni Twins!"

See how easy it is to give yourself a lovely

Toni Home Permanent for your date tonight

Like the lovely Toni twin, you'll have soft natural-looking curls and deep, smooth waves the day you Toni-wave your hair. Before you try Toni you'll want to know —

Will TONI work on my hair?

Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Is it easy to do?

Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. That's why every hour of the day another thousand women use Toni.

Will TONI save me time?

Definitely. The actual waving time is only 2 to 3 hours. And during that time you are free to do whatever you want.

How long will my TONI wave last?

Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just

as long as a \$15 beauty shop permanent — or your money back.

How much do I save with TONI?

The Toni Kit with re-usable plastic curlers costs only \$2 . . . with handy fiber curlers only \$1.25. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is \$1. (All prices plus tax. Prices slightly higher in Canada.)

Which is the TONI twin?

Kathleene, at the right, has the Toni.

Ask for Toni today at any leading drug, notions or cosmetic counter.



Toni
HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME COLD WAVE



New Cutex - longest-wearing Cutex ever - stops traffic with "Pretty Gay!"



Just how ravishing-red can red get? Just how wonderful can your hands look? You'll know when you see "Pretty Gay."

It's the shade to make a man's eyes go Blink, Blink! Make his heart go Thump, Thump! Make him stop . . . look . . . and love it!

And *all* new Cutex polish is so wondrously improved.

Now! Cutex wears longer than even high-priced polishes. A new miracle ingredient, found only in new Cutex, defies chipping and peeling. *Dries extra-fast, too!*

Try "Pretty Gay" polish for prettiness' sake. Try all the other exquisite Cutex hand-care products too, for the same attractive reason.

Another New! 5 Cutex Lipsticks

created to harmonize with all polish shades.

Now—so easy to choose your lipstick and polish "go-togethers."

Cutex Blue Pink lipstick makes sweet harmony with any cool pinkish shade. Clear Red "clicks" with any bright

true red. Blue Red lipstick is lovely with *any* of the many blue-toned red polishes on the market. Try it with the new Cutex "Pretty Gay" polish—pretty devastating."

All Cutex lipstick is so

creamy sm-o-o-oth, too. Stays put—stays radiantly lustrous for *hours*. And—surprise—only 49¢* for this luxury lipstick. At your favorite cosmetic counter. Northam Warren, New York. *Plus Federal Tax.





RADIO MIRROR AWARDS



MORE important to you than any previous issue will be next month's RADIO MIRROR. For through this November RADIO MIRROR you, America's radio-listening public, will be able to have a voice in the choosing of the programs you hear on the air.

Next month, this magazine will carry a ballot for the first annual RADIO MIRROR Awards. You will be able to vote for your favorite actors and actresses, your favorite singers and orchestras, your favorite day-time and evening programs. You will be able to say—and have your criticism heard—what you *don't* like about radio today.

The RADIO MIRROR Awards are not based on a poll of critics, of radio editors, of the people who earn their living in the radio business. It is a poll of radio listeners. It is a chance for you, completely uninfluenced by business pressures, by friendships, by anything except your own tastes, your own likes and dislikes, to have your say about what you hear on the radio. And to see how your tastes in radio listening compare with those of other listeners all over the country.

Of course, as is only fair, the majority will rule. And it will take many, many single votes to make

up a majority. Your vote is as important as that of anyone else—each carries equal weight with the judges in deciding who are America's favorite radio personalities, what are its favorite programs.

And so, if you have ever had a word to say of praise or blame for radio, you will want to take this opportunity to make it heard—you will want to vote in the first annual RADIO MIRROR Awards.

Here is how you go about it: In the coming November issue, on sale Friday, October 10, you will find a simple ballot. To cast your votes, fill in the ballot and send it back to RADIO MIRROR, to the address you will find on the ballot. In the December issue, you will find a similar ballot.

Counting of these ballots will be done by a number of impartial judges to be retained for that purpose, and not by anyone who has any direct interest in the radio business.

Then, when the votes are counted, the results will be published in RADIO MIRROR and heard on the air, on the programs which have won your approval. And at last you, who listen, will have had the opportunity to say what you would really like to listen to.

The Editors

The SECRET PLACE

By IRIS NOBLE

"OUR marriage," said Eileen Holmes Landis firmly, "was a terrible mistake."

Her very-new husband looked up, startled from the folder in his lap. Eileen laughed, "Got your attention, anyway," she said. "Darling, couldn't you try leaving Dr. Landis at the hospital every night, and just being Jack when you get home?"

"I will," Dr. Jack said, "if you'll do the same with Nurse Holmes."

They exchanged a half-rueful, half-laughing look, and Eileen made a little gesture of resignation. No one knew better than she that a really private life, to a doctor, is an unattainable dream—for it's almost that way with a nurse. She sometimes thought that it was a mistake for her to remain Chief Surgical Nurse at Municipal, where Dr. Jack was part of staff, now that they were married. If she were at a different hospital, or doing private work, she would at least be worrying about different people. As things were, she always knew exactly which case was wrinkling her husband's brow—or, more rarely, which he was exulting over. Close as they were, intimately as they shared their experiences both on and off duty, she couldn't help worrying and exulting too. Perhaps it might even be better if she weren't a nurse at all . . . But she brushed this aside. Not for anything she might gain would she give up the depth of understanding that flowed between Jack and herself, that had grown out of their work together until it overflowed daily routine and enriched all of their lives. Yes, she always knew what caused his moods . . .

. . . just as she knew tonight that the trouble was Ardith Marlowe.

Young and wealthy and the daughter of a socially active and prominent woman, Ardith had been a quiet, apparently well-adjusted girl until her mother's recent death. Nothing spectacular, ever—but part of the well-run household, bearing as it did the stamp of her mother's pleasant efficiency. But Mrs. Marlowe died. And now . . .

"You can see it's nothing physical," Dr. Jack leaned back with a sigh. "She needs a few vitamins, but who doesn't? And there's a suspicion of anemia. But that's far from enough to confine her to bed, day after day, making no effort to get up—bursting into tears if I tell her she should. No, that girl's trouble

is mental, or emotional I should say."

Eileen nodded, and waited quietly. She was beginning to have a feeling that Jack had something in the back of his mind, and she had half a suspicion what it might be.

"If there were someone . . . not a doctor, but a friend . . ."

"A nurse, perhaps?" Eileen offered drily.

Dr. Jack swivelled round and put his hand over hers. "You see, our marriage wasn't a mistake! We understand each other perfectly," he said, smiling. "That's what I was thinking. If she had someone she could trust, someone young and wise—and lovely—to go up to the Marlowe house for a few days maybe she'd break down and talk, and we could figure out how best to help her. She needs a friend."

"That's blarney," Eileen said. "But I guess it's the best you can do while trying to persuade me to leave you. Is this girl so sick you think I really should go?"

Dr. Jack thumped the folder. "As sick in her own way as plenty of people running temperatures. I tell you, Eileen—I've got the feeling that there's something—well, something rather dreadful—going to happen to that girl if she doesn't get a little help, and quickly. And you're the one to give it to her; she likes you so much already. I'll work it out somehow at the hospital."

Her eyes on her husband's disturbed face, Eileen pondered; then she made her decision. "Tomorrow, I'll go up. I do feel we owe the Marlowes a debt, anyway—for all the gifts and charity and energy Ardith's mother put into the hospital in her lifetime. I hope you'll miss me terribly, though!"

"Oh, my dear," Jack said. He put her hand to his lips, and the look that passed between them had nothing of doctor and nurse in it—nothing but the understanding, and the delight, of two people who had discovered each other for always.

The next afternoon Eileen, in Jack's small car, went chugging up the hill towards the big old-fashioned, cupolaed Marlowe house. And Eileen's thoughts were on the girl who lived there all alone.

When Ardith's mother had been alive, not six months ago, the house had been a busy and active place. If there was to be a meeting of the Red Cross, it would be held, (Continued on page 77)

This story, based on the leading characters of the radio drama *Woman in White*, was written especially for Radio Mirror. On the opposite page are Sarajane Wells as Nurse Eileen Holmes, and Robert Latting as Dr. Jack Landis, just as they are heard when *Woman in White* goes on the air, every weekday at 2:15 P.M. EST, on NBC.

So deep, the secret

place in a woman's heart...

nothing but love can reach it.

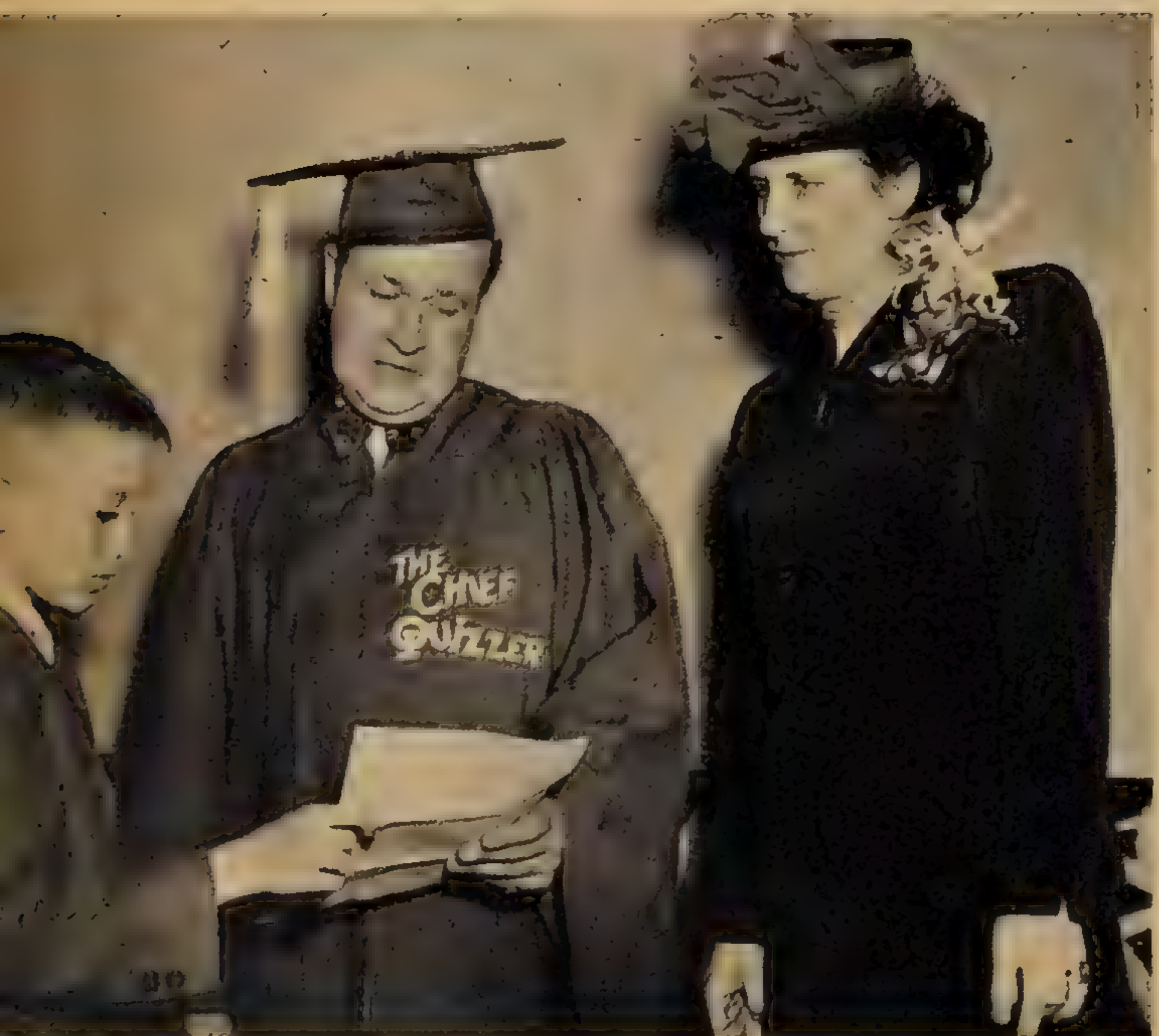




Wednesday began with breakfast in bed, went on with a glamorizing trip to a famous store.



Every woman's dream: a visit to one of the world's most elegant salons. And what results!



Quizmaster Kelly reads from Edgar Nation's letter: "She made me feel like somebody."

I Quizzed

The Southern schoolma'am named The Best Teacher of 1947 by the Quiz Kids tells Radio Mirror of the Chicago holiday that ended in the coming-true of a half-forgotten dream

I HAVE asked questions of hundreds of children in my twenty-four years of school teaching, and although I'll admit I've had some close calls, I've never been thrown completely off balance by any of their answers. But when I sat beside Joe Kelly in his cap and gown, and asked the Quiz Kids their questions on a Sunday afternoon, I thought anything might happen.

While I had the answers printed on a card right in front of me, I was afraid that somehow, some way, they might be able to give me a correct answer which wasn't even printed on a card. And then what would I do? I've had some very smart children in some of my classes, but I had never before faced five youngsters with the mental capacities of the Quiz Kids all at one time!

But after talking with them, and watching them push each other around on a studio "dolly" after the program, I knew that while they *were* the Quiz Kids, they were active, happy children just like my own pupils in fourth grade at the Duling School in Jackson, Miss.

This was my first time as Quiz master to such a noted group. But while my appearance on NBC's Quiz Kid program plus my award of \$2,500 as the "Best Teacher of 1947" were the highlights of my trip to Chicago, the journey also held a number of other "firsts." Hold on, and you'll understand why this Southern schoolteacher was so thrilled.

It was my first—

Ride in an airplane—

Orchid—

Body massage—

Breakfast in bed—

Visit with stage stars in their dressing room—

Dinner in swank places like the Empire Room—

Sitting for "glamor" photographs—

When I stepped off the plane in Chicago, the Quiz Kids were right on hand. Bright-eyed Joel Kupperman and pretty Naomi Cooks presented me with just dozens of

By ALINE NEAL as

the QUIZ KIDS



Biggest "big moment" of all: at the Quiz Kids broadcast (NBC, Sundays at 4 P.M. EST) Aline Neal tells a nationwide audience what she plans to do with the \$2500 she won for, she says, "Just doing her job."

the brightest peonies I ever saw—plus two big kisses. Mr. John Lewellen, program director of the Quiz Kids, handed me a long sheet of paper with a lot of what appeared to be appointments written on it—luncheons, dinners, theater parties, beauty salon appointments, interviews, special radio appearances, and a host of other engagements.

"Oh, this must be for the three other winners and me," I said. "Which are mine—or how do we choose?"

Mr. Lewellen laughed, and said, "Why, they're all yours, of course. Miss Neal, you're going to have a really big time!"

And a big time I certainly had. In getting from one place to the next, I'm sure I rode in every taxicab in Chicago—and I think I even got in one from Hammond once! When it was all over I was more tired than I have ever been in my life—including the time I stayed up late studying for my own college examinations. But I was happy—happy both because I had a wonderful

time, and because I could represent all teachers everywhere and perhaps make mothers and fathers appreciate their own teachers even more.

You may remember how the second annual "Best Teacher" contest was announced on the Quiz Kids program earlier this year. School children were invited to write letters on "The Teacher Who Has Helped Me Most." More than 33,000 letters were read and judged by a committee composed of Dr. Paul A. Witty, professor of education at Northwestern University; Dr. Willard Olson, professor of education at the University of Michigan; and the Rev. Philip S. Moore, Dean of the graduate school at Notre Dame University. There were to be a \$2,500 cash first award for advanced study at any university of the teacher's choice, and three Special Recognition awards of \$500 each. There was also a \$100 prize for the child writing the best letter, and a second child's prize of \$50.

The final one hundred (Continued on page 95)

told to DON TERRIO

IN LIVING PORTRAITS

BIG



GRACE MATTHEWS

as

Big Sister

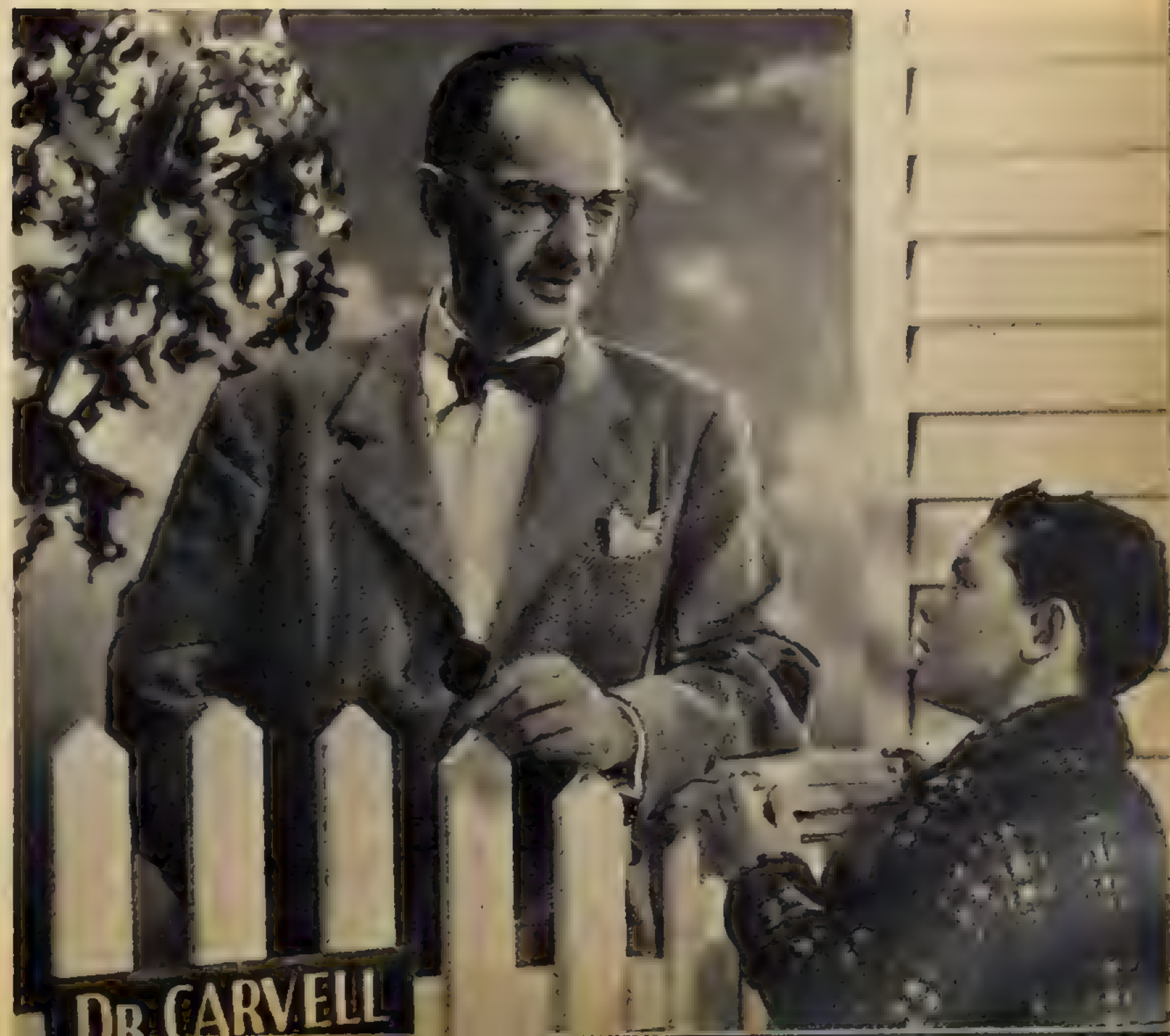
SISTER

Ruth Wayne struggles with one of the bitterest problems a woman can face: to which of two men does her heart belong?



RUTH WAYNE's husband, DR. JOHN WAYNE, has returned to Glen Falls after a long absence—months which he spent in an unfamiliar town struggling to resolve the emotional upheaval that threatened to ruin his marriage and career. Back home, he finds Ruth planning to divorce him to marry REED BANNISTER, the family friend who has always loved her. Now Ruth's heart is torn by her old feeling for John, her love for Reed—and her battle to keep RICHARD, the Waynes' son, from being too shaken by the situation. (Berry Kroeger is Reed; Grace Matthews is Ruth; Paul McGrath is John.)

DR. CARVELL is a kindly, home-spun country doctor who has stood by Ruth through many a worrisome time. Ruth works for Dr. Carvell at the hospital, and shares his home; in many ways they feel like father and daughter. Dr. Carvell is anxiously trying to help Ruth solve her heartbreaking dilemma, and to revive in young Richard Wayne the feeling of security which has been so profoundly disturbed by his parents' emotional tangle. (Dr. Carvell is Santos Ortega. Richard, on the air, is played by actress Ruth Schafer.)







NEDDIE WAYNE, Ruth's younger brother, is trying hard to make a success of the service station he owns in Glen Falls, but he is handicapped in this, as in everything else, by his wife HOPE. Selfish, grasping and pitiless, this woman has made life a series of torturing incidents for Ned. (Ned is Michael O'Day, Hope is Anne Shepherd)

Big Sister is heard Monday through Friday at 1 P.M. EST on CBS stations.

JOHN WAYNE and REED BANNISTER, both doctors, were once close friends as well. But no friendship could survive the strain that arose when John, returning to Ruth after his prolonged absence found that his wife was planning the divorce which he himself had once bitterly suggested—and that she and Reed were hoping to marry.

PETE KIRKWOOD and his wife MARGO are a young married pair who owe their happiness to John. Margo fell in love with John in Hebron, the mid-west town where he had gone to try to "find himself"; but John was able to prove to her that what she called love was really a "father complex." (Played by Joe Julian, Louise Fitch)



Singing better than ever, making more friends, having more

Bachelor's Lot

ANYBODY yearning for the bachelor's carefree life? Make it Tony Martin's variety and half the male voices in America would swell the chorus of "Me," "I do," and "Count me in."

Who wouldn't like to live among the lush surroundings of a resort hotel which boasts snobbishly of being America's finest—and most expensive? Who wouldn't like the sight of a swimming pool shimmering right outside his door? And the proximity of a dozen pretty girls in scant bathing suits lounging in the sun beside it?

It's a good deal, and Tony admits it.

His three-way success—he is now starring in his own radio program, his hit in "Till the Clouds Roll By" has started a clamor for his services in the movies, and his records are high on the popularity lists of disc artists—these provide very generously all of the things Tony dreamed about when he was sweating out the last sixteen months of the war in the hell-hole of the China-Burma-India theater. Fun, friends, money in the pocket—Tony has all he wants of these.

It's all dreamy, unless—unless maybe what a fellow wants is not a fancy hotel room, but a home; not a swimming pool but a fireside, and not a dozen pretty



fun—Tony Martin finds life perfect. Almost . . .

girls, but one. If Tony is feeling this way about it, he's not talking. It's only from things *not* said, that you gather after awhile that Tony Martin is a Happy Bachelor who has everything, and yet—in a way—nothing, who is surrounded by people all of the time, and yet—somehow—is a pretty lonely guy.

The Tony Martin who came back from the wars—and remember Tony *had* it, for four years, almost half of them in the steaming Burma jungles—this Tony is a more mature man than he was when he went away. There is new character in his face. His voice has a new depth, a new quality—ask any professional musician.

Probably because he has given more, he wants more of life now than he did when he was the prototype of the Hollywood playboy. And what he wants—it's a bromide, but it fits in this case—can't be bought and paid for. You can't buy anything as intangible as happiness even with Tony Martin's money.

You can buy a lot of fun. There is no dearth of laughs or of companionship around the Bel Air hotel pool. Tony climbs out after a swim, shakes the water out of his dark, curly hair. He is lean and bronzed from the sun. He looks great. And there is always somebody around to tell (*Continued on page 75*)

By Pauline Swanson

Tony's love of riding has a lot to do with the dream that's shaping in his mind—that dream of a ranchhouse with plenty of stable-room.



With four Army years behind him, Tony's in the right frame of mind to appreciate sun and fun and freedom and all things beautiful—like girls.



Laundries sew up the holes in a bachelor's socks, but there's no sentiment in that. And maybe a man wants someone to keep him from dressing all over the house.

Tony Martin stars in a musical half-hour, Sunday nights at 9:30 EST on CBS.

THE PONY WHO

A CHILD'S imagination is a wonderful thing.

From the time he is born, society imposes its will on a child, shaping him to live in a world of do's and don'ts and all the taboos of modern civilization. If only parents could understand how painful a process this shaping is! Maybe, then, they wouldn't be so horrified when their pride and joy announces he's just talked to a pirate down the street or he just shot down an airplane with his bean-shooter.

Folks'll pay good money to see a movie or buy a book—but instead of sitting back and enjoying their own kids' make-believe stories and maybe trying to understand why he *has* to let his fancies go dreaming, too many times they just give him the stern-parent act about telling lies.

Take the case of my eight-year-old friend, Burke.

The Gittlesons were chance acquaintances of mine several years ago. Someone brought them over to my San Fernando Valley home one day, and their son Burke came along.

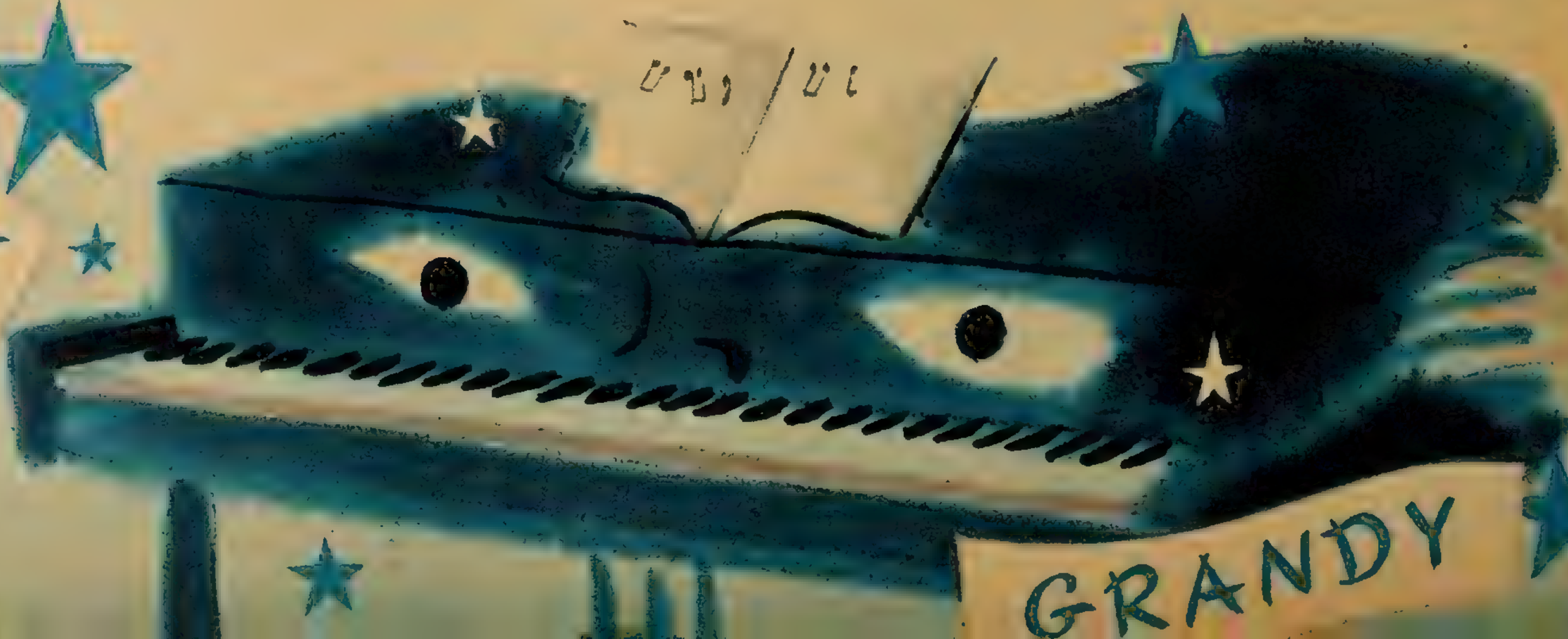
The first thing that struck me about the child was his elegant manners—and in an eight-year-old boy, manners like that bother me. Perhaps because I have trouble getting my two hundred pounds or so in and out of chairs easily, I resent seeing a child popping up and down every time an older person comes into a room. Makes me tired to look at him. And passing candy dishes without being told, and sitting straight and proper in his chair, never speaking without first being spoken to, saying his "thank-you's" and "no-ma'am's" without being prompted—it's unnatural.

When I say annoyed, I don't mean at the child. I mean annoyed at the parents.

Naturally the other guests complimented the Gittlesons on the good manners of their son.

Henry Gittleson beamed. "Discipline's the thing," he told us, strutting a bit. "I'll never have to spank any child of mine for not obeying. We have rules for everything in our house and Burke knows them—and knows I mean them. I believe in being fair—but no compromising."

THE LITTLE BOY KNEW THAT VERY FEW PONIES CAN TALK. THAT'S WHY



TALKED

BY ED McCONNELL

I had about fifteen minutes' work to do in my study, on a new song I was polishing up for my radio program. So I made my excuses to our guests.

"... want to come along with me, Burke?" I asked, on an impulse. The boy puzzled me. "You won't disturb me."

"Run along with Mr. McConnell, Burke," Henry Gittleson ordered his son. "It'll be a treat for him—he's a great fan of yours... listens to your program all the time. We've often said—Mrs. Gittleson and I—that, with so many, many kids listening in to you every Saturday your show would be a wonderful opportunity for you to teach as well as entertain, Mr. McConnell. It seems to me you could slip in a lot of good points about children being obedient and honest and trustworthy and so forth, along with the fun they get out of it."

Somehow, I've earned the reputation for being a genial sort of guy, and I've acquired the nickname of "Smilin' Ed"—but right then I had a hard time making that smile stick. He hit me right on a sore spot.

"Not me," I said, pushing Burke ahead of me as we walked to the study. "I'm not one for lecturing kids. Got too much respect for them. I figure they've got as much right to a good laugh as a grown-up—without it concealing a finger being shaken under their noses. Besides—I've been around children all my life; sang to them; talked to them; tried to amuse them—got two of my own—and I get more humble with them every day I live. They teach me, Mr. Gittleson."

Back in the study, I picked up the papers I had been working on and pretended to read them, but out of the corner of my eye I watched Burke. He had refused an invitation, earlier, to go out and play with the other children, but I still couldn't believe he honestly preferred to be with the older folks.

He sat quietly for a little while, but then he got restless. From the open window near him he could hear the shouts of my son and the other boys outside playing. He pretended not to care, even to himself, but that window drew (Continued on page 90)



Smilin' Ed McConnell, who has written this story especially for Radio Mirror, tells his tales for and about children, with the aid of his Gang, Saturdays at 11:30 A.M. EST, on the NBC network.

HE TRIED SO DESPERATELY TO GET HIS FATHER TO LISTEN



"I met the RIGHT MAN"

BY
RISÉ
STEVENS

"Looking like Nicky is the one thing Walter is vain about. Fortunately, the resemblance is real."



Not every man would give

THERE is not anything my husband does not do for me—except sing. (*That he will never do—because he cannot carry a tune.*) But everything else, *everything* else, from the big, important, often tiresome business things a manager does for the career he molds and makes, to the so-called "little" things a man does for the woman he dearly loves, Walter does for me.

I just married the right man, that's all . . . and I could so well not have . . . could so well have married a man who, while he might have taken an interest in my career, might not have taken a *knowing* interest and might very well not have taken interest enough to give up his career for mine, *as Walter did* . . .

. . . and to think, I often did, that a stuffed rabbit, a red and white checked gingham stuffed rabbit should have been the instrument Fate used when, on that fateful night . . .

. . . it is a story that sounds like straight unabashed publicity, the story of our romance, like a press agent's dream: The setting, the Prague Opera House, in the city of Prague, in Czechoslovakia, in the year 1937; the protagonists, a young American girl about to make her operatic debut in *Mignon*, who was myself, and a young Hungarian actor, with a future as brilliant as himself, who was Walter Surovy; the mood, the terrible tense moments before the overture when, for the first time in my life I would appear on the professional stage and my Future, for good or bad, stood in the wings with me and I was icy and shaking . . . and then, at that precise and perilous moment, the young Hungarian actor whom I knew, but only by sight, coming up to me in the wings and giving me, of all things, a stuffed rabbit . . . saying something to me in Hungarian I only half understood but, somehow, *did* understand, which fortified and warmed me. Then on the stage, in the gypsy wagon, in which, in *Mignon*, you first come on the stage, the rabbit tucked away out of sight beneath a fold of my skirt . . . and good luck, the great good luck of a successful debut!

Later, that same night, in the small apartment at the end of the trolley line that was my home in Prague, looking at that absurd stuffed rabbit, laughing at it, I wondered *why* he had given it to me, what did it mean?

Later I learned that Walter had heard of the American custom of an actor carrying a rabbit's foot for good luck. "So," he explained to me, "so, I thought *four* rabbit's feet would bring the great good luck . . ."

Now, ten years later, and after eight years of

Risë Stevens stars on the Family Hour, Sunday afternoons at 5 P.M. EST, on CBS stations

up his career for his wife's. Not every man is Walter, nor every wife Risë

marriage, Walter still gives me a stuffed rabbit before, and during, every performance of mine at the Met; before and after each broadcast. Only now the stuffed rabbit is the encouragement he gives me, in words.

"Risë, you are in terrific voice tonight," he will say, just as the orchestra is tuning up for *Carmen*, or the *Rosenkavalier*, or *Mignon*, or whatever opera I may be singing at the Met. Or just before the signal tells us we are on the air in *The Family Hour*.

"That was a superb piece of acting, Risë," he will say each time, during a performance at the Met, I come off-stage. "Keep it up, sweetheart," he always adds. "Keep it up!" But after a performance he gives me the constructive criticism I need.

It must be horrible, I often think, in a waking nightmare, horrible to marry the wrong man—not only for the reasons of personal and private happiness, but for the career. . . .

. . . but in Prague, in that year of 1937, I did not know—not at once, that is—that I had met the right man. Nor, for that matter, did

Walter know at once that he had met the right woman. I often tell him, teasing, that I first attracted the manager in him and, not until later, the man. Teasing, but with a kernel of truth. For, "It was your talent," Walter was to admit to me, "that first interested me in you."

Must have been, for although we had seen each other, quite often, at the Opera House in Prague, where he was playing (He did French comedies, mostly—and brilliantly—and Shakespeare) and I was studying for my debut, a nod in passing, and a smile was all—prior to the night of my debut—he had given me or I, him.

Even after the gift of the stuffed rabbit, I did not see much of Walter before, a few weeks later, I left for an engagement in Cairo. The day I left Prague I ran into him, quite by accident (Or was it?) in the foyer of the theater. And far from bidding me a lingering lovely farewell, he told me, with exasperating nonchalance, that I might write to him now and then, because, he explained, without a trace of drollery, "I collect (Continued on page 84)

"I have to go to bed at 10:30, so our evenings out are few and far between."



Ethel and Albert



With Susan captured in her high chair, Ethel has gone to work on a really sensational dinner—roast beef and banana cream pie included. "Poor dear," she thinks, meaning Albert, "he works so hard. He deserves a treat once in a while." Albert, sneak-previewing the menu, would agree heartily with her thoughts—but she knows better than to say them out loud, does Ethel Arbuckle.

RADIO MIRROR'S PICTURE STORY OF A WIFE'S STRIKE FOR WOMEN'S RIGHTS



2. "Dinner's almost ready, dear," Ethel hints. Albert starts out to wash his hands. But first a slight detour to play with Susan. For what else is he a father?



3. Surely the fishing and hunting news could wait till after dinner. Ethel controls a faint frown, remarks gently, "Albert . . ." "Yes, yes, right away," he replies.

ETHEL and Albert live in Sandy Harbor, a town somewhere in the Middle West. But there are young-marrieds like the Arbuckles living in every town in the country; families who thoroughly understand Ethel's annoyance when Albert won't take the screens down, and Albert's war with the water supply that disappears at bathtime. Peg Lynch, who plays Ethel, also writes and produces *The Private Lives of Ethel and Albert*. Albert is played by Alan Bunce; Bob Cotton directs. Program time is 2:15 daily on ABC, with a rebroadcast for WJZ at 6:15.



4. The frown is now established. The roast beef platter cools in Ethel's hands as, after quite an interval, Albert calls from upstairs. "Ethel—can't find my old fishing jacket anywhere. Have you put it away or what?"



5. Another interval, followed by crash. Albert has managed to knock down the clothespole in his closet. "Ethel, honey, I have to run down to the hardware store before it closes," he announces. "Need something to fix this pole."

Ethel and Albert



6. It hardly took a minute. Just long enough to use this wonderful potato-peeler, for instance.



8. "I'm a lucky man," muses Albert. "Such a child, and such a wife." He could gaze all night at Susy—but after all, there's dinner. Succulent dinner, too. Better go down; women get so irritated if they think dinner's going to get cold or something.



9. But Ethel's not irritated, not a bit. She glances up from her book when Albert appears, and says sweetly, "Your dinner's in there, dear. I've had mine."

RADIO MIRROR'S PICTURE STORY OF A WIFE'S STRIKE FOR WOMEN'S RIGHTS



pick up a few handy things. Like Wait'll Ethel sees it," Albert exults.



7. Ethel counts to ten. "Your peeler won't work, remember? You've already bought me four of them." It is now an hour since Ethel first called Albert to dinner; there is something in her voice that gives Albert his first real qualm. "Susy in bed? I'll just say goodnight and be down in a jiffy." But even a jiffy won't help now!



10. It's in there, all right—the choicest collection of canned goods this side of a supermarket. As Albert takes in the situation he begins to realize that procrastination is not only the thief of time but can steal a good dinner from under a man's nose. Wistfully, he thinks of banana cream pie and roast beef, irrevocably lost to him through his own thoughtlessness. But Ethel, watching from the doorway, wonders if, maybe, she couldn't warm up just a bit of the beef . . .?

BETWEEN THE

Pledge

Radio Mirror's Poem of the Month

I shall remember you when time is old
And all our days together but a dream,
When youth is but a tale too quickly told
And April's leaf lies floating on the stream.
When shadows slowly deepen on the hill
And song is silent on the frosty air,
When laughter fails, as even laughter will,
I shall remember days we used to share.

You will not pause at eventide to miss
The summits won, the paths we dared to seek,
But I shall wander dreaming of your kiss
And feel your soft hair cool against my cheek.
You will sleep well, oblivious of spring,
But I shall lie awake, remembering . . .

—Sydney King Russell

Up In the Attic

Dress up in bonnets quaint as faith,
Laughing at changed fashion,
But not in any old love
Or outmoded passion.

Try on each sweet forgotten frock
In lavender long hung,
But never the romance you wore
When you were very young!

—Elizabeth-Allen Long

Time May Change One's Point of View

She had a very small white sin,
Too frail to shock The Neighbors;
But ah, to keep it secret—
What artifice! What labors!
But now that she is seventy—
Oh, shade of youth's chagrin!
She's spun a wicked tale to tell
Out of that small white sin!

—Marion Doyle

RADIO MIRROR *will pay \$50*

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends.

Fragment of Fire

There is not very much for the heart to learn
When the fire is lit and the sweet logs
burn . . .
The moment is brief that drifts along
Recalling a dream or a wisp of song.
There is pulsing color beyond a name,
And cherry tongues of a dancing flame
That slowly die as the log is cleft,
And only the patterned embers left . . .
There is not very much for the heart to see
In the soft white ash of a memory.

—Helen Mitchel



Lines for the turn of the season, when freshening breezes stir the many.

BOOKENDS



By TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday through Friday at 11:45 EST, over ABC.

Oft In the Stilly Night

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
—Thomas Moore

Light Attack

You make it altogether plain
That you consider me insane
Because this passion for you keeps
Me wakeful while a dull world sleeps,
Yet holds me dream-bound through the day.
It's downright lunacy, you say.
And I'll concede you may be right,
But darling, this attack is light
When likened to the one I had
The time I loved that other lad!
—Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Foolnote

Although the carefree centipede
May live in wild abandon,
It matters not; he has indeed
A hundred legs to stand on.
—Florence Jansson

Reprint In Roses

We used to walk on summer nights,
Along a moonlit lane,
Dissecting loveliness of leaf,
Of blossom, love and pain.
We used to watch our shadows,
Climb up a silver hill
And spill our plans for coming years
Into a dream's wide pool.
We used to calculate a star
Shone in a certain place,
So it could find your fingers,
Cool upon my face.
We used to sit, rose-scented nights,
My head upon your shoulder,
And count the things that we could do,
If only we were older.

Now Time reprints the roses,
The moonlight, the heart-hunger,
And a litany of things to do
If only . . . we were younger.
—Gladys McKee

We'd Rather Take Their Word For It

I take them with a grain of salt—
These folks who never sing
Because they can't, or so they say;
It doesn't mean a thing.

I've never known it yet to fail,
Before the evening's out,
They'll sing and thereby prove they can't,
Beyond the faintest doubt.
—Helen Castle



colored leaves and send small clouds scudding across the autumn sky



Working themselves, with help from neighbor Fanny Brice, the Kelloggs built X-Isle up from a one-room shack to a cottage that's "all we really want."



The Pancake Specialist of Topanga Beach spends a minimum of time in her streamlined red-and-white kitchen. But what she turns out are triumphs.

Lucy



THE happy face of Lucille Norman shining at you from the cover of *RADIO MIRROR* this month will be almost as unfamiliar to the people in her own home town as it is to radio listeners about the country who have only heard her broadcasts.

For Lucille refuses to put on store clothes and come into town except for *The Time, The Place* and *The Tune* shows, Fridays on NBC, and for the most vital business appointments. The rest of the time she is found living in a sort of timeless glow with her movie-actor husband Bruce Kellogg and their sixteen-month-old daughter, Pamela, in a hideaway house at Topanga Beach.

If it is five degrees warmer at Topanga Beach than at fashionable Malibu, five miles north, or at Santa Monica, five miles south, the neighbors say it is because the Kelloggs live on the Topanga strand. The kind of happiness that radiates from their house, "X-Isle," is the amazement of all who see it.

Lucille and Bruce came to live at "X-Isle" straight from their marriage in Las Vegas on February 6, 1945. The house was a one-room shack then, but it had the "essentials" for a honeymoon—the sand and the surf, big orange moons rising over

IS A BEACHCOMBER

Covering the Cover Girl: in a beach

cottage set among the dunes, the sounds of the

sea make a night-and-day background for

Lucille Norman, her husband, and small Pam

By POLLY TOWNSEND

Santa Monica bay, and, if you could bear to come inside, a fireplace and an old, fat green leather chair plenty big enough for two, Bruce's books, and Lucille's collection of records.

"We didn't know what happiness *was* before," Lucille will tell you. The direct, proud way she talks about her love story is as uncommon as the love story itself.

"Lucille is right," Bruce chimés in— "We don't give a darn for anything or anybody but ourselves. Everything we really want in life is right in these four walls."

The four walls of X-Isle have stretched considerably since the Kelloggs moved in. With the help of Fanny Brice, who lives next door, and who—thanks to her interior decorating business—has access to all sorts of scarce materials, Bruce and Lucille have practically built the place over.

First they added a knotty pine bedroom, just a few feet from the high-tide line—the sound of the waves is ceaseless music in that room. Bruce did the building himself. Lucille did the painting, and with Fanny Brice's help made the curtains, the bedspreads and upholstered the chairs.

The Kelloggs are crazy (Continued on page 106)





Win Elliot and Production Assistant Bill Becher drum up trade for the golf test.



For faithful attendance, two Fair-goers won a bicycle. Production Assistant Alice Fadden, Announcer Tom Reddy led a cheer.



At the

An old county custom dresses up with more strenuous stunts, bigger prizes and the same come-one, come-all spirit



Songs by Rudy Williams, Robert Lenn, Betty Brewer, Carter Farriss; Bill Gale conducts.

IT'S AN invitation to get draped with a lemon pie, soaked in an icy tub, locked in a pen with a greased pig; sometimes it's an invitation to take part in a stunt that may go on for weeks. But it's also an invitation to walk off—if you win—with anything from a refrigerator to a thousand in cash. So M. C. Win Elliot has no trouble at all in finding contestants when County Fair goes on the air, 1:30 P.M. EST, Saturdays, on CBS.

Two-and-a-half years old, County Fair is written by Robert Quigley and Perry Lafferty, produced by Leonard Carlton. Bill Gale directs the orchestra and Win Elliot, who likes to go barefoot as he follows struggling contestants around with a portable microphone, runs things so that victor and vanquished alike go home happy.

One of the recent week-to-week stunts involved a jaunty—and almost indestructible—balloon, and a series of determined golfers who, after the problem County Fair posed (see opposite page), will never again swear in a sand trap.

COUNTY FAIR



1. M.C. Elliot, calling for golfers, culls a self-confident young man from the audience. All he has to do is get a hole-in-one.



2. Having demonstrated the power of his drive, contestant approaches tee. And discovers that his "ball" is an airy balloon.



1. He's in! Three batches of golfers had failed where this contestant succeeded. From the balloon flutters \$75, his prize.



3. —and that the hole-in-one he has to make is a hole, in one drive, in the balloon. Daunted, but gallant, he follows through.



Life Can Be

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, can be heard Monday

FORGOTTEN CHILDREN

Dear Papa David:

One night two years ago I was returning home from a long trip, when I noticed two very young girls trying to hide themselves in some brush near the highway. As there were no homes near the place it aroused my curiosity and I approached them. They were very much frightened but talked freely when they found out that I was not the law. That evening they had run away from the industrial school a few miles distant, and were hoping they could make their way to their homes and spend a few days before being caught. The school is operated for the benefit of mentally deranged children of indigent parents, and orphans who have no relatives who care to be bothered with them. The school is not too strict with the inmates, but when they do try to escape they are usually given a whipping by the superintendent.

These two girls were very homesick. Their parents had not visited them for months. They were afraid to return to the school with me for fear of a whipping. They finally confided that there was one very nice nurse whom they were very fond of, so when we reached the little town I called this nurse on the phone and told her of the girls' plight and asked if she could not help get them back without any fuss. She said she would help them get in if I would drive them near the entrance gate, and this she did. She explained many things about the institution to me and told me the children got very homesick, and those who had parents were so poor they did not provide the children with any amusement or luxuries. They received good wholesome food but never candy or things the kids craved so much.

When I arrived home that night I could not

dismiss the incident from my mind. The next trip I made that way I took sufficient candy and gum so that each of them had a treat. And I repeated this performance several times in the future. I noticed the little town had a picture show. Just one, but one was enough for my idea.

I wrote the manager and we soon made arrangements that he would let the whole school in his matinee shows for \$5.00. So several times each year he arranges his program so that he has funnies and pictures which the kids can appreciate. They are escorted to the show by one of the nurses. I stopped to see the manager one day about a year later, and he said he never saw kids have so much fun in his life. Sometimes when he had a good show he thought they would like he gave it to them free himself. He liked the idea fine. Just watching the fun those kids had made him feel good.

One time I stopped with candy for them when most of them were on the playgrounds and they all tried to thank me for the treats. When I was leaving, one little girl ran up to the car and stopped me, a little tot about five years old. She said she had a present for me, and handed me a little dirty wrinkled handkerchief. It was one she had made herself in her sewing room class. She was so proud of it, even if it was just a rag. But I don't think she could have been any more proud of it than I am. I consider it one of the nicest presents I ever received, and prize it highly, dirt and all.

J. E. J.

Radio Mirror's "best letter" check has gone this month to the writer of "Forgotten Children." The writers of the letters that follow have received checks for fifteen dollars.

There is no one who does not possess the power to give the one girl





gh Friday on your local NBC station, at 12 Noon, PST, 1 P.M. MST; 2 P.M. CST; 3 P.M. EST.

SON OF FLIPPER

Dear Papa David:

My story may be a very small one to you and your grown-up readers, but I read your letters a lot and would like to tell you, in the words of a boy eleven years old, the most beautiful life-can-be-beautiful story that ever happened to me.

Two years ago I had the most wonderful dog in the world, Flipper. He was only a so-called mongrel but to me he was my all in a pal and buddy. One afternoon on my return home from a visit I was in the car with my parents and as we drove in the driveway he ran out to meet me, running under the wheels of the car, and was killed. Papa David, my heart was broken. I just knew I had lost everything. My mother reasoned with me that he was only a dog, but I just could not see it that way. But in about a week a very nice lady who lived on our street, and knew my dog

and me, called to me and showed me the prettiest sight I had ever seen, four puppies in a bed of straw with their Boston bulldog mother. My heart leaped almost out when she said, "Their father is 'Flipper,' and you may have your choice without any charge at all." I selected the one that looked most like my own and carried him home, I believe the happiest boy in the world. I named him "Fellow," son of Flipper. Life was most beautiful then.

F. S.

"I HAVEN'T LOST LOVE"

Dear Papa David:

A year ago we were as ordinary a family as you could find, our minds occupied mostly with the struggle to make a living and bring up our three children. I know that I, after fifteen years of marriage, thought of Andy as the breadwinner and the children's father, rather than my mate and comrade. I loved him, but there was no time for tenderness and companionship. I admit that I was often cross with him, and inclined to blame him for the monotony of my life. Let me be honest—we quarreled pretty often. I was disappointed, and like many other wives, I felt that people lived "happily ever after" only in books and the movies.

Then Andy began to change and it dawned on me one day that we weren't quarreling any more. Whenever I flared up at Andy he'd be gentle and patient and my anger would melt away. He was staying at home more, and taking a deeper interest in the children and my domestic problems.

But the most wonderful thing was that we were close, heart-to-heart again, as we'd been in the beginning. We could talk to each other endlessly, with the absorbed interest of sweethearts. Andy's thoughtfulness and con- (Continued on page 65)

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS \$50 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasuring such a memory, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay fifty dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, fifteen dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.

t matters: the sparing of a little time, a little thought, for another

Was Florrie worth helping? Chichi answered the question for herself, but Papa David disagreed

THIS is something that happened to me one night not very long ago, and I think it's important because it shows how easy it is to get mixed up about people, and about the things you believe in. You see, I like people, all kinds of people, and I think that even the bad ones have good in them if you'll just look for it. The trouble is that if people get kicked around enough, they'll hide their good feelings and just show you their bad ones—and then, if you're not careful, you find yourself turning cynical and losing faith in the whole human race. That was the mistake I made. Or anyway, almost made.

It all happened the night Stephen—he's my husband—and Papa David went out to a meeting of the neighborhood council. I couldn't go with them because there was nobody to leave Baby Stephen with, and besides there was the book shop to be taken care of. We all live in an apartment in back of Papa David's second-hand book store—the Slightly Read Book Shop, it's called—and it is always kept open until eight o'clock at night. Sometimes later, if the customers keep coming in.

"You won't mind being left alone?" Stephen asked me. "You won't be afraid? We'll be pretty late getting home, around midnight, I expect."

Stephen's so sweet, he's always worrying about me. That's one reason I love him so much. But be afraid when I'm alone in the Slightly Read Book Shop? Me? I just laughed and told him to get along to the meeting, and about seven-thirty he and Papa David started out.

Baby Stephen was in bed, and there weren't many customers, because it was a stormy night. I read a while, perched on the stool back of the counter, and a little after eight I locked the front door and turned out the lights. I remember I stood at the door for a minute or two, looking out at the driving rain and being glad I had a nice warm place to sleep. Then I went back into the apartment, undressed, and got into bed.

I was almost asleep when I heard the noise. I thought at first it was just part of the storm, or somebody in the building above banging down a window that had been left open by mistake. But then I heard it again—a sort of bump from in front, in the store.

Probably it wasn't anything important, I said to myself—but all the same, when I'd slipped out of bed and put on my robe, I hunted around in the dark for something to protect myself with, if I had to. The only thing I could lay my hands on in a hurry was one of Stephen's law books. It weighed a couple of pounds, and I figured it could raise a bump on somebody's head if I brought it down hard enough.

I went on my bare feet down the hall and peeked into the shop. I couldn't see a thing out of the way

THE

MOST

PRECIOUS

THING

—just the dim squares of the door and the front window. Then one of the shadows moved, over at the side. Somebody was sneaking across the floor toward the counter. I waited, and in a minute I could see the person outlined against the window. Whoever it was didn't look very big, so I hefted the book and threw it, and a second later I pressed the light switch that was beside the inner door.

Maybe it was crazy. Stephen said it was, later. He said, "What if it had been a real thug, with a revolver? You'd have scared him so much he'd have fired at you, without even thinking about it—especially if you'd missed when you threw the book."

But I didn't miss, and it wasn't a real thug. It was a skinny, undersized girl about fourteen years old, dressed in a ragged and dirty old skirt and sweater, sopping wet. And my book had knocked her flat on the floor.

She was down but she wasn't out, and as I started toward her she scrambled to her hands and knees and headed for the side of the shop. I saw then how she'd gotten in—she had pushed open the window on that side, the one (Continued on page 71)



Stephen playing with the baby was Chichi's favorite sight

In this story written especially for Radio Mirror, as on the air, Chichi is played by Alice Reinheart; Stephen is played by John Holbrook.



Come and Visit

Westward, following the sun,
came Martin Block and his family.
And it turned out that, as
usual, their path was paved with gold

Broadcasting from the studio in his own backyard, Martin finds the line between work and play very thin.

VISITING Martin Block is like visiting a man just out of jail.

His fourteen years on the radio in New York, where he was pinned to a microphone and a turntable in a midtown skyscraper from 9 A.M. to midnight six days a week had taken on—in recent years—the aspects of a life sentence.

Transplanted now to a six acre ranch in the foothills of Encino, California, with horses to ride, baby chickens to feed, with growing things—from cabbages to oranges—to compare with the produce of his neighbors, he is turning Californian with such a vengeance that his wife—and his doctors—are worried.

In New York, Martin never saw the sun. He had developed a real coal miner's pallor. Now he has four afternoons a week and one whole day to soak up sunshine. He won't come out of it. A mild case of sunburn first turned into a blister, and finally into a second-degree burn. Martin kept right on sitting in the sunshine. He can't get enough of it.

This man, who was an out-of-work, and hungry, radio announcer fourteen years ago and now is a millionaire, always dreamed of being a gentleman farmer. When he was just starting in radio, hanging around Los Angeles' old

Station KMTR doing odd jobs, wrangling a minute on the air about once in two weeks, he used to be sent out to Encino on errands—package toting, as he recalls it—for the station's boss, Vic Dalton. The Daltons really were country folk, for at that time Encino was a rolling barley field, with only an occasional farm house.

"I loved the country, and I loved the life," Martin recalls. "It was so beautiful, and the air smelled so good, I vowed then and there that I'd have a place like that—and in Encino, too—before I was too old to enjoy it. It's poor boys who have the biggest dreams," is the way he puts it.

Despite his impressive financial success, any happy ending for Martin's back-to-the-farm dream seemed most unlikely—until his pretty wife Esther took a hand a year and a half ago.

Nobody could farm—even as a hobby—and keep the work schedules which Martin's job required. He had built his fame and fortune on two things—respect for a time-worn radio idea which most big-league performers scorned, and a willingness to work like a beaver six days a week, twelve hours a day.

The idea he built into a gold mine was not original with him, as he is the first to admit. Playing phonograph rec-

Starved for fresh air, wanting more ranging-room for Jo-Jo, 3, and Martin Jr., 6, Esther and Martin decided California was the answer. Now Martin soaks up sun even as he broadcasts: on WNEW-New York, KFWB-Los Angeles, and his network show, on MBS daily at 2:30-3:30 P. M. EST.

MARTIN BLOCK



Come and Visit

MARTIN BLOCK



No swimming pool, yet, at Rancho Marjo; the six green and growing acres are dazzling enough!

ords on the air, gabbing knowingly about the tunes and performers, and splicing-in informal talks about the sponsor's product—this was standard routine in small radio stations all over the country.

"Disc-jockeying," people called it patronizingly. "Platter-spinning." But Martin saw big possibilities in it, and he was right.

Like most "big breaks," his opportunity knocked with such a tiny sound that a less sensitive ear would have missed it. The station for which Martin was working as a \$25-a-week staff announcer, New York's WNEW, scored a big news scoop when it put direct wires into the Flemington, New Jersey, court house, to cover the Hauptmann trial.

New Yorkers who had overlooked WNEW on their dials for years—it competes, after all, with four big network stations—suddenly discovered



The boys used to think their Dad was someone

that this small station had a lot to offer.

They also discovered the unknown reporter who sent out the play-by-play account of the Lindbergh story—A. L. Alexander. And they also discovered Martin Block.

Martin had the "filler" job, jumping onto the air with music and chatter whenever news got scarce at Flemington. When the trial ended, people kept right on tuning in WNEW to hear Martin Block. They liked his casual, friendly manner . . . they liked his records. And, most importantly—as soon as his platter program grabbed a sponsor his bosses found *this* out—when Martin told his listeners to buy something, they bought it.

The original sponsor soon was joined by twenty others, and Martin Block was a rich—if busy—man. With no chance at all, he thought, to make good on that vow about the farm of his own in Encino.

A farm? Martin didn't even get a vacation. A weekend was a rarity. Esther got sick of evenings with "the girls" and the Blocks' two sons, Martin, Jr., and Joel, began to think that their Daddy was a casual acquaintance who dropped in now and then for dinner.

"It's like jail," Martin moaned, counting up the money.

"It is that," Esther agreed, "and you have to get out of it."

"How?" the poor little rich boy wailed.

"Wait and see," she said.

Martin waited, but not for long. In a year and a half he had his ranch in Encino, and plenty of time to work and play in the sun. Thanks to Esther, who made all the business arrangements,—"that girl is really too pretty to be so smart," her husband says—he still had all of his New York sponsors (whose programs he does now by transcription), and a flock of new ones who were rushing to buy time on KFVB in Hollywood, a



who sometimes came for dinner. That was in New York.

station which aspires to repeat WNEW's experience with Martin's easy-going Make-Believe Ballroom.

The technical job Esther managed to get done in the process was nothing less than fabulous.

"She was so wonderful I decided to fire my business manager and take orders from no one but my wife," Martin says.

If Martin were to have any time in the sun and still do the forty hours of broadcasting he was contracted for every week, things had to be handy. So Esther built him his own radio broadcasting studio, and in his own back yard! The only one-man radio station in the world is run by Martin, Engineer Al Browdy, and a staff of six, has soundproof broadcasting and control rooms, a vast record library, teletype room, and offices, and uses every phone circuit in Encino. A door's width away from Martin's microphone and turntable is everything he's ever wanted—green grass in the sun, growing things, animals and children playing, the big, beautiful out-of-doors.

Encino, grown to a city now although the radio and picture celebrities who live there call their homes "ranches," still "smells better than any place in the world" to Martin Block.

"Rancho Marjo"—named for the two boys—is not a pretentious home, for lush Encino at least. The two story Monterey Colonial house has ten rooms; the new studio and offices add another three.

There is no swimming pool—in Encino! horrors!—and Martin says there won't be until the boys know how to swim. There will be a tennis court as soon as the Blocks can bring themselves to dig the grape vineyard presently occupying the space. The stables and practice ring are as brand new as the broadcasting studio, and although a single pinto (*Continued on page 87*)



Chicks and a pinto pony are the only livestock so far. There will be more.



Martin dreamed of being a gentleman farmer back in the days when he didn't even have a job he could get a vacation from.



Baked apples put on a party

Apple PIE Orders

THIS is the kind of crisp early autumn day that makes me think of all the county fairs and harvest festivals I went to when I was a little girl. I can see them now—baskets and stacks of choice fruits and vegetables which the owners exhibited so proudly. There were golden squash and corn, deep purple plums and grapes and apples of every shade from dark rich crimson to pale russet, their heavenly crisp sweet odor drawing you to them long before your eyes found them. There were always more apples, it seemed to me, than any other fruit so that apples came to symbolize such words as "peace" and "plenty" and "security" (a comforting and encouraging memory now when so many people lack these things) just as this month's recipes symbolize good eating the year around.

Radio Mirror
for
Better Living

Baked Apples

6 baking apples
½ cup water
¾ cup sugar, divided
Few drops red coloring
½ cup chopped walnuts

Wash apples and core. Pare ¼ way down from blossom ends and place in a casserole. Add water and ½ cup of the sugar. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (350° F) 30 minutes. Remove apples from casserole to shallow pan. Combine liquid from casserole with remaining sugar in a small saucepan. Tint pink with food coloring and boil 2 minutes. Stuff centers of apples with nuts; and baste with syrup. Broil under very low broiler heat until tops are glazed and nuts are toasted. Baste with syrup a few times while broiling. Makes 6 servings.

Apple Macaroon

5-6 large apples, peeled and sliced
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 package vanilla pudding mix
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup corn syrup
2 tablespoons sugar
2 cups corn flakes
¼ cup butter, melted

Combine apples, lemon juice, lemon rind, pudding mix, cinnamon, syrup, and sugar in a baking dish. Mix together corn flakes and butter, and sprinkle over top of apple mixture. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F) 45 minutes or until apples are tender. Makes 6 servings.

Deep Dish Honey Apple Pie

¼ cup whole bran, crushed
1½ cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup shortening
4 to 5 tablespoons cold water
6 cups thinly sliced sour apples
¾ cup honey
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
2 teaspoons butter

Mix together bran, flour and salt; cut in shortening. Add water, a tablespoon at a time, until dough is soft but not sticky. Roll ⅔ pastry on a lightly-floured board into an 8-inch square ⅛-inch thick; cut in 2-inch strips and line sides of an 8-inch x 8-inch x 2-inch baking pan. Arrange apples in pan. Combine honey, lemon juice, rind, salt and cinnamon; pour over apples. Dot with butter. Roll remaining pastry into an 8-inch oblong ⅛-inch thick; cut in ½-inch strips and place lattice fashion over apples; seal edges and flute. Bake in a hot oven (425° F) 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (325° F) and bake 50 minutes until apples are tender. This deep-dish honey apple pie may be served as it is, with cream, plain or whipped, with a lemon or any favorite desert sauce. This serves six. (Continued on page 104)

By

KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR



Listen each Monday through Friday at 12 Noon, EST, to stations of the Mutual Broadcasting Company, when Kate Smith Speaks.

dress when given a cinnamon-walnut glaze

Hopefully Yours—



Even for an as-yet unengaged girl,
Anne-Marie Gayer finds a hope chest useful.

NANA HARRIS, Katie's Daughter of the NBC serial, is a girl who has proven to be different from the surroundings in which she was brought up. Appropriately enough, Anne-Marie Gayer, who plays Nana, has had her share of feeling and being different.

First there were the trips she made frequently as a child to visit her grandparents in Budapest. "I shuttled back and forth so much," Anne-Marie tells it, "that I was a stranger both here and in Hungary."

The next phase of being different had to do with her career. Like her parents and grandparents, Anne-Marie had been trained as a musician—had, in fact, toured this country and Canada as a child pianist—when she decided to become an actress.

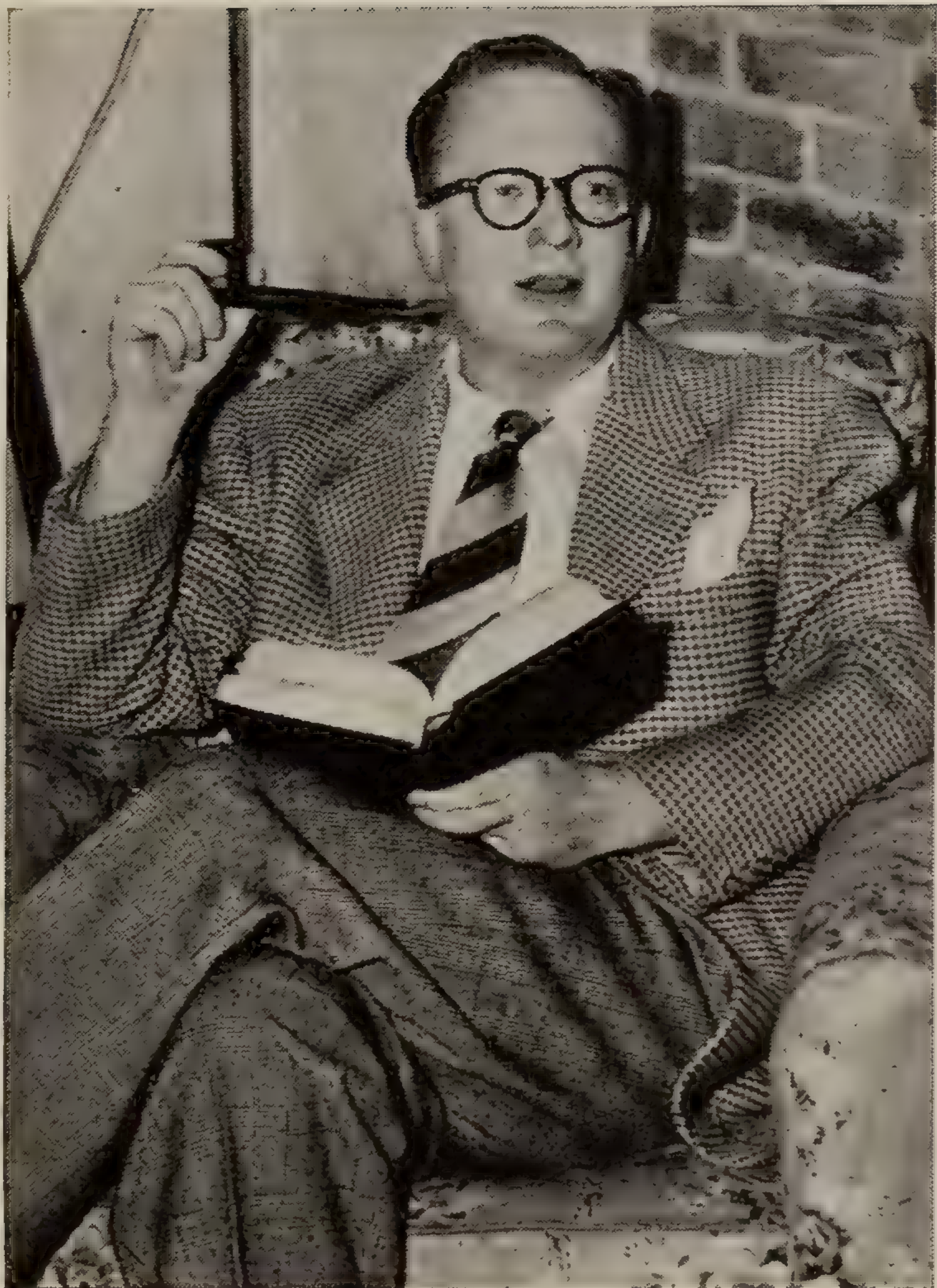
Recently Anne-Marie has been busy getting the apartment she shares with a friend dressed up for a visit from her mother. That's how the business of hope chests came up.

"So many of the girls I know start a hope chest as soon as they are engaged," Anne-Marie said; "as is custom in many European countries. Even though I'm not engaged I decided there was no reason for not having one."

Anne-Marie admits that she was influenced to this decision by the new fashions in hope chests. They are all made of moth-proof, air-tight cedar, but the styles and finishes are so diversified that you can be sure of finding a storage chest which will fit in with your other pieces. Anne-Marie has settled on a chest of modern design, available in dark or bleached mahogany.

"I'll probably end up with one in each finish," she says blithely. Being different again, you see.

RADIO MIRROR *for Better Living*



"No baby-talk, no condescension," is John Griggs' advice to the amateur teller of tales for children.

Once upon a Time—

JOHN GRIGGS is one of those fortunate people you seldom hear about and almost never meet—a man who is so crazy about his job that he can't imagine not doing it and hopes devoutly that it will be a lifetime one. This is not only a break for John, it is a break for you mothers as well, for John is the man who tells stories to children on MBS Adventure Parade. In fact it is a double advantage for you—you can tune in his fascinating program for your young fry's delight and you can also follow his suggestions when you yourself are telling stories or reading them aloud.

Adventure Parade is based on the theory that children's classics can and should be just as thrilling to today's youngsters as they were when they were written, and it has proved that this is so by presenting such varied tales as *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Moby Dick*, *Treasure Island* and *The Three Musketeers* and having their young listeners beg for more. Five episodes of fifteen minutes each carry each story on for a week, which is about as long as young minds can be held.

Naturally, many of the longer stories have to be cut to meet this requirement and John gives credit to Anne Lorentz, the story editor, for the success of this part of the work.

Some purists may object to cutting the classics, but this doesn't bother John, or Jessica and Bob Maxwell—who are respectively the director and producer of Adventure Parade—at all. "We feel," John says, "that we are making available to children a great deal of fine, stirring literature which otherwise

they might miss, and that if we can get a child interested in the adventurous quality of a story, he is likely to read it in its entirety later on," an opinion which is confirmed by the commendations the program has received from educational groups throughout the country.

John is the sole member of the cast, reading each part in turn and varying his characterization so that each "speaker" is well defined—slow deliberate speech for one character, for example, more rapid delivery for another; a high-pitched voice for this man, and a deeper tone for that one.

"Before reading a story aloud," John suggests, "it is a good idea to read it to yourself in order to note the portions you wish to eliminate or condense and to get the 'the feel' of the characters.

"Above all things," he warns, "don't be coy. Children are realists, you know. They love adventure and they like a certain amount of fantasy with it, but they want it told straight and understandably. You can say, 'The little rabbit hopped along the garden path,' and a child will be interested in the rabbit, try to think how he looked, wonder what will happen to him when he reaches the end of the path. But say 'De wittle wabbit went hippy hoppy down de paff' and the average child will walk out before either you or the rabbit reaches the end."

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are EASTERN STANDARD TIMES
For Correct CENTRAL STANDARD TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Story to Order Words and Music	People's Church Tone Tapestries	White Rabbit Line	News Renfro Valley Folks Johnson Family
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Bible Highlights Circle Arrow Show	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Southernaires	Church of the Air Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Voices Down the Wind News Highlights Solitaire Time	Arthur Van Horn Dixie Four Quartet Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartette Hour of Faith	Wings Over Jordan Salt Lake Tabernacle

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	World Front News Eternal Light	Pilgrim Hour Lutheran Hour	F. H. LaGuardia String Orchestra Raymond Swing	Invitation to Learning As Others See Us
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	America United Chicago Round Table	Mutual Music Show	Warriors of Peace Sammy Kaye	People's Platform Time For Reason Howard K. Smith
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Robert Merrill Frank Black James Melton	Bill Cunningham Veteran's Information	Deadline Mystery Sunday Vespers	Weekly News and Quiz "Here's To You"
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Carmen Cavallaro One Man's Family	Reunion Count of Monte Cristo	Lassie Drama Johnny Thompson This Week Around The World	CBS Symphony Orchestra
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Quiz Kids The Author Meets The Critics	House of Mystery True Detective	Are These Our Children Lee Sweetland	Hour of Charm
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Ford Shew	Under Arrest The Abbott Mysteries	Darts for Dough David Harding	The Family Hour Jean Sablon Joseph C. Harsch

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Adventures of Ellery Queen	Those Websters Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardiner Greatest Story Ever Told	Ozzie and Harriet Percy Faith
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Jack Benny Band Wagon	Mysterious Show California Melodies	Candid Microphone These Sensational Years	Gene Autry Blondie
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Bergen-McCarthy Show Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander Voices of Strings	Detroit Symphony Orchestra	Sam Spade Crime Doctor
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round American Album	Exploring the Unknown Listen Carefully	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Theatre Guild	Meet Corliss Archer Tony Martin Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	Take It or Leave It The Big Break Eddie Dowling	Gabriel Heatter Show The Edmund Hockridge Show		



Milton Berle

—who brings his own particular brand of comedy and music to his own particular program on Tuesday evenings at 8, EST, over the NBC network.

Peggy Lee



—who has been singing lately on The Electric Hour and Rhapsody in Rhythm, is a "musician's singer." Johnny Johnston discovered her in Fargo, N. D.; Will Osborne heard her and offered her a job; Buddy Clark persuaded Benny Goodman to audition her. Benny signed her and she married his guitarist, Dave Barbour. Together they wrote "It's a Good Day" and "I Don't Know Enough About You."

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in New York Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Once Upon Our Time Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Listening Post	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From Tropics Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Checkerboard Jamboree	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Navy Band Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Bobby Norris Strings Merv Griffin	Baukhage, News Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Women in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Lone Journey Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Jackie Hill Show	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Quaker City Serenade	Eddy Duchin Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Give and Take
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Melody Theater Adventure Parade Hop Harrigan Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	House Party Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Serenade to America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid In My Opinion Red Barber, Sports Richard C. Hottelet
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orchestra Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Bob Trout
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Voice of Firestone	Did Justice Triumph Scotland Yard	Lum and Abner Bobby Doyle Show Sherlock Holmes	Inner Sanctum Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Dr. I. Q.	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Guy Lombardo	Treasury Agent Sammy Kaye	Lux Radio Theater
10:00 10:15 10:30	Contented Program First Piano Quartet	Fishing and Hunting Club Family Doctor	Doctors Talk It Over Buddy Weed Trio	Screen Guild Players Bob Hawk Show



Basil Rathbone

—Irish-Scottish, born in Johannesburg, South Africa, he studied engineering in English schools; fought through World War I with a Scottish regiment; spent eight successful years on the stage in London and New York; appeared with distinction in a series of pictures; created Sherlock Holmes on the screen and in radio. He is now Scotland Yard's Inspector Burke, MBS, Thursdays, 8:00 P.M., EST.

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember News			The Trumpeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
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EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Serenade to America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid In My Opinion Red Barber Richard C. Hottelet
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orch. Arthur Hale Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Green Hornet Drama	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Bob Trout
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Milton Berle A Date With Judy	Warren's Crime Cases Official Detective Adventures of the Falcon	Lum and Abner Bobby Doyle Show America's Town	Big Town Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Amos 'n' Andy Fibber McGee and Molly	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories American Forum	Boston Symphony	We, The People Studio One
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Hope Red Skelton	Scout About Town Dance Orch.	Hank D'Amico Orch. Hoosier Hop	Open Hearing

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Once Upon Our Time Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine Of The Air Listening Post	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Checkerboard Jamboree	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Words and Music	U. S. Marine Band		Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	NBC Concert Orch. Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Bobby Norris Strings Merv Griffin	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day The Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Lone Journey Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Jackie Hill Show	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double Or Nothing Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson The Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Quaker City Serenade	Eddy Duchin Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Give and Take
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Melody Theater Adventure Parade Hop Harrigan Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	House Party Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John Mac Vane Serenade to America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid Talks Red Barber Richard C. Hottelet
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orchestra Leland Stowe Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Bob Trout
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dennis Day The Great Gildersleeve	Crime Club Johnny Madero	Lum and Abner Bobby Doyle Show Paul Whiteman	American Melody Hour Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories What's the Name of That Song	Beulah Show	Rhapsody in Rhythm Ford Showroom with Meredith Wilson
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Jimmy Durante	Shadows of the Mind Latin American Serenade	Bing Crosby Henry Morgan	The Whistler Doorway to Life



Beryl Davis

—tall, blue-eyed and sultry-voiced, this English radio singer received her orders straight from General Jimmy Doolittle when she was officially attached to the Eighth Army Air Force. She made more than 500 appearances at AAF camps in Britain and sang with the late Glenn Miller and Mel Powell. She is appearing currently on the Phil Silvers Show, heard over ABC, each Wednesday, 10 P.M., EST.

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Once Upon Our Time Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Dorothy Kilgallen	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan			David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Checkerboard Jamboree U. S. Navy Band	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jennv
12:30 12:45	Words and Music			Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Bobby Norris Strings Merv Griffin	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Lone Journey Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Jackie Hill Show	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Quaker City Serenade	Toby Reed Stories Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Give and Take
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Melody Theater Adventure Parade Hop Harrigan Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	House Party Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Serenade to America Clem McCarthy Lowell Thomas	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid In My Opinion Red Barber, Sports Richard C. Hottelet
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Grand Marquee	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orch. Arthur Hale Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Willie Piper	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Bob Trout
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Geo. Burns and Gracie Allen	Let's Go to the Movies Scarlet Queen	Lum and Abner Erwin D. Canham	Suspense Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Al Jolson	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Mutual Block Party	Mr. President	Dick Haymes Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Abbott and Costello Eddie Cantor	Family Theatre	Ralph Norman	Reader's Digest Radio Edition Man Called X



Helen Malone

—NBC starlet and a regular member of the supporting cast in that network's Grand Marquee dramas, Thursday evenings at 7:30 EST. Helen spends her spare time assisting in the organization of amateur dramatic groups in the Chicago area; says the extra experience furthers her own career and helps other ambitious young actors to acquire the poise and experience they need if they are to succeed in radio.



Tommy Bernard

—one of the best-known juveniles in big-time radio. He is the beloved David on the Ozzie and Harriet program; little Raymond on Meet Corliss Archer; and popped up during the year on Suspense, Stars Over Hollywood, The Baby Snooks Show, the Radio Theater and Hollywood Star Time. Tommy, who was born on March 21, 1932, in Los Angeles, made his first bow in amateur theatricals at the age of three.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	Editor's Diary Shady Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS Morning News Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Once Upon Our Time Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air The Listening Post	Look Your Best Evelyn Winters
10:45	Joyce Jordan			David Harum
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Fred Waring Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Victor H. Lindlahr Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Echoes From Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Checkerboard Jamboree This Week in History	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45	Words and Music			Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	T. S. Marine Band Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Bobby Norris Strings Merv Griffin	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Masquerade Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Lone Journey Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Jackie Hill Show	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Two Ton Baker Quaker City Serenade	Eddy Duchin Dick Tracy	Hint Hunt Give and Take
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Melody Theater Adventure Parade Hop Harrigan Tom Mix	Terry and Pirates Sky King Jack Armstrong Tennessee Jed	House Party Treasury Bandstand

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Serenade to America Lowell Thomas	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid Report From The United Nations Red Barber, Sports Richard C. Hottelet
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dance Orchestra Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Mystery of the Week Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Bob Trout
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Highways in Melody Pat O'Brien and Lynn Bari	Burl Ives Holly House Leave It To The Girls	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Baby Snooks Thin Man
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	People Are Funny Waltz Time	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Bulldog Drummond	Break the Bank The Sheriff	Arthur's Place
10:00 10:15 10:30	Mystery Theater Sports	Meet The Press Meet Marty Drake	Boxing Bouts	It Pays to be Ignorant Eileen Farrell, Soprano

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Story Shop Coffee With Congress Bill Herson	Robert Hurleigh Bobby Norris	Al Pearce and His Gang	CBS Morning News The Garden Gate Renfro Valley Folks
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Frank Merriwell Archie Andrews	Bill Harrington Jackie Hill Show	Wake Up and Smile	Barnyard Follies Mary Lee Taylor
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Teentimers Club Home Is What You Make It	Pauline Alpert Say It With Music	Piano Playhouse Junior Junction	Let's Pretend Adventurer's Club

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Arthur Barriault Consumer Time	Pan Americana This Week in Wash- ington	Texas Jim Robertson Melodies to Remember American Farmer	Theatre of Today
12:30 12:45	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Flight Into the Past		Stars Over Hollywood
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Nature Sketches Saturday Matinee Veterans' Aid Elmer Peterson	Luncheon at Sardi's Bands For Bonds	Fascinating Rhythm	Grand Central Sta. County Fair
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Nat'l Farm Home The Baxters Camp Meetin' Choir	Harlem Hospitality Club This Is Jazz	Football Games	Give and Take Country Journal
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Your Hosts Buffalo	Barry Grey Show Sports Parade		Treasury Bandstand The Seth Grainer Show
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Musicana	Horse Races Dance Orchestra Dance Orchestra		Horse Racing Joey Kerns Orch. Adventures in Science Of Men and Books
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Edward Tomlinson Three Suns Shine Tormé Time King Cole Trio	Dance Orch. Dance Orchestra Jan August and His Piano Magic	Saturday Concert	Cross Section U. S. A. Saturday at the Chase

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15	Rhapsody of the Rockies	Dance Orch.	Jimmie Blair	Bill Shadell Word From the Country
6:30 6:45	NBC Symphony	Cecil Brown	Harry Wismer Labor U. S. A.	Saturday Sports Review Larry Lesueur
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Curtain Time	Hawaii Calls News and Sports F. H. LaGuardia	It's Your Business Song Spinners Challenge of the Yukon	Hawk Larabee F.B.I. In Peace and War
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Life of Riley Truth or Conse- quences	Twenty Questions The Better Half	I Deal in Crime Famous Jury Trials	Winner Take All Sweeney and March
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Your Hit Parade Can You Top This	Mighty Casey High Adventure	Gangbusters Murder and Mr. Malone	The Bill Goodwin Show Vaughn Monroe
10:00 10:15 10:30	Kay Kyser Grand Ole Opry	Theater of the Air	Professor Quiz Hayloft Hoedown	Saturday Night Serenade Dance Orch.



Charles Webster

—better known as “Chuck”, is heard on The Abbott Mysteries and on Official Detective, both over the MBS. Born and raised in Pittsburgh, he had years of experience with stock companies all over the United States before he tried radio—back in Pittsburgh. Next came six years at a Detroit station, with his own program, Know Your America. In 1945 he moved with his wife and children, to New York.

OFF THE AIR



LOWELL THOMAS

IF it had not been for the example and inspiration of his father, it's hard to tell whether Lowell Thomas, growing up in the frontier life of a Colorado mining town, would have followed the straight line he did in acquiring the education that formal institutions of learning have to give—plus, of course, the very much more that he did acquire. Still vivid in Thomas' memory are the long, cold Colorado nights when his father's head was bent long and late over the textbooks he had vowed to master, and the years that followed during which Mr. Thomas, even after earning his medical degree, never ceased to pursue more advanced medical knowledge.

"A college graduate," says Lowell Thomas, who possesses both B.A. and M.A. degrees, "can be as uneducated as a jack-rabbit if he doesn't know the world around him."

Lowell, whose father became an outstanding surgeon in the western mining country, remembers the proud day when the family dressed up to see Papa receive a B.A. from National Normal School in Omaha, in addition to his medical degree.

But the search for knowledge went on—a search which never stopped. He remembers his father's intense interest in the exciting, dynamic life about him, in nature and philosophy and politics. He remembers the huge library and the telescope and the geological expeditions into the Rocky Mountains.

It was this same kind of vital interest and curiosity that has led Lowell Thomas to travel over every part of the globe trying to understand the people and places of his time. And it is the same impulse which has made him so keen a reporter of world events. His daily program will be heard, starting September 29, over CBS, 6:45 P.M. EST.

"I'm part of this world," Thomas explains, "and I want to know what's going on in it, whether Congress is adopting a new tax bill, or some teen-agers have joined together to lick juvenile delinquency in their community or if the Dodgers get a new manager."

Thomas' widespread travels and friends among countless peoples, among all shades of opinion have given him a deep-rooted sympathy for his fellow human beings. But with one type of person his sympathy ends—that is the person who is too lazy to keep informed about the world in which he lives.

"It's fantastic," Thomas says. "Time and again you meet someone who says: 'Sure, I'm educated, I went to school, didn't I?'"

"But he is as bare of interest or knowledge about the pulsating events of 1947 as a new-born baby. He doesn't read the newspapers beyond the headline, doesn't listen to a news commentator, knows nothing about such vital subjects as the U. N., housing, or even war and peace."

"Gold-brick B.A.'s" is what Thomas calls the modern Rip Van Winkles, who close their minds together with their books as soon as they're out of school. We can't afford such poorly educated citizens, he says, not when the world is in the midst of crisis. No matter how many diplomas or degrees a man may have, he's educational deadwood unless he knows what's going on in the world around him.

"What's more," Thomas declares, "the man or woman who is alert and informed about the events and issues of 1947 is a person who is interesting to others. And any woman who realizes this has learned the most important lesson she needs to know in order to be truly charming, and—believe it or not—more attractive!"

Science vs. Crime



1. Returning home from a party, Frank Shipton accused his wife, Anne, of flirting with Tony Russell and when Anne demanded a divorce in order to marry Tony he raged, "I'll kill myself rather than give you up!"



3. At the Shipton apartment they were almost overcome by gas fumes. Tony fought his way through the tiny kitchen to open windows and turn off the oven gas jets, then he and Anne bent over Frank's still form.



2. Far from breaking up the romance between Anne and Tony, Frank's continued threats to commit suicide only spurred it on. At last, Tony took command of the situation, saying, "We'll go to Frank together, make him understand that we are really in love with each other and that he must give you your freedom!"

SINCE science has taken an active hand in the field of criminology, the path of the would-be criminal has become increasingly dangerous. Chemistry, for instance, has supplied the police with so many ways to check a suspect's story that he who attempts to tell anything less than the truth is beaten almost before he starts.

At the autopsy on Frank Shipton's body, Dr. Wayne discovered that death had not resulted from any natural cause. The next tests showed carbon monoxide in the body but not enough of it to cause death. This led Craig to believe that Anne had given Frank poison: that when it began to work she had placed him with his head in the oven without realizing that the poison would act so quickly as to destroy her plan to have the death appear suicide. Dr. Wayne then proved Frank had been given sleep-inducing pills, but 30 times the normal dose, much more than a fatal quantity. Craig's theory of Anne's guilt seemed justified, until he learned that it was Tony who bought the pills.

From then on it was a matter of routine. Tony phoned Anne, the afternoon of the murder, asking her to meet him at downtown restaurant, calling from a booth near her apartment. As soon as he saw her leave he went to the apartment, left a partly filled bottle of Vermuth, doctored with sleeping pills, in readiness for the drink he knew Frank would make as soon as he reached home. He returned to the street, watched Frank come home and a little later went up to find Frank in a stupor. Tony then staged the "suicide."

Exploring the Unknown

tells you about your most

vigilant protector

Exploring the Unknown is heard Sundays at 9:00 P.M., EST, over MBS. Anne is played by Vicki Vola; Frank, by Arnold Robertson; Tony, by Ralph Camargo; Wayne, by Earl George; Kelly by Bob Donnelly and Craig by Lon Clark.



4. While Deputy Medical Examiner Wayne worked over Frank, Tony comforted the distraught Anne. At last Wayne shook his head hopelessly. "Of course it's a clear case of suicide," said Police Captain Kelly, but Dr. Wayne said cautiously, "We can't be sure until we've made a complete checkup."



5. Hours and days went by while Dr. Wayne, urged on by Kelly and Assistant District Attorney Craig, made test after careful test which proved beyond question that Frank's death was not suicide but murder. Then came more tests, which revealed the means of death and pointed to the murderer.



6. Craig had Anne and Tony brought to the apartment where he said the case against Anne was being dismissed and ordered Tony's arrest. "And to save yourself you would have let me be convicted!" Anne cried and turned on him with such fury that Tony was grateful for the protection of Craig and Kelly.

The LOVELY LOOK

SUPPOSE you, as Arliene O'Dell demonstrates, have finished a lonely dinner. Now what to do? Feel like calling on friends, or going straight home to catch up on your reading, mending, or favorite radio program? But you've done that so often. You wish you had a nice date for a change! So you decide to go to the movies.

Before leaving the restaurant, you check in your compact mirror to see if your nose needs powdering, or if your mouth could stand for a lipstick touch-up. Should you discover that you'd look better if your hair were combed, visit the powder room. Don't do a major repair job on it in full view of the other diners. Many girls carry in their purses one of the miniature comb and brush sets for such emergencies. Too, they like the new lipstick brush and lipstick combinations, which are so convenient and take up no extra purse room.

Liquid and cream lipsticks are now more indelible. Even after eating, your compact mirror may show that it has stayed on so well that you don't need to re-do your mouth completely. So, like Arliene, you can touch it up before leaving the table. Occasionally you see girls making detailed make-up repairs in public. Disgusting, isn't it? Arliene says, "Please don't."

Next you see her being hailed by Donald. A man you know might see you while riding in a cab. Or he might run into you in a restaurant, at the soda fountain, or bump into you most anytime and anyplace.

You never can tell when Fate will team up with Cupid. That's why you should look your best all of the time, not just when you *have* a date. For that chance one may lead to the most romantic of all—a date to meet him at the altar!

Arliene O'Dell, ABC radio actress heard on the My True Story and Famous Jury Trials programs, acts out the romantic picture story on this page. The man is Donald Buka, radio, stage, and screen actor.

Arliene hails from Kansas City, Missouri. She studied dramatics and radio at the University of Kansas. Before coming to New York, she worked with a radio station in her home town. There she became familiar not only with microphone technique, but also with other mechanical phases of broadcasting, even sound effects. Donald comes from Cleveland, Ohio. Talent, plus hard work, has landed him leading stage roles, and dramatic radio and movie characterizations.



Minor repairs are in order even if, by chance, you happen to be alone—



For the evening may have a surprise up its sleeve—



And you, too lovely to be lonely, will be dateless no longer

BY
MARY
JANE
FULTON



Genevieve Joan Moore, II daughter of Mrs. Oliver J. Moore, lives in Lake Forest. She is engaged to Joseph A. Kelly of Akron, Ohio. "Ginny" has legendary Celtic beauty—raven black hair, a complexion white as milk, kept smooth as velvet with Pond's Cold Cream.

"YOU MUST
Blush-Cleanse
YOUR FACE TONIGHT!"

says lovely Ginny Moore

"I feel I've given my face a wonderful *super* clean-up and smooth-out—when I *blush-cleanse* it," Ginny says. Read how her blush-cleanse beauty care with Pond's can help *your* skin.

Just 4 quick beauty-making steps:

Rouse face with splashes of warm water.

Cream your receptively moist, warm skin thickly with Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl briskly. This blush-cleanse loosens clinging dirt and make up, softens skin, brings up fresh color. Tissue off.

Re-cream, to blush-rinse away last traces of dirt, make-up. This blush-rinse brings up still more color—makes skin feel super-soft. Tissue off again.

Tingle face with cold water.

RESULT—a softer, rosier, cleaner face than has looked out of your mirror for a long time. The *demulcent action* of Pond's Cold Cream has helped free your skin of dirt. This Pond's blush-cleanse has brought up the circulation that is so *good* for your skin.

Get a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. *Every night* do this blush-cleanse and blush-rinse—*every morning* just a quick blush-rinse. Watch your face respond.



HER RING—
a center diamond,
glittering between two
smaller diamonds

She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

**SOME OF THE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
OF SOCIETY WHO USE POND'S**

Mrs. William Rhineland Stewart
Mrs. Allan A. Ryan Mrs. John J. Astor
H. H. Princess Priscilla Bibesco
Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle
Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.
The Lady Moyra Forester



Women know

**what Pond's Cream can do
for them**

**That is why far more
women use Pond's Cream
than any other**

Information Booth

Step up and ask your questions—we'll try to find the answers

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We'll answer if we can, either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

HE'S NOT HIDING AT ALL

Dear Editor:

Wouldn't miss a copy of your magazine for anything, and one of the first articles I turn to is Information Booth. I would like to see a picture of Robert Q. Lewis, who substituted for Arthur Godfrey while Godfrey was on vacation. Where have they been hiding Mr. Lewis? He's very good. Will he be on any more programs? I sincerely hope so. Thank you for a grand magazine.

Mrs. G. M., Jr.



ROBERT Q. LEWIS

Fort Myers, Fla.

So many people agreed with you about Mr. Lewis' merits after his CBS debut last April on the Godfrey show, that as soon as his chores there were completed, the network gave him a fifteen-minute spot on Saturdays. This was almost immediately expanded to a half-hour program known as the R. Q. Lewis Little Show Thurs., 8:00-8:30 P.M. And that's not all! In July, he started a Monday through Friday series, where he can give with those famous gentle satires. You can catch this show at 7:00 P.M., also on CBS. And here's a picture of this busy young man.

HE PRACTICES WHAT HE PREACHED



RALPH BELL

Dear Editor:

We, the family, thoroughly enjoy the acting of Ralph Bell. I'm a constant reader of Radio Mirror, but I have failed to find a picture of this fine actor. If possible, could you have one of him in the near future?

Mrs. W. R.

Providence, R. I.

Not only that, but we'll even tell you something about him. Before 1939, when he discovered radio (or vice versa), his career included teaching dramatics at the University of Michigan, and then, in N. Y., acting in such Broadway hits as Banjo Eyes and Native Son. As for his radio shows, he's one of the regulars on the Crime Doctor programs at 8:30 P. M. EST Sundays, and he's Charlie Gleason on another CBS show, the serial Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters, on at 10:30 A. M., EST. He's married to stage-screen-radio actress Pert Kelton; likes tennis, chess and reading. Our May issue had some pictures of Evelyn Winters, and one of Ralph Bell was included. So you see, we haven't really been neglecting him.

CASE OF THE MISSING ACES

Dear Editor:

Would you be kind enough to inform me as to what happened to the Easy Aces? Their theme song was the Manhattan Serenade, and the program originated in New York, I believe. We miss them very much and would like to trace them.

Mrs. J. S.

Long Beach, California.

The Easy Aces are no longer on any network, though they are not by any means disconnected from radio. They transcribe their programs and sell them to local stations. Hope you can find them in your neighborhood. Goodman Ace is a writer and producer, working on such shows as the Robert Q. Lewis program. For auld lang syne, here are Goodman and Jane—the Easy Aces.



GOODMAN and JANE ACE

FAMOUS NAMES DEPARTMENT

Dear Editor:

Most of my friends as well as myself are very interested in learning more about Miss Milena Miller, the famous radio star whom we often heard on the Kraft Music Hall. I have read about her and seen her pictures in the June Radio Mirror. The reason for my curiosity about Milena Miller is that our first names are the same. My parents named me after a Queen of Montenegro, and I take a justifiable pride of the name Milena because of its history. The name is odd to our own nationality, as well as to others. Will you please tell me how Miss Miller acquired her first name? Has her last name been changed?



MILENA MILLER

Miss M. B.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Miller is Milena's real name; the Milena was bestowed by her mother, because she'd always thought it one of the prettiest names she knew and because it's been used for generations in Mrs. Miller's family. It is a lovely name; thank you for pointing out its intriguing history.

WHEN GOOD FRIENDS GET TOGETHER

Dear Editor:

One of my favorite programs is Lum and Abner. My husband and I have listened to them for many years. Somehow, I have missed seeing pictures of them, and I haven't read anything about them, either. Please tell me something about these two wonderful performers. There has never been a change in the cast has there?

Mrs. P. M. B.

Washington, D. C.



LUM 'N' ABNER

Chester "Lum" Lauck and Norris "Abner" Goff have been a team since their knee-pants days back in Mena, Arkansas, when they first started their impromptu imitations of Ozark characters for the benefit of friends and school chums. They attended the University of Arkansas together, and then both seemed to be ready to settle down in perfectly normal businesses in Mena. But they were asked to contribute their talents to a flood-relief broadcast, which brought so much fan mail, that they continued for several months. They then took a vacation in Chicago, sold their act, and had their first sponsored program in 1931. They've been going strong ever since. Both are married (to Arkansas girls), have three and two children, respectively, are in their 40s, and love hunting and fishing. Don't they look as if it all agreed with them?

WILL DAISY DO?

Dear Editor:

I'd like to know about Jimmy Adkins. He used to sing on the Fred Waring program, but I fail to catch him there at all now. Can you tell me if he is still with Waring, or if he has any other program? Also, how about a picture of Daisy Bernier, Fred Waring's vocalist?

Mrs. E. C.

Belton, Texas

Jimmy Adkins is no longer with Fred Waring. He has no regular program, but does quite a bit of free-lancing. Picture of Daisy—that's a pleasant enough task. How's this? By the way, she was also featured in August's issue in an article called Smile Magic, by our Mary Jane Fulton.



DAISY BERNIER

Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 45)

sideration were contagious—I found I was as eager to please him as when I'd been a bride.

We were happy again, but there were times when a deeply serious look would come over Andy's face. He'd talk of serious things, the kind of things that plain people like us find it hard to put into words. I can't tell all the things he told me from the secret places of his heart, of course, but I remember one thing he said—"I love you so much, honey, I think that even if I died my love would find a way to stay and take care of you."

When Spring came this year, Andy came home one evening with two little apple trees to plant in our yard. After he'd patted the dirt around the slender trunks, he looked at me and said, smiling, "There! Think of me when you eat the apples from these trees."

THE shadow of a premonition fluttered across my heart. "Andy why did you say a thing like that? We'll eat these apples together."

"I hope so," he said, standing up, and looking away.

I suddenly noticed that his face was thinner, and the two lines beside his mouth looked as if pain had been pressing them deeper. I touched his arm.

"Andy, is anything wrong that you haven't told me? Don't you feel all right?"

"I'm all right, honey. Just a little tired sometimes," he said.

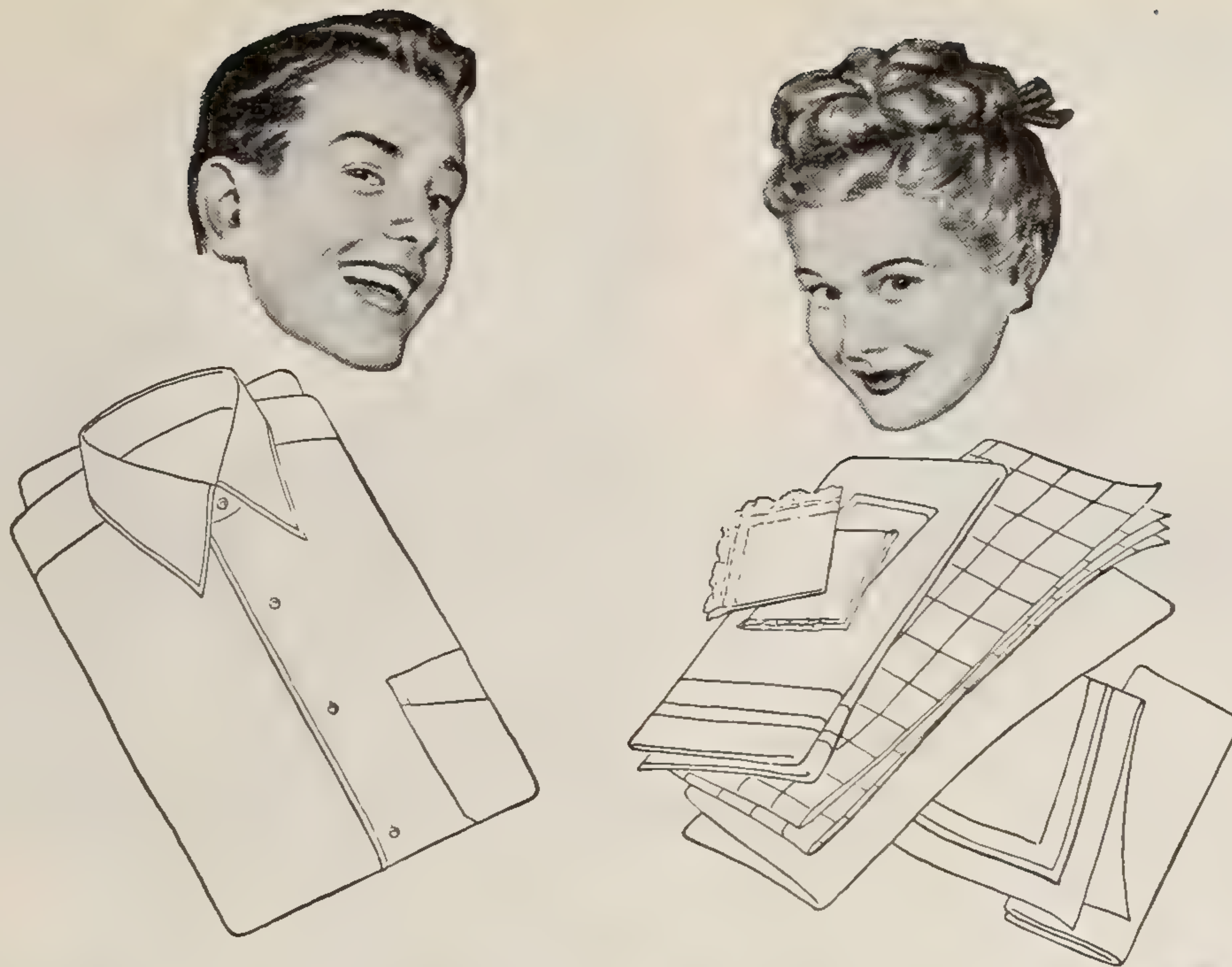
"Promise me you'll see the doctor tomorrow," I insisted.

Andy promised, but the next day he said he hadn't had time. He said he felt fine, but that uneasy feeling stayed with me. I kept studying his face for signs of illness when he wasn't looking, and I couldn't shake off that feeling of dread. I began to worry.

My worry lasted just one week. And now I know that was part of Andy's loving care too—to hide his coming doom from me to the very end. One week later, Andy suffered his last attack of angina pectoris at his machine in the factory. He died in the company dispensary, and when I saw him again, those telltale lines of pain were smoothed out forever. He'd kept the secret of those agonizing heart spasms from me for a whole year. All that time he knew that his life hung by a thread, for our doctor had told him the truth.

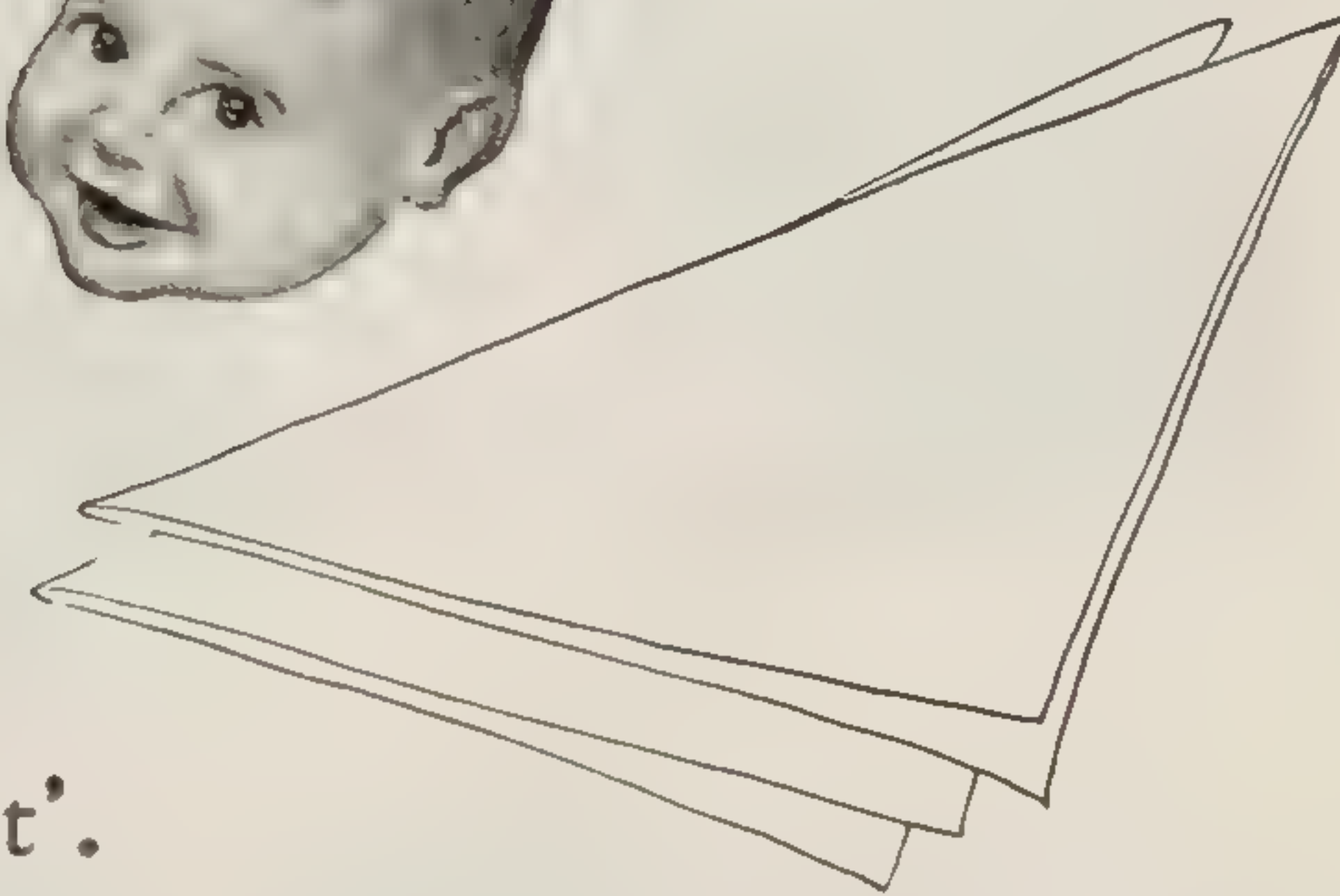
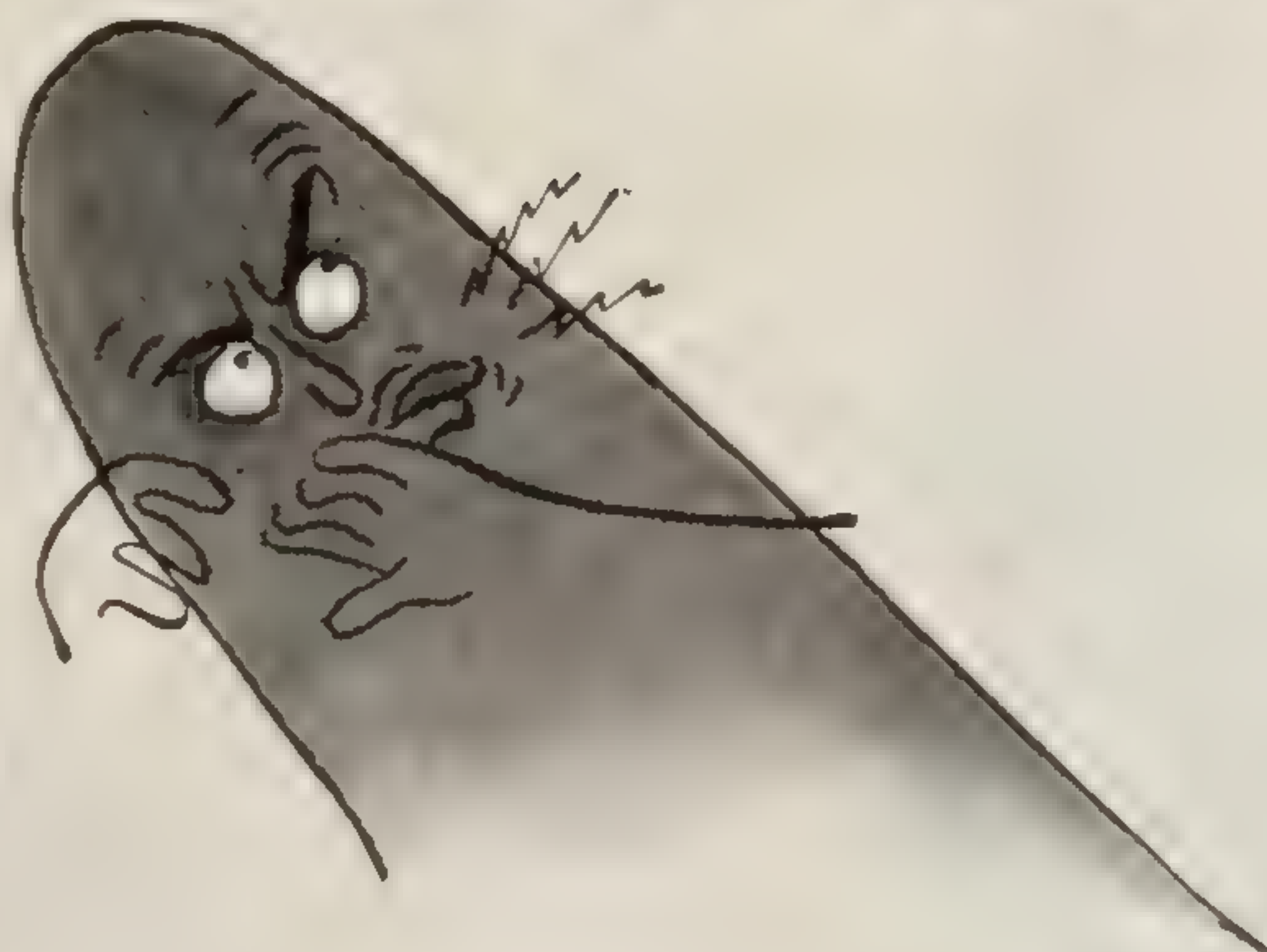
My hand falters as I try to tell about his wonderful bravery and unselfishness. He thought only of me and the children those last precious months. He did not try to spare himself to gain a little more time to live. He went on working as hard as ever at the factory and at home. He tried to prepare me for the shock without frightening me. And if he was sometimes afraid or a little lonely with his tragic secret, he never let me guess.

Afterward, I remembered his words, "... even if I died my love would find a way to stay and take care of you." His love is still taking care of me, for he even spared me the painful responsibility of funeral arrangements. He left his financial affairs in perfect order so that I would not be burdened with money worries as soon as he was gone. He even helped our oldest son find a part time (Continued on page 67)



All in favor say...

FELS-NAPTHA!



When it's a choice of laundry soap, millions of families vote the straight Fels-Naptha 'ticket'.

For work clothes and play clothes; white shirts, linens and towels; for delicate underthings—and of course for Baby's things that must be *extra clean and soft*—there is nothing like the thorough cleaning action of gentle Fels-Naptha Soap.

Fels-Naptha's blend of good, mild soap and active naptha assures whiter washes with less work. Be sure to mark *your* shopping 'ballot' Fels-Naptha—Bar and Chips.



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Glenn has his own United Nations on Carnival Junior Legion, WTIC children's program.



Glenn Rowell, Master of Philanthropies at WTIC-Hartford.



When is a mile not a mile? When Glenn Rowell stretches it. Hartford's 5 miles became 9.4.

GLENN ROWELL of WTIC, Hartford, is a nationally-known entertainer who has collected a fortune in the lucrative field of radio—but hasn't held on to a penny of it!

It all began back in April, 1924, when Glenn and station WLS made their initial bows to the crystal setters. Now in his 24th year of continuous broadcasting, Glenn has pulled over a million dollars right out of thin air.

He had a little help, of course, thanks to a couple of fine partners along the way. In the early days, "Ford and Glenn" were household words in the middle west. Because of their daily children's programs and their phonograph records, fan mail poured in and the public turned out in droves to watch the radio team at work. Glenn became one of radio's pioneer m.c.'s. His career as an outstanding "M. P." (Master of Philanthropies) was to begin shortly.

When a tornado struck Southern Illinois, Ford and Glenn helped keep WLS on the air day and night in a marathon fund-raising campaign which brought in over a quarter of a million dollars for the aid of victims. In this case, Glenn says, the "air" brought back to sufferers what the wind had taken away. And Glenn didn't stop there—during the following four years he sparked drives which collected over \$100,000 to help the needy at Christmas time.

In 1929, Gene Carroll joined Ford and Glenn, and six months later, upon Ford's temporary retirement,

A MILLION out of THIN AIR

Gene and Glenn (with Jake and Lena) took to the air over WTAM in Cleveland. The marathon broadcasts were continued annually in the city-by-the-lake, until another quarter of a million dollars had flowed into the empty Christmas stockings of Ohio children.

From Cleveland to Texas, to Iowa, Minnesota, California and Massachusetts, the job of raising money for others went on . . . \$15,000 here, \$22,000 there, \$13,000 in some other area where help was needed. Then the boys came to Hartford, and for several years their daily network programs, which had delighted NBC audiences from coast to coast, originated at the studios of WTIC.

Glenn, who by this time had grown weary of living out of suitcases and trunks, succumbed to the charms of Connecticut and decided to buy a home and settle down. Gene wanted to move on—so a fourteen-year harmonious partnership was dissolved. Glenn stayed on in Hartford and Gene went back to Cleveland, and then to Hollywood.

Glenn is now doing a weekly children's program over WTIC, the Carnival Junior Legion. His summer programs originate at a dozen different camps for underprivileged children. With his original theme song, "Help the Kid Around the Corner," he has helped raise over \$350,000 for the WTIC-Hartford Courant "Mile O' Dimes" campaign for the victims of infantile paralysis. Year after year, on a per capita basis, Hartford has led the nation in this great drive, and no small part of the credit is due to cheerful, tireless Glenn Rowell.

(Continued from page 65) job months ago so that he could begin learning responsibility. Oh, there were so many loving, thoughtful things he did for us, that are coming to light now.

My heart overflows with gratitude, but the most wonderful thing he did for me was to live like a hero, a real man, every moment during that last year of his life. He taught me how sweet life can be when love transforms it. I shall always miss Andy—his voice, his smile, the touch of his hand, but I haven't lost his love, for that is still with me, like a strong, loving arm to lean on, the rest of my life.

Mrs. H. B. Y.

A CHILD'S EYES

Dear Papa David:

My story has no ending. I just thought the public would like to hear some of the blessings of being a school teacher instead of the problems so often discussed.

I believe I have found that life can be beautiful in the past year I've been teaching. I have found this out by looking into the eyes of children. In these eyes I see hopes and dreams, too young to be destroyed. I see forgiveness, gratefulness, and sincerity. There is little room in a child's view of life for fear and disillusionment (except when an outside force permits it) when the world offers such wonders as a parent's love, Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, and yes, even teacher's approval. I have seen happiness in children's eyes when the team wins, when the biggest bubble of gum is popped, when signs of self-approval are recognized.

True there is no perfection in any class room, but I have found no closer resemblance to complete happiness anywhere else.

Perhaps some might believe me idealistic—to them I say, take a look, a good look, into the eyes of a child.

P. E.

MY MOTHER CAME BACK

Dear Papa David:

When I was very young I lost my mother for, you see, she suffered a severe nervous breakdown and drifted away from me. All her kindness and patience faded, as she gradually sank into a state of melancholy unreasoning. So, like most children who turn away from reality when it hurts them, I pretended that my real mother had gone away on a long trip.

She was sent to a sanitarium and, being under-age, I was not permitted to see her for some time. When I did become old enough for a visitor's permit, I was somehow frightened, making excuse after excuse to delay the trip. But after I realized that my father was both hurt and puzzled, I suggested that Mother's Day would be a perfect time for reconciliation.

Now that I look back upon that momentous day, I can remember nothing except that a little girl's dream came true. For the woman that the nurse left me with was not the stranger I had tried so hard to understand, but, instead, a small woman with a gentle smile who put her arms around me just as I had always pretended she would. My mother had come home.

Miss J. C.

PERFECT SOLUTION

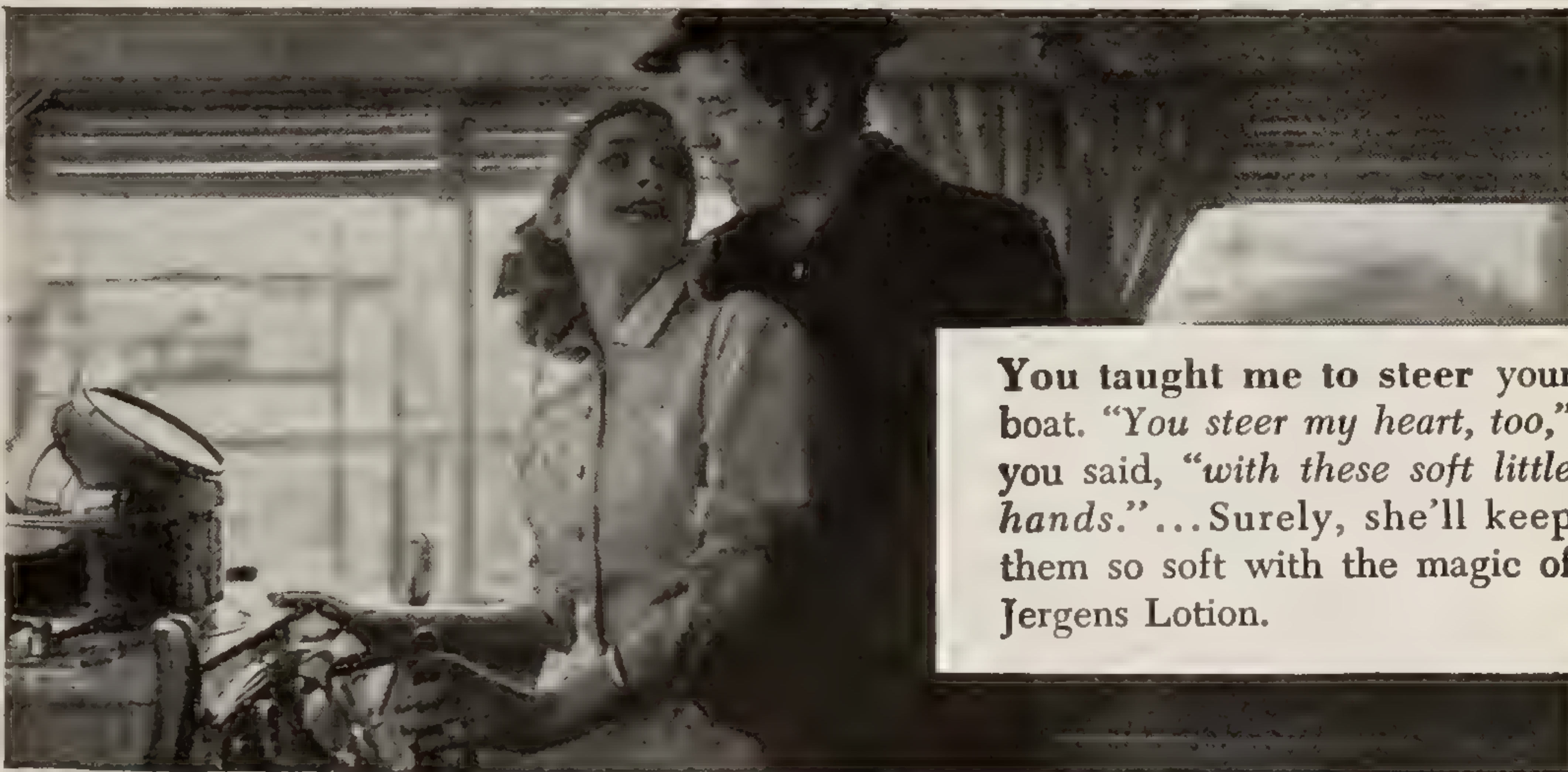
Dear Papa David:

My story goes back to 1945 while I was still wearing GI issues and when

MINE IS A Cape Cod Love Story



At Provincetown... "If I were an artist," you suddenly said, "I'd draw your soft dear hands. They'd be mine then."... Soft hands do have a way with a man. No wonder the very loveliest women use Jergens Lotion.*



You taught me to steer your boat. "You steer my heart, too," you said, "with these soft little hands."... Surely, she'll keep them so soft with the magic of Jergens Lotion.

*The best-loved women use Jergens hand care...

Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1. Smart Young Marrieds go nearly 4 to 1 for Jergens Lotion.

Even more effective, now. This famous Jergens Lotion makes your hands feel even smoother, winningly softer, thanks to recent research; and

protects longer, too. Part of its magic—two ingredients with such effectiveness for skin-care that many doctors use them. 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax) for this finer-than-ever Jergens Lotion. None of that oiliness; no sticky feeling.



For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

JERGENS LOTION

FREE

YOUR CHANCE to see that Jergens Lotion is even finer.

Mail coupon now for gift bottle. (Paste on penny postcard, if you wish)
Mail to: Box 27, Cincinnati 14, Ohio

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____

(Please print plainly.)

(Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.)



There's "Buried Treasure" in your HAIR!

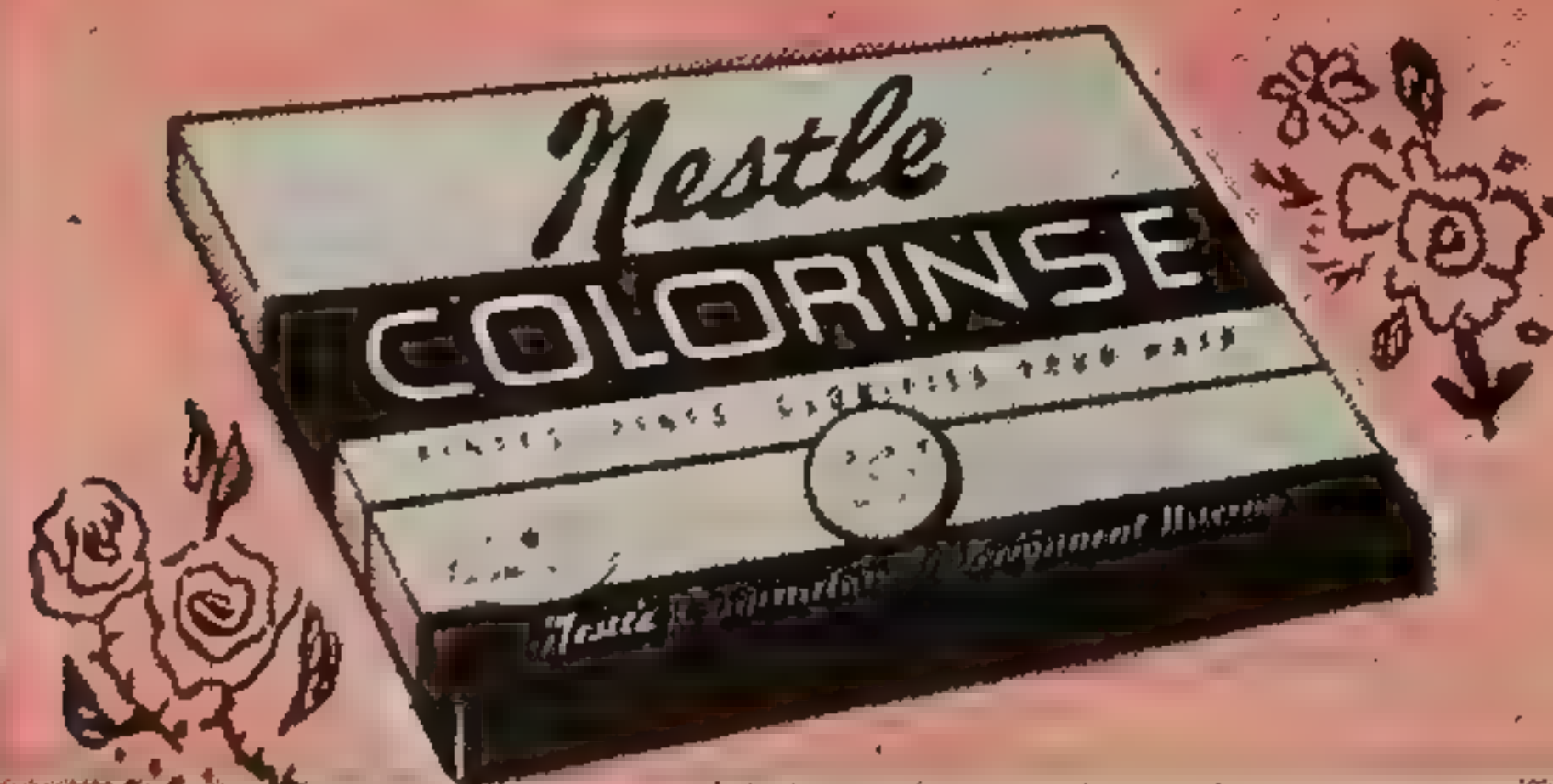


Discover it with
COLORINSE

DON'T have drab, "colorless" hair one minute longer! Give your hair the lovely, glowing color that makes you look "alive." Thousands of women use Nestle Colorinse to discover the "buried treasure" in their hair. Colorinse is not a permanent dye or bleach . . . it rinses new beauty into your hair, enhances its natural color, fills it with sparkling highlights and lustrous sheen. Colorinse won't rub or brush off but it is easily removed with shampooing. Try it tonight—after you shampoo. Nestle Colorinse comes in 9 colors, to glorify every shade of hair.

10¢ and 25¢ at
beauty counters everywhere

Nestle
COLORINSE



you didn't know where you would be stationed the next day. Fortunately at this time I was stationed in a camp near the big city where I was to see my girl for the first time in almost three years. When we did meet we knew immediately that ours were lives that had to be spent together and regardless of forthcoming events we decided to make plans to be married. My mother, a widow, came all the way from my home in Minnesota for the wedding. Of course, my wife had all her family including her father and brother. Her mother passed away almost six years ago.

About a week before the wedding my future bride, her father, my mother, and myself had what you may call a getting acquainted get together. My mother expressed her views on the coming marriage saying she was very happy but I knew she was sad at the thought of returning home alone and I realized she would be very lonely. My father-in-law expressed the same happiness but there were his thoughts that he would miss his daughter and her helpfulness around the home.

We were married. My mother returned home and after a while I was discharged, and went to work in a little town close to the big city. It wasn't very long before a little visitor was getting ready to move into our house. My mother came East to see us and to be with us on this big event. She told us that she was very lonely back home and wished she could be out here near us. I told her to sell the house and until she found a nice apartment she could stay with us. But she refused for she didn't want to be in the way and wanted us to live our own private lives. That was a sweet gesture, wasn't it? Here she was all alone almost fifteen hundred miles away and she wouldn't think of imposing on us.

We had hopes, however, that something would work out in the near future. There was one thing that could happen which would make everything perfect. It was what we called in the army "a natural." That's right, my mom and my wife's pop. But it just didn't seem that such a wonderful dream would come true. Then two days before my son was born we were all sitting around the dining room table when my father-in-law spoke. "I have a surprise for you kids," he said, "Mom and I are going to get married," and he bent over and kissed my mother. Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather. While my wife and I were just thinking and hoping for such a thing to happen these two were playing "Romeo and Juliet." It just seemed unbelievable but here it was.

Well, after my son was born, my mom went back to Minnesota, sold the house and hurried back east. They are married now and incidentally as happy as a couple of young newlyweds. Although the marriage has caused some confusion about our relationships to one another we are all very, very happy about it all.

M. H.

PATTERN FOR BEAUTY

Dear Papa David:

As a member of P.T.A. association, I visited a home each week to see a twelve-year-old child, confined to a wheel chair, hopelessly paralyzed from the waist down. The home was a poor one but neat. The child seemed so cheerful and I always found her busy with pencil and paper. Even during

my visits she would write a line or so. I asked her what she wrote. She said, "Oh, I keep finding things to be thankful for and I write them on a pad. Later I copy them in my big book, and I find so many things—my book is almost full." On her pad was: Thankful because my mommy makes such good biscuits. Thankful because my teeth are so good and I can eat hard candy. In another book were things she looked at a long time each day, so if she was ever blind she would remember her mother's smile, faces of friends, sunshine, flowers and birds. She reads the list each day and closes her eyes and concentrates her mind on them so they are impressed in her memory. I really felt ashamed for I find so many things to fret about, instead of ones to be thankful for, and just glance at beauty all around me, instead of storing it in my memory. I am going to try and pattern after that child.

Mrs. E. S.

"DON'T WORRY, SIS"

Dear Papa David:

One afternoon a few years ago, while my mother was shopping, my best girl friend and I decided to pretend that we were career girls and that my house was our apartment. We were having a grand time when my brother, Jimmy came home and thinking it was all very funny, began to tease us. Then, still in my early teens, I took it all very seriously. So when Jimmy, after ample warning, persisted in annoying us, I slapped him. Just then, my mother walked in and scolded me. I was outraged and told her that I wished that she would send Jimmy away because I never wanted to see him again.

When I reached the street a neighbor called to me and asked me to go to the store for her.

I was coming from the store when I stopped in my tracks, horror-stricken. I saw a little boy get hit, thrown and run over by a car. I ran to the child but somehow, even before I reached him, I knew it was Jimmy.

A soldier who had seen the accident picked him up and a passing motorist drove us to the hospital. Jimmy was conscious, but he didn't cry. He just asked the driver, "Could you hurry up? I think I'm bleeding." Then he turned to me and said, "Don't worry, sis, it's okay." I wanted to be calm and comfort him, but it was he who assured me.

In the waiting room, I kept thinking . . . this can't be true . . . it can't be . . . and I prayed . . . I prayed with all my heart.

Mother came a little later and a nurse came in and told us that Jimmy was going to be all right.

I never did thank the soldier whose jacket had been stained with blood, or the passing motorist, both of whom were so kind, but I'm sure they understood.

Jimmy still teases me but every time I'm about to scold him I think of this incident, and I remember to say an extra little prayer of thanks.

G. J. D.

"TO HOLD MY CHILD"

Dear Papa David:

When I had been married six years, I was stricken with an ailment that left my left side completely paralyzed. I was forced to stay in the hospital a year, leaving my year-old son in the care of my mother. I dreamed con-

stantly of just being able to hold him once more. What if something happened or what if he should forget me?

When I was finally released I returned to find that the baby I had left was now toddling around. Each afternoon I was placed in a chair on the porch.

One day I was alone, my mother having gone out, watching the baby playing with his toys at the other end of the porch. He began staring at me in a puzzled way and then suddenly he dropped his toys and held out both little arms to be taken up. How I ached to hold him but then how could I? I was alone and my crutches were inside. His lips began to pucker. I couldn't stand it. Then, somehow my legs slowly got to the floor and somehow, I'll never know how, I walked over to my baby. I'll never forget the joy of first putting my arm around him. I'd done it! I'd walked! That was the beginning. I knew if I had done it once I could do it again.

I practiced daily and although it took some time, I was able to discard the crutches.

Today my son is seven years old and although my arm is still paralyzed and I can't walk as well as others, I can take care of him.

Mrs. G. D.

FIRST TEARS

Dear Papa David:

It was just one of those days, I guess. Usually I'm a very cheerful person but when I feel down I touch bottom.

The twins did the regular thing—cried at 6 A.M. for their bottles. I slipped out of bed, into my housecoat, popped the bottles into the hot water in the teakettle, opened the drafts on the stove, and found a very well-kept fire. I wishfully thought of the days when there would be no more bottles at six.

I raised the window shades and found a rainstorm in progress. It meant an extra hour of sleep, much needed moisture, and a house-bound hubby to finally get at those countless little tasks in a new (to us) home. But I thought of the mud, the doors that couldn't be left open, the wraps I'd have to climb into before I went out.

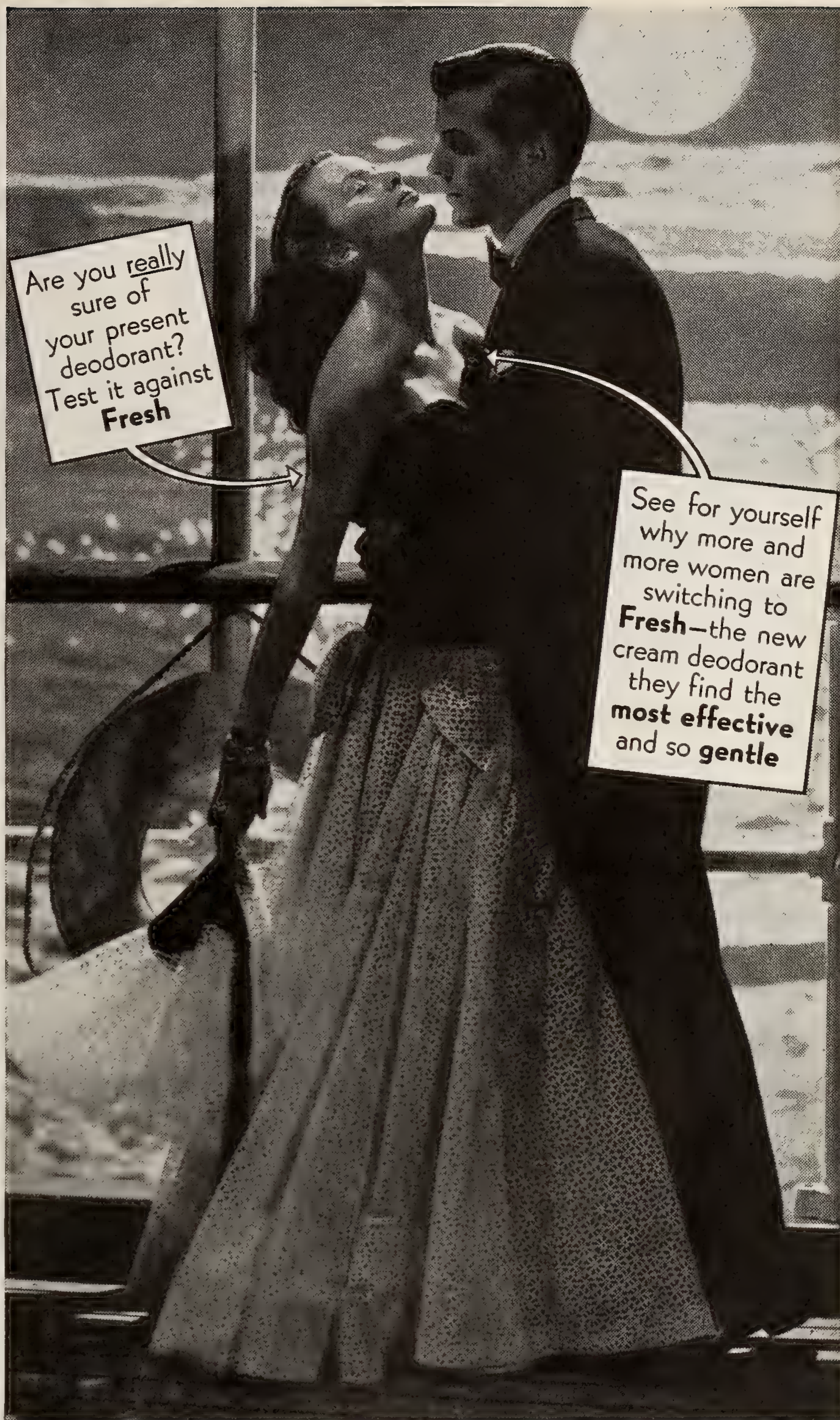
I looked about the room but didn't see it as part of our very own home. No, I thought of the cleaning, painting and repairing that was necessary.

When I prepared breakfast I griped mentally because I had to fix toast, hot cereal, fruit, and eggs. "Why couldn't he settle for bread, dry cereal?"

That's the way the whole day went. I hoped to go to town with the neighbors but it proved to be a day for "Men Only." I was disgusted with my otherwise much sought-after few hours of solitude. I'd been hoping for a day when I could fix just what I wanted to eat. Here it was. I didn't eat. The babies cried a bit after their naps. I was disgusted, not remembering they might have cried all day.

I was feeling so sorry for myself as I changed the babies' clothes that I found myself crying. The twins had never seen such a sight in their young lives so they found it highly amusing. They smiled, cooed, and outright laughed. I cried more, they laughed more. Soon I felt the goon I must have looked. I couldn't resist the laughing babies. Who can? What a self-centered fool I'd been. I counted my blessings, held the two cuddlies close, and opened my eyes to another beautiful day in a beautiful life.

Mrs. A. A. N. M.



Use FRESH and be Lovelier to Love

Lovely to know . . . that you can really rely on *Fresh*. *Fresh* contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science!

Lovely to use . . . creamy *Fresh* stays smooth . . . never greasy, gritty or sticky . . . doesn't dry out.

And gentle . . . *Fresh* contains a patented ingredient that makes it gentle to skin, safe for fabrics.

No wonder . . . more and more women are switching to *Fresh*.



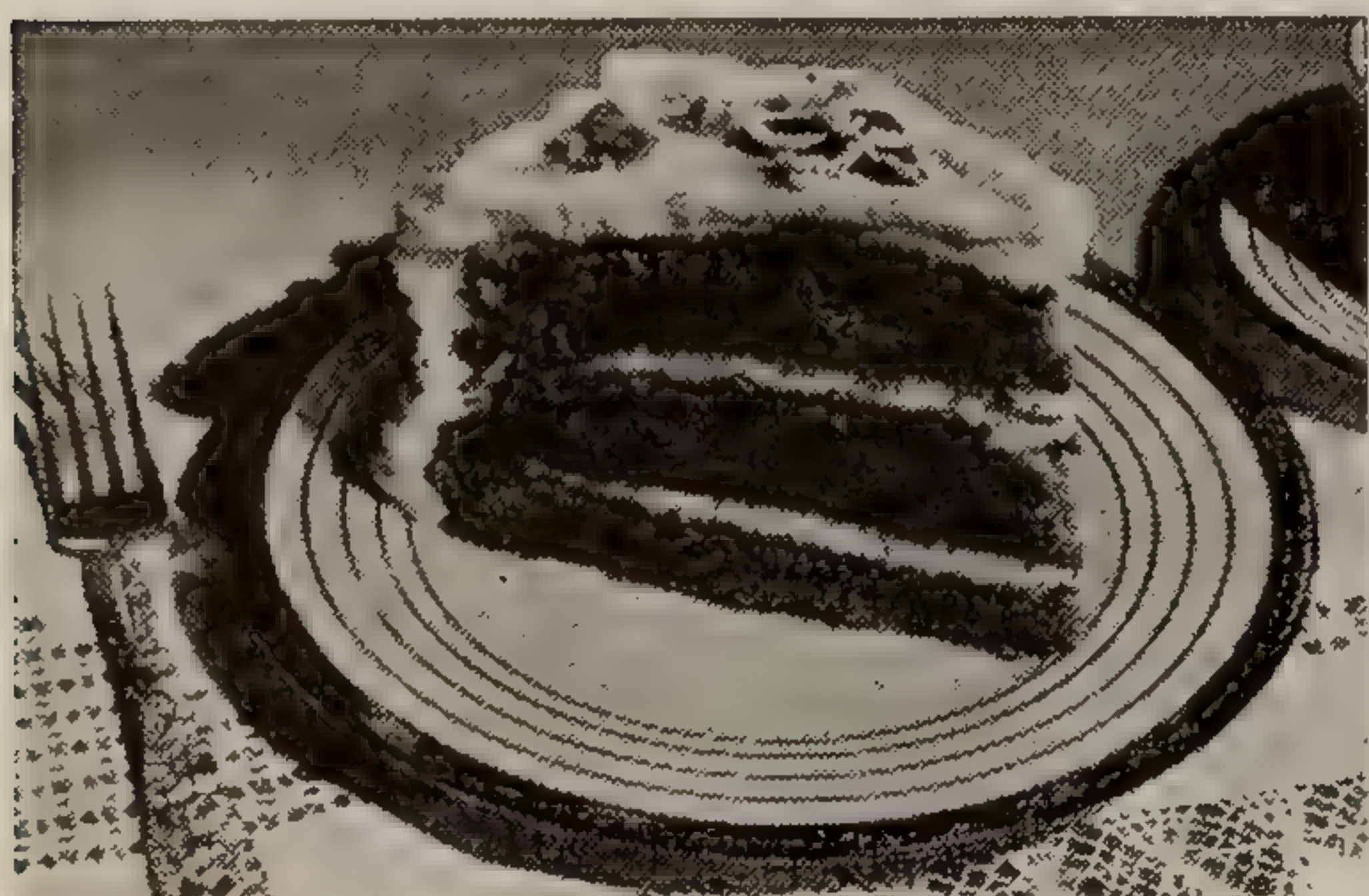
© 1947, The Pharma-Craft Corporation, Inc.

(Continued from page 13)

You'll like this 7-Day Prune Cake

says BETTY BLAKE

EVERYBODY knows how good Prunes are for breakfast... but not everybody knows how many good things can be made from them. Here's one, for example:



Easy to make, wonderful to eat... and keeps fresh and moist for a full week!

1½ cups uncooked SUNSWEET
"Tenderized" Prunes

1½ cups granulated sugar

¾ cup shortening

3 eggs, beaten

2¾ cups all-purpose flour

½ teaspoon salt

1 teaspoon mace

1 teaspoon cinnamon

1½ teaspoons soda

¾ cup boiling coffee

Wash prunes, boil 10 minutes in water to cover, drain, pit, and put through medium food chopper. Cream sugar and shortening, add beaten eggs, mix. Add prunes, mix. Add flour sifted with salt, spices, and ½ tsp. soda, mix well. Add coffee in which remaining soda has been dissolved. Beat well. Pour into 3 well-greased layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven (375°) for 25 min. Combine layers with butter and sugar icing. This cake gathers moisture and will keep a full week without loss of flavor. Serves 10 to 12.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Try this Quick SUNSWEET Trick! Fill a quart jar with SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Prunes, add boiling water to cover, and let stand. Good the next day, better the day after... the longer they stand the richer they get.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆



SUNSWEET Prunes are tree-ripened for sweetness and flavor... "Tenderized" for quick-cooking and better eating... sealed in foil cartons for perfect protection... packed by the growers themselves.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

California Prune & Apricot Growers Assn.
San Jose, California

SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Prunes, Apricots and Peaches... also SUNSWEET Prune Juice



Danny Kaye (with his wife) is looking for the right program.

You'll soon be hearing a great deal about a new singer named Bob Stanton. And if it strikes you that he sounds something like Dick Haymes, it's not just that imitative flare that some singers have. He can't help it—he's Dick's kid brother.

* * *

Any day now you'll be screen viewing the Truth or Consequences show on the "March of Time" feature. But this time you'll see radio's craziest comedy show as it really is, not in the exaggerated form in which it has already appeared in several full length films. That's because the "March of Time" cameramen and crew actually took the show while it was being broadcast and as it was going over the air, because that's the way they wanted it for their short on radio shows.

* * *

If you want to know why the Johnnie Madero—Pier 23 show sounds so real and lifelike, here's one reason. Three members of the San Francisco homicide police detail are regularly portrayed as close to their real characters as possible.

* * *

Gossip-minded friends tell us that they discovered that Basil Rathbone wears red suspenders! They bring whistles from the cast of the Scotland Yard series at rehearsals, but Basil is very proud of them. He says he got them in Paris not long ago and that they're all the rage there.

* * *

Got any good ideas that might be worked into a radio show for Danny Kaye? Nothing daunted by his first radio program, which left much to be desired, Kaye is aching to take another crack at anticking over the airways. Personally, we hope someone comes up with a good program for him because he's always been one of the funniest guys in the country as far as we are concerned, and we were plenty disappointed when he didn't get that across on radio.

Here's good news to look forward to next year. Eddie Cantor is already making plans to remain on the air all next summer. He has a theory—to which very few sponsors want to listen at the moment—that Mr. and Mrs. America by no means store their radios in the summer months to hie themselves to the wide open spaces. By some means or other, Cantor is going to show that he'll have a good rating for his show, even during the summer. Glad he's taking a stand. We know lots of people, ourselves included, whose lives do not change so radically because of a change in the weather that we don't tune in our radio. So, now we have a champion.

* * *

Leslie Nichols, Mutual's United Nations correspondent, has his chest puffed out a bit these days. Nichols used to be a professor at the American School in Cairo, Egypt. He's just heard that recently one of his former pupils got his master's degree at Columbia University and that a dozen others are taking post-graduate courses at various other American colleges. It's always nice to know that work you've done in the past is bearing fruit.

* * *

STRICTLY GOSSIP FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH... Tchotch. Looks as if James Mason won't have a dramatic show on the air, after all. He's too busy with the breaks in the picture biz... Senator Ford is planning to produce a series of movie shorts based on his Can You Top This? show... Maybe you'll be hearing Rudy Vallee as a disc jockey one of these days... It's likely that the Kate Smith Sings show may be a full hour variety program when she returns to the air under new sponsorship—at this point not definite—at least, that's what Kate wants it to be... Hildegard will be the first femme to wax a variety show in the Crosby manner comes the Fall... Well, good listening and it ought to be. Lots of new things will be cropping up and lots of the old ones will be going on.



Probably no radio show for actor James Mason; too movie-busy.

The Most Precious Thing

(Continued from page 47)

that looks out on the areaway between our building and the next one, and I remembered that window had been open all day. Probably Papa David had forgotten to latch it when he closed it on account of the rain.

"No you don't!" I said, and grabbed her.

She squirmed and fought like some kind of little animal. Her feet, in shoes that were a couple of sizes too big for her, came up and tried to connect with my shins, and she twisted her head around and bit at the hand that was holding her right arm.

"Hey, quit that!" I said. "I'm not going to hurt you—anyway, I won't if you behave yourself. And you can't get out of here, because that window's too high up for you to climb out of without me stopping you." I let her go, and stepped back. She looked up at the window and saw I was right about her getting out of it—its bottom was level with the top of her head, and I could have grabbed her by the ankles if she tried anything. Then she pushed a lock of wet, black hair out of her eyes and said sulkily:

"COME on, lady—lemme go. I ain't done nothin.' I just found the window open, and come in here to get outta the rain. Lemme go, huh?"

"If you came in to get out of the rain I don't see why you're so anxious to go back into it again," I said. "I think you'd better stick around awhile. What's your name?"

"Florrie," she muttered. "Florrie Hulsifer."

"And where do you live?"

"Noplace."

"Haven't you got any relatives?"

She gave me a look that made me sure she was lying when she said, "Nope. None at all."

"Then some agency ought to be taking care of you—" I started to say, when she turned on me with a sudden snarl.

"Yah! I ain't gonna let no cops catch me and lock me up! I know what them places're like—they treat you like you was dirt and don't give you enough to eat and make you work like a dog!" Her pinched little face turned pleading. "Lady, don't turn me over to the cops—please! Honest, I wasn't gonna take nothin', cross my heart."

"Nobody's said you were, so far," I told her. I guessed she probably would have lifted anything that wasn't nailed, if she'd had a chance, but I felt sorry for her. She was so little and dirty and underfed and ugly generally, and there wasn't a thing about her you could like—but just the same, I was sorry for her. And I'd had enough trouble with the cops myself, when I was about her age or a little older, so I didn't feel much like calling them and handing her over to them. "Hungry?" I asked—a pretty unnecessary question, because you could see by looking at her she'd been hungry since she was born.

She nodded, looking at me suspiciously, so I said, "Come on in here," and let her go ahead of me into the apartment back of the shop, first remembering to close and latch the window she'd come in by. In the kitchen I told her to sit down and got busy scrambling four eggs and laying out

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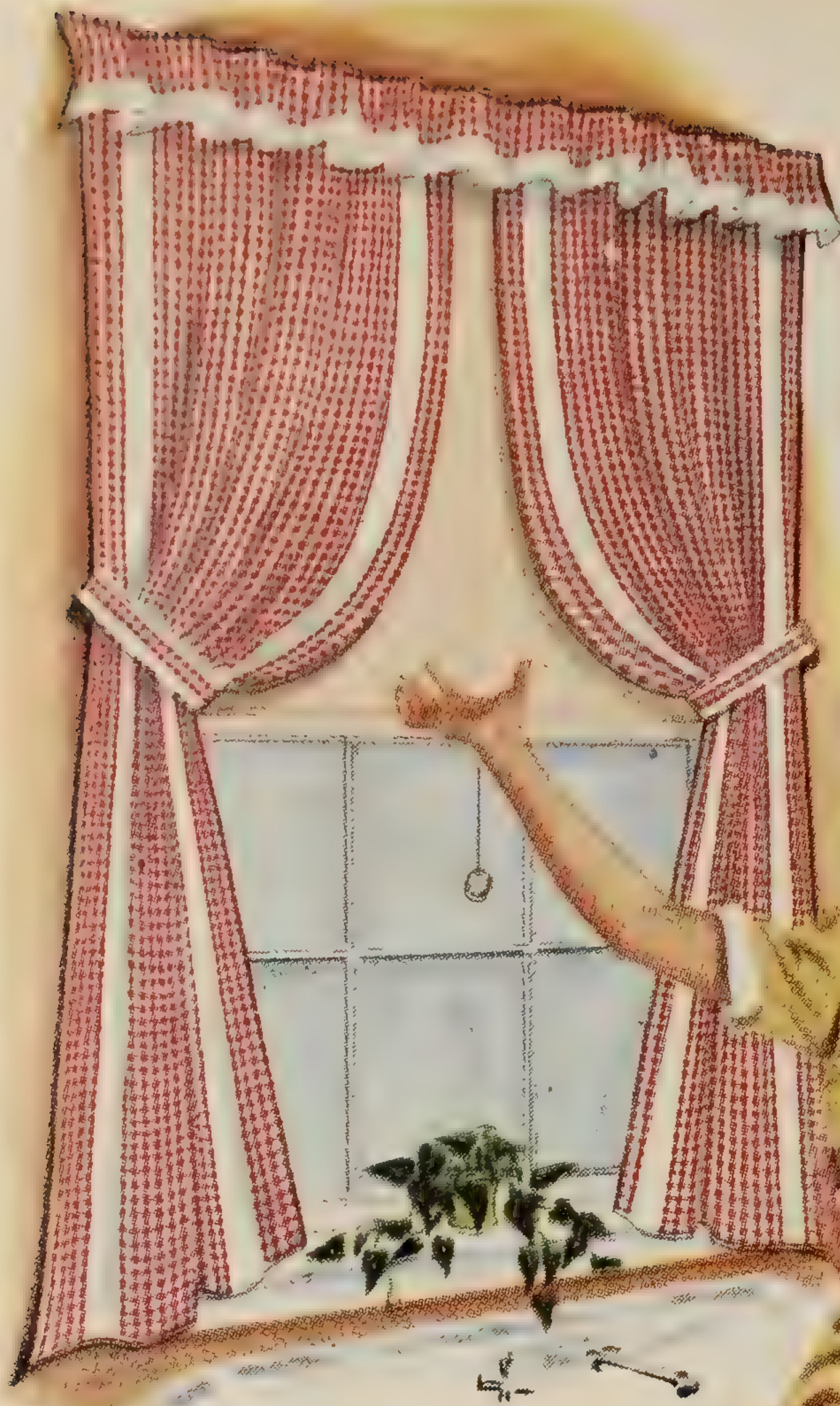
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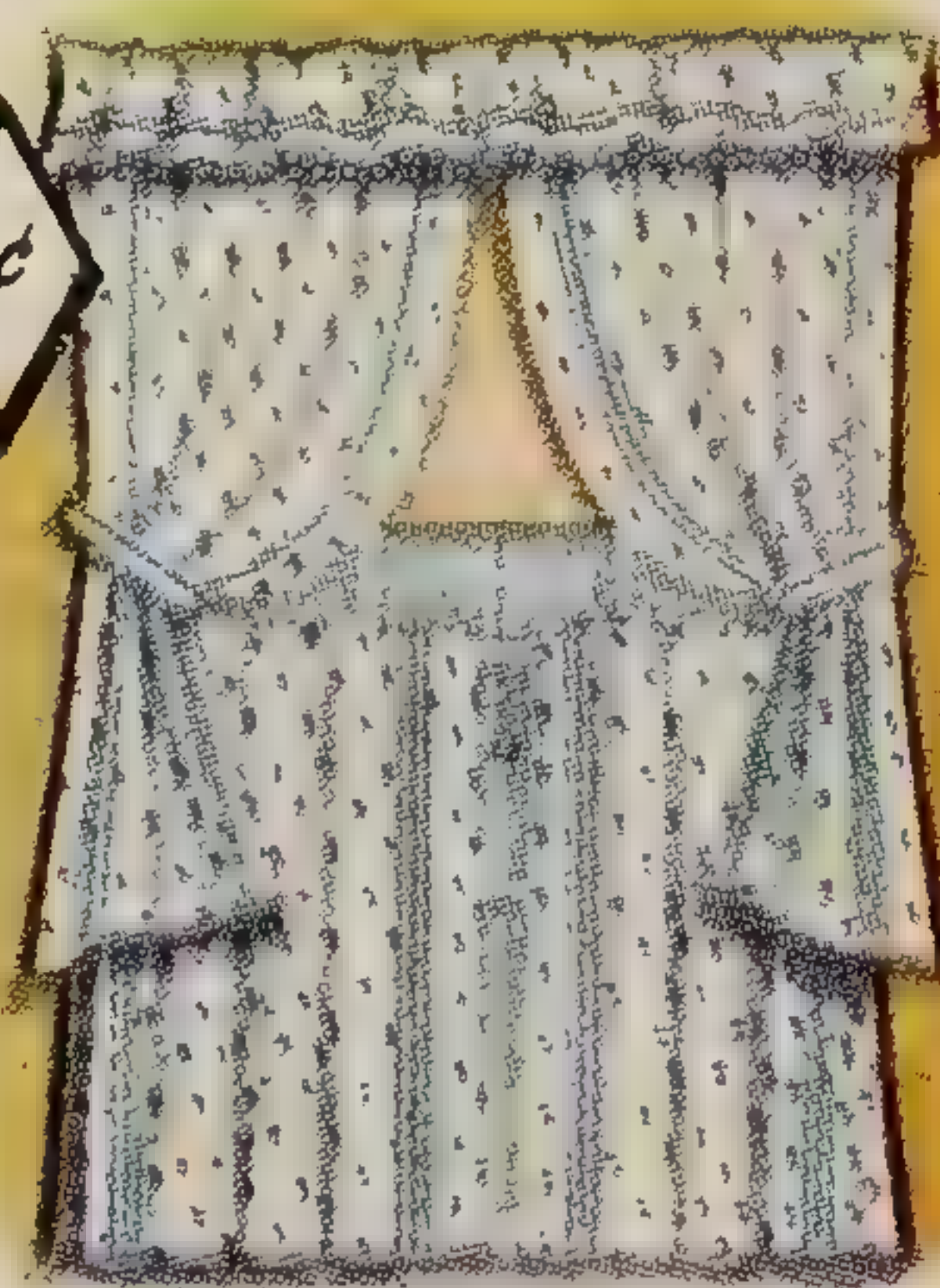
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some bread and butter and jam and a quart of milk. We didn't talk while she ate—if you could call it eating, the way she wolfed the food down.

"Now," I said when she was finished, "are you sure you haven't got any relatives living around here?"

At first she was. She claimed her mother was dead and she couldn't remember her father, and she didn't have any brothers or sisters. I kept after her, though, and finally she admitted that she had an aunt living in a tenement two blocks away.

"But I hate her!" she said fiercely, her black eyes snapping. "She's got a lot o' kids of her own, and she don't want me around. I won't go back to her!"

"How about school?" I asked.

"School! Whatta I want to bother with school for?"

"Sure," I said. "I used to figure that way too. I was a dope, just like you. Well—" I looked at the clock. It was ten-thirty, and Stephen and Papa David wouldn't be home until around midnight. "Tell you what," I said. "You can sleep here tonight, and in the morning we'll all see if we can't figure out some way to give you a break. But first," I added, looking hard at the crusted dirt on her hands and face, "you're going to take a bath."

She put up a fuss, but I told her no bath, no bed, and finally she gave in. While she was in the tub I took a look at the baby and saw he was still sleeping like an angel, and got a pair of my pajamas for Florrie. They weren't much too big.

I put her in the little room next to the kitchen—my old room. She was half asleep the minute she struck the bed. I picked up the ragged old clothes she had brought in with her from the bathroom and started to tiptoe out, when all at once she raised her head and said, "Hey—where you goin' with my clothes?"

"You won't need them any more," I told her. "I'll give you some of mine in the morning."

"So okay, you'll give me some o' yours," she said wisely. "But why walk off tonight with the stuff I've got? What's the matter—afraid I'll get dressed and run away?"

The truth was that I had been afraid of exactly that. But if you show people you don't trust them, they're more likely than ever to do just the things you were afraid they'd do, so I shrugged and said, "If that's the way you feel about it, Florrie—"

"That's the way I feel," she said. "You seem okay, lady, but I like to have my clothes where I can get hold

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of 'em if I need 'em. I'm funny that way."

I put the clothes back on the chair and went on out, closing the door behind me.

Getting into bed once more, I thought I wasn't sleepy and that I'd stay awake until Stephen and Papa David got home, and tell them all about Florrie. That's what I thought—but sleep came down on me like a ton of feathers, and the next thing I knew it was morning, and Stephen was bending over me, smiling, while Baby Stephen let the world know he wanted his bottle—but quick.

I hopped out of bed and was into my robe and in the kitchen before I was awake enough to remember Florrie. I had to laugh, then, thinking of Stephen's and Papa David's faces if she marched out of the little room before I'd had a chance to tell them about her.

"Stephen!" I called, and when he came to the kitchen door—"We had a visitor last night, a girl thirteen or fourteen years old. She broke into the shop and I caught her." Standing over the stove while the formula heated, I told him all about her, and how I'd fed her and made her take a bath and put her to sleep in my old room.

"In your old room?" Stephen repeated, stepping back into the hall and looking behind him. "Then where is she now?"

"Why—" I took the bottle off the flame and hurried to stand beside Stephen in the doorway of the little room. It was empty—the bed covers thrown back, Florrie's clothes gone. I got an awful sinking sensation in the pit of my stomach, but I said, "She must have gotten up early. Maybe she's out in the shop with Papa David."

But she wasn't, and Papa David hadn't seen her, didn't know she'd been in the apartment until I told him about her. He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, Chichi girl, so you helped her out and gave her food and lodging for the night, and now she's gone. Maybe she was afraid we would call the police and turn her over to them, heh?" He patted my shoulder. "Don't you worry about her."

I didn't like it, though. Something kept nagging at the back of my mind while I dressed, and before I went back to the kitchen to fix breakfast I knew what it was. My purse—it was around here someplace, I remember having put

it down yesterday afternoon when I came in from the market. I looked in the bedroom, but it wasn't there. I came out into the hall, and there it was on the little table under the mirror. I picked it up and looked inside—and then I really did have the sinking sensation. Forty dollars of housekeeping money—gone, every cent of it!

"Papa David!" I yelled, and went running into the shop, where he and Stephen were opening up for the day. "Papa David—the cash drawer! Look in it quick—is it all right?"

"Chichi, why you get so excited?" Papa David reached into the hiding place behind the books and pulled out the cash drawer key, fitted it very calmly into the lock, pulled the drawer open. "Of course the cash drawer is all right," he said. "It was locked, so how could anybody touch it?"

I leaned against the counter, feeling as if I would start to cry any minute. "Thank goodness for that," I said. "But she—she took forty dollars out of my purse, all the same. All my housekeeping money. Oh golly, what an awful dope I am! A little brat that anybody could have told was out to lift everything she could get her hands on—and I feed her and give her a bed and then walk off leaving my purse right where she could see it! She didn't even have to hunt for it—all she had to do was take the money and walk out the front door! Just a dope—a trusting, half-witted dope, that's me!"

"Chichi girl," Papa David said gently. "You must not feel so bad. What is money? Something to spend, that is all. Or to give away." His kind old face was worried—not about the money but because I was blaming myself for having lost it. He was always like that, hating to see people unhappy. "Forty dollars is not so very much, and maybe she—this little Florrie—needed it much worse than we do."

"Maybe she did," I flared. "And as far as that goes, I'd have given her the forty if she'd asked for it. But it just about kills me to think that somebody I trusted and was nice to would steal from me the minute my back was turned. That's what hurts! I should've known better—after all, I knew darn well she'd broken into the shop in the first place—but no, I had to put on the big kind-lady act!"

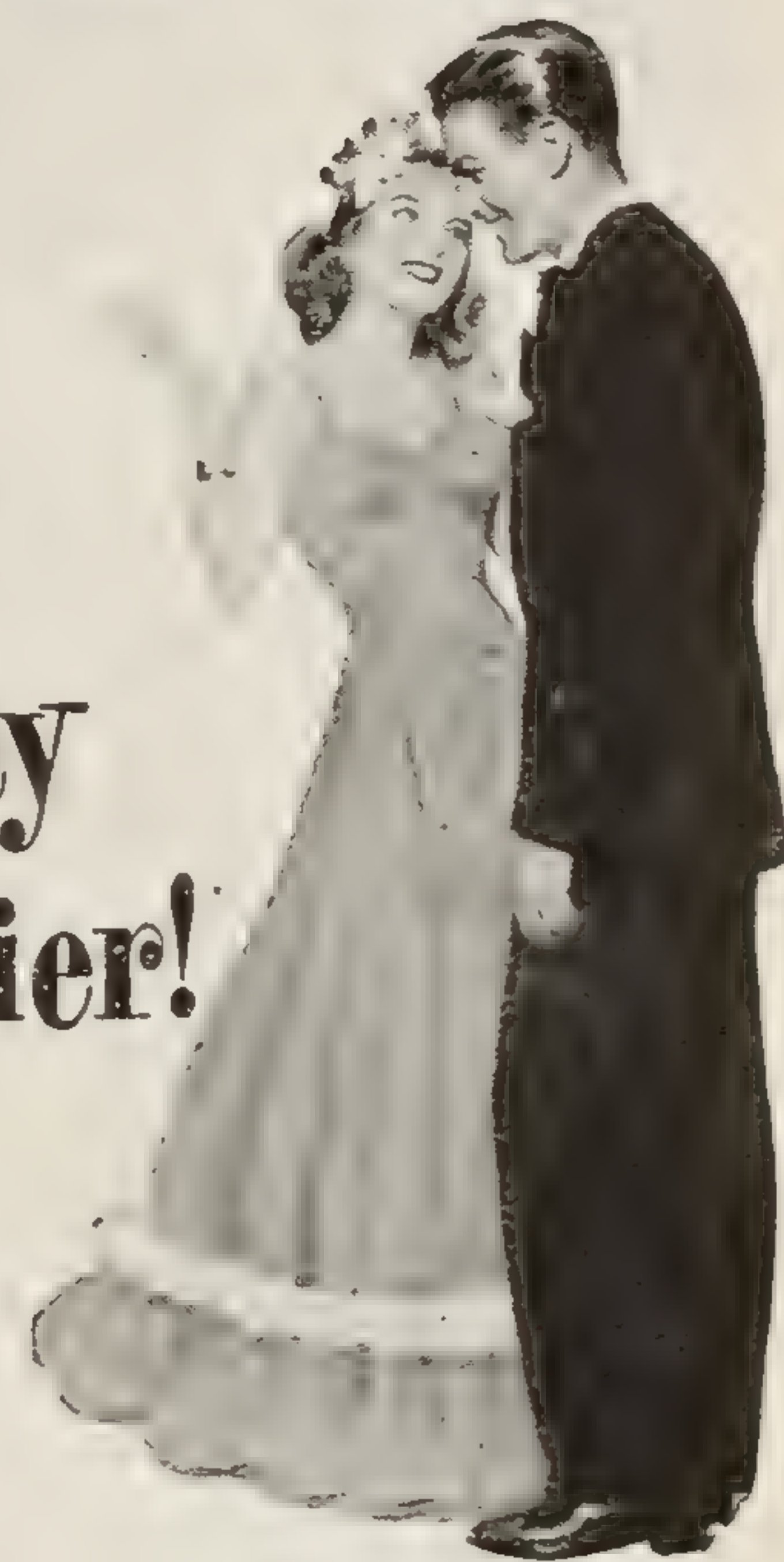
Papa David looked at Stephen and then back at me, and he smiled a little.

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"Chichi," he said, "a good many years ago a ragged, dirty little girl ran into this book shop. She was scared because some man was following her, bothering her. And I said to myself, 'This little girl, she's never had much of what you call a break. She's spent her whole life playing around on the docks and streets—learning dirty words, dirty ways of acting. So is that her fault?' I asked myself. And I knew that it wasn't, so I gave that little girl something to eat and a place to sleep. I remember," Papa David said slyly, "that Stephen here thought I was being very silly. He kept saying that little girl would steal from me and run away, break my heart and make me feel that I had been a *schnook*—a big fool. We used to have such arguments about it! But after a while Stephen changed his mind, and now he's even married to that little girl."

Stephen blushed. "I don't see, David, how you can compare Chichi with this Florrie," he said.

"Neither do I," I told Papa David. "I didn't break into the shop—and I didn't steal from you, but she did—"

"Oh—oh!" Papa David exclaimed. "But from the looks of you in those days, who was to say that you wouldn't break in if the door wasn't open, or wouldn't steal if you got a chance? Stephen thought you would, and I didn't, and one of us had to be wrong." He smiled and patted my shoulder. "Stephen is glad now, Chichi girl, he was the one that was wrong."

"Look," Stephen said suddenly. "Is that the girl, Chichi?"

I turned quickly, following the direction of his eyes to the front door. Florrie stood there, hesitating on the threshold, and looking scared. Before I could answer Stephen she saw all of us watching her, and she came in.

"Here," she said, poking her hand at me. It held my money, crumpled bills and small change. "Take it," she said. "I don't want it. I'm sorry I pinched it offa you. You was nice to me and I'm sorry."

I was so surprised—and so glad—I couldn't move.

"You're the young lady Chichi was telling us about? Well, I am David—Chichi calls me Papa David. And this is Stephen Hamilton—Chichi's husband."

Florrie cut her eyes over shyly at Stephen and mumbled a "Hello." Except for being dry and a good deal cleaner, she looked about the same

as she had the night before—but there was something else about her that was different. I wasn't sure just what it was. She didn't seem to be quite as miserable. She carried her chin maybe a quarter of an inch higher, and her mouth was a little less twisted with the secret look you see on the mouths of kids whose minds have had to grow up ahead of their bodies. It was still a sullen, suspicious mouth—but someday it might smile.

"Hey!" I said suddenly. "Here we haven't even had any breakfast yet, Florrie—how's about you setting the table for me?"

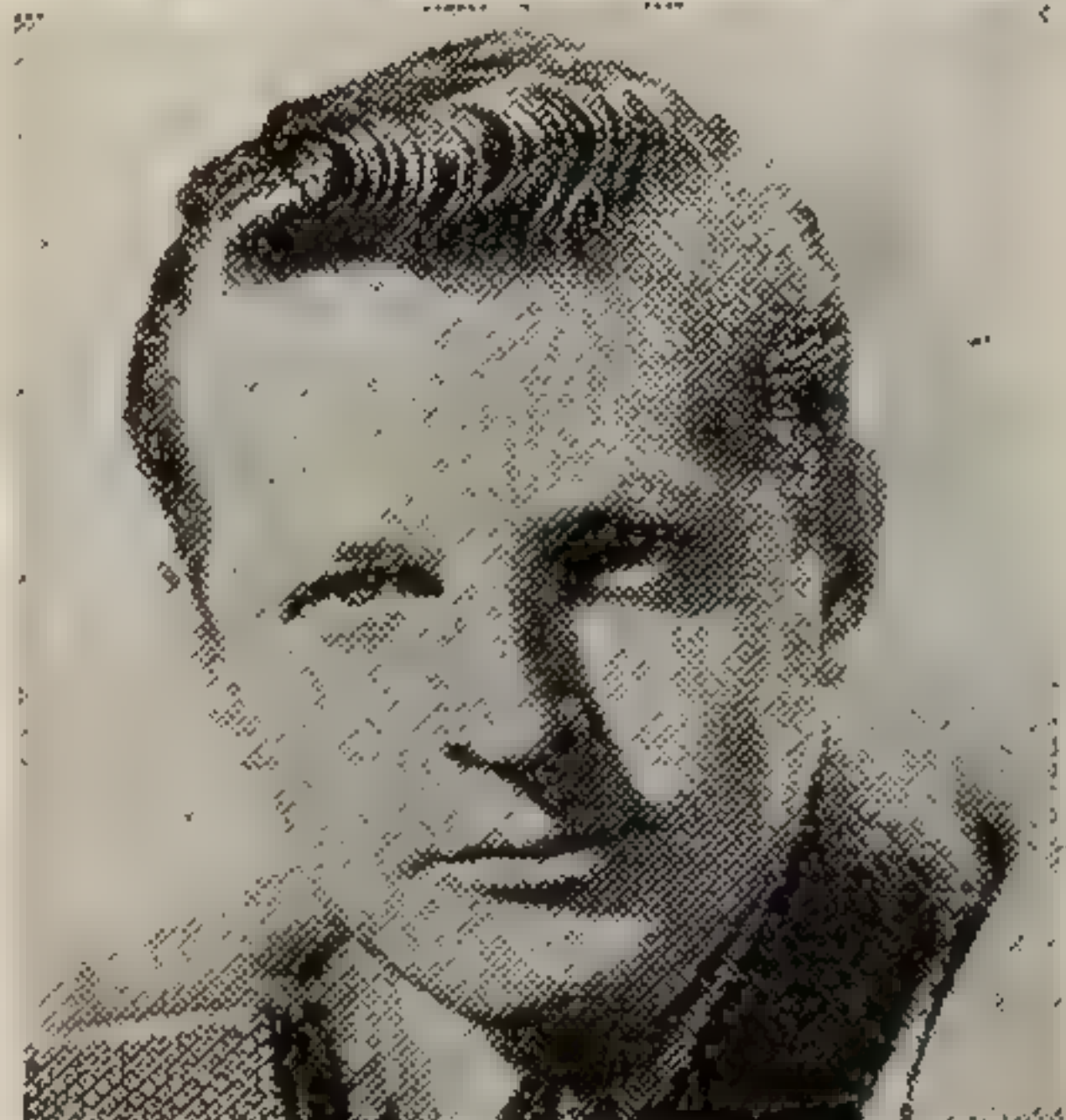
She didn't look up, and her voice when she said, "Okay," showed about as much enthusiasm as if I'd told her to come along and have her right arm chopped off. But she followed directions—and she ate a huge breakfast.

Well, that's about all there is to tell about Florrie—so far. After breakfast I went around with her to her aunt's flat, and found it pretty crowded and dirty. The aunt wasn't so bad, really—just overworked and tired, and with six kids of her own to worry about. She said she'd tried to do her best for Florrie, and I believed her. By the time I left we'd got it settled that Florrie would go on living there, and I'd take her out and help her buy some decent clothes, and Florrie promised to start school again and come into the shop after school to wait on customers for pin money. Probably if you saw Florrie now you wouldn't think she was any prize. She still talks tough and sometimes she acts tough. But I can see a difference, and I figure that time is on Florrie's side. Kids like Florrie—kids like I was—have a tough time growing up in a big city, and if they grow up crooked it isn't their fault. If they grow up straight it's only because somebody has bothered even when they don't look as if they're worth helping.

"Worth helping?" Papa David says. "What kind of talk is this about who is worth helping and who isn't? You know what is the most precious thing in the world? A human soul. Yours, mine, everybody's. Let one go to waste and you're committing a sin, the biggest sin there is. Try to save it, and even if you aren't succeeding, you've done something fine and great. Worth helping? Hah! Just show me one person that's not worth helping!"

And I guess he's right.

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Bachelor's Lot

(Continued from page 29)

him so. Blondes, brunettes, redheads. . .

"Hey Tonee," calls Corinne Calvey—she's the luscious little blonde Paramount has imported from Paris—"You certainly are one peen up boy."

"You may tell the people," Charlie Carroll, Tony's stand-in and staunch admirer, mutters from the sidelines, "that with the girls Tony does great."

A hundred professional lackeys stand by to bring Mr. Martin a towel, to page him for a telephone call, to provide him with lunch, cigarettes, or a drink, whatever he wants and—on the double—when he wants it.

Yes, it's a great life. Unless. . .

The Unless starts forming again when you follow Tony into his private quarters, see him among his own things. You begin to wonder if this bachelor life is all it's cracked up to be.

While Tony dresses, you inspect his collection of war mementoes which have the honored spot over the fireplace. A Japanese quartermaster's flag, the red sun on a regimental flag with names of a hundred soldiers—dead soldiers?—lettered in ink in Japanese characters, a Samurai sword, a citation from Tony's commanding officer which awards him the Bronze Star for services beyond the line of duty.

THE newspapers which rushed out the seventy-two point type when Tony Martin got into trouble during his first few months in the service didn't bother to spread the news around when Tony made good under fire. Not many people know about his really distinguished war record.

He will show you his uniform jacket if you ask him—it's pretty impressive with two rows of battle ribbons, including the Bronze Star and CBI theater ribbon with three battle stars, the dark blue presidential citation and the green and gold wreath for meritorious service.

Those tech sergeant stripes mean a lot to Tony who earned them after his much-publicized bad start in the service. He had to start all over at the bottom, and earn them the hard way, to prove again that he could take it. But he did it. And it shows.

Tony never complains of his "bad breaks." He uses them, to make friends.

His pals were broiling mad when Tony, just a few days before this interview, picked up a speeding ticket, the first he had ever had, and was slapped down with a two-day jail sentence.

Hundreds of speeders go to court in Los Angeles every day, Tony's friends point out in his defense. Unless they are "repeaters" or drunken drivers, they pay a fine and that's that. Tony, for his first offense, got it in the neck.

"Nuts," says Tony. "I deserved it. Believe me I learned a lesson. I'll never drive fifty-five miles an hour in a twenty-five mile zone."

"Besides," he adds, "I made a lot of new friends."

A stretch in the jail house is not a catastrophe to Tony—just another chance to make friends. His whole life story is like that. He was tossed out of St. Mary's when he was eighteen, when one of the priests came upon him playing jazz on the college organ. Eight boys went with him and formed an orchestra which was Tony's first step in the direction of his ultimate show-business success. When he came to Hollywood—from a successful engage-

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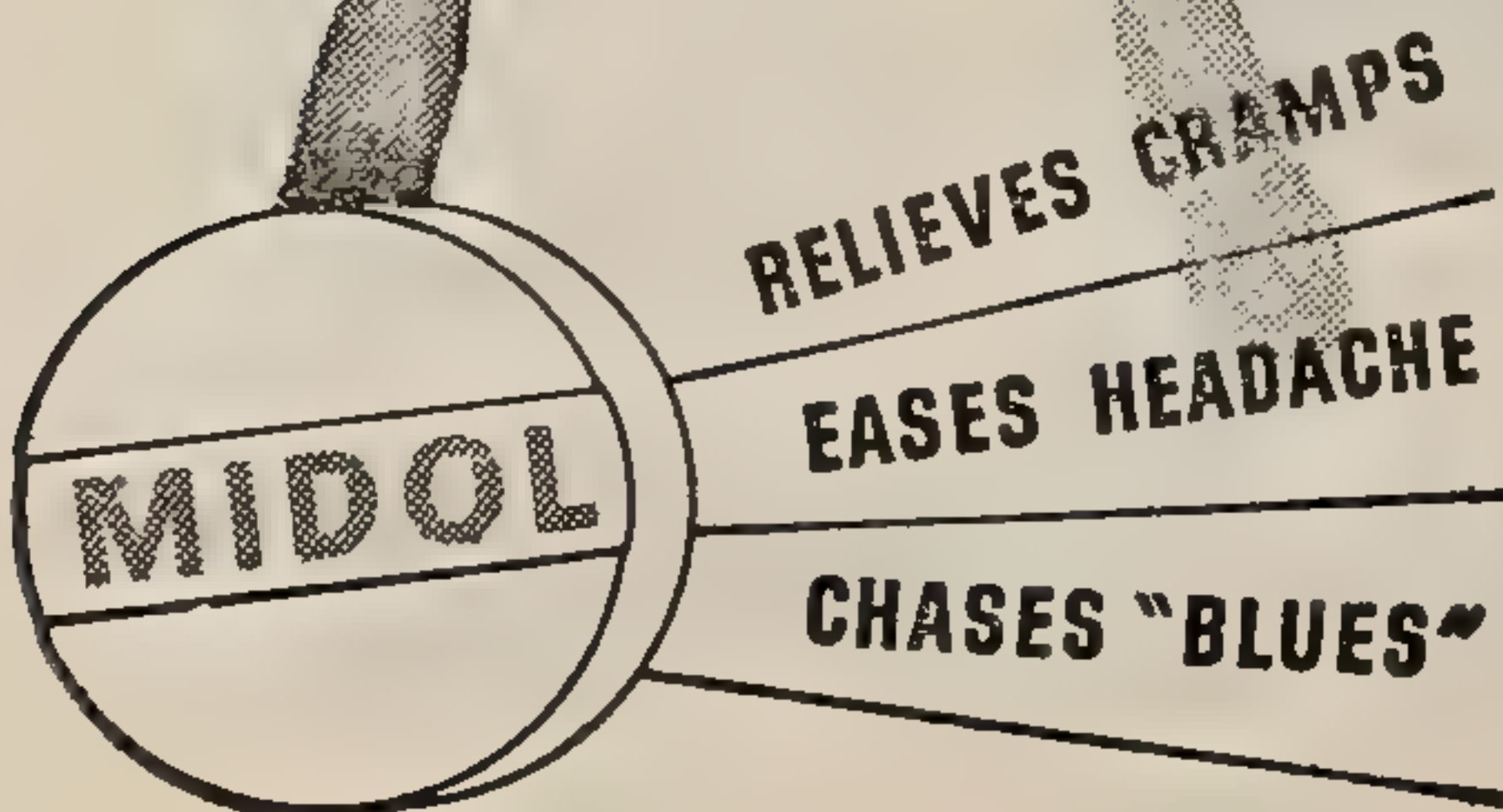
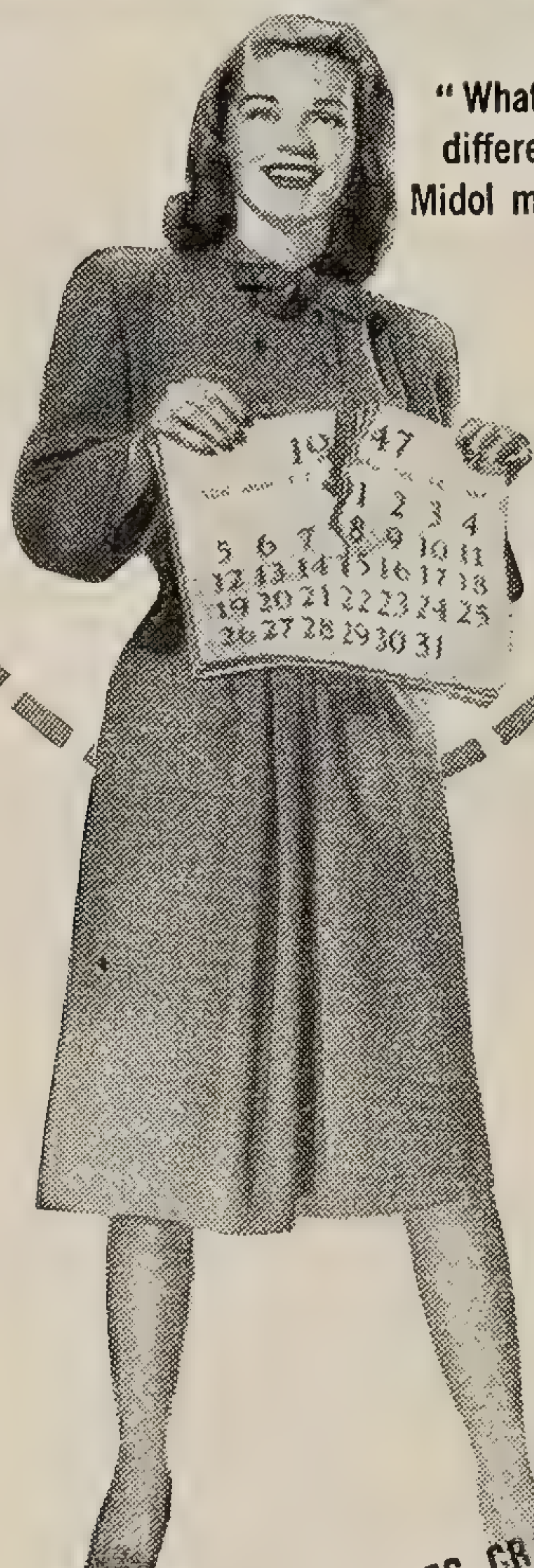


"SAD" DAYS CAN BE GLAD DAYS

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ment at Chez Paree in Chicago—and sat out a six months contract without getting before a camera, he made so many friends on the golf course and in supper clubs that he soon landed the job as soloist on the Burns and Allen radio program. He turned his unfortunate early experiences in the service to the same good ends—not a guy nor a gal who saw service in the CBI theater who doesn't consider Tony "one of us."

If you have enough friends you don't get lonely, Tony says. And Tony has plenty of friends. They are on the phone incessantly—a Wac whom Tony met on leave in Burma; a former GI who has written a song he thinks Tony should try out on the air; Ben Oakland, his arranger, checking to see when they will get together to work out that new number; a golfing pal who has heard that Tony sank a sensational putt at Hillcrest yesterday. The phone rings every five minutes.

Between calls, however, it gets awfully quiet in Tony Martin's hotel room in Bel Air. Friends are great to have, but they keep a certain distance. Inside that tactful circle, a man goes on living alone.

The loneliness shows up in little things.

"Where's my sock?" Tony groans from his two-by-four dressing room, before he appears completely dressed except for one bare foot.

"I lose more gol darn socks," he explains.

He has a new Claude Thornhill record, "Under the Willow Tree." He wants you to hear the sensational piano solo, but his brand new radio-phonograph combination stumps him.

"How do you start it," he wonders aloud, and then, realizing that if he doesn't know how to work it nobody does, he pushes buttons until the music starts.

"Sure," Tony will admit, if you shoo his gallery of pals away and corner him for a minute's quiet conversation, "bachelorhood" has its drawbacks.

"Sure I want a home, instead of a hotel room.

"Sure I would like to marry again. And have children. I love kids. Other people's kids."

But what can he do?

"There's one girl," he begins. And then he stops. He's naming no names, but you get it.

"I've been crazy about her for years. She's the kind of girl you can be quiet with—we used to go for long drives along the coast, and never say a word, for hours. Or we'd sit by the fire on a rainy evening, listening to records. We didn't need to talk. You have to feel

very close to someone to—to just be together—like that."

But marriage?

This girl, Tony points out, is a big star—richer than he is, more famous.

"Prettier, too," he adds, with a wry smile.

"It won't work."

A lot of water has gone under the bridge since Tony's divorce from Alice Faye, but he has never forgotten the things he learned from that brief and unhappy marriage.

"You can't marry a girl in the business," he says he has concluded, "it just can't work."

"I like—when I go out with my wife—to feel like a man."

So, now in his thirties, securer in his career than he has ever been, riding higher than—two years ago in the jungles—he would have believed possible, Tony goes his way alone. He goes out with lots of girls. Actresses. Non-actresses. Marriage with one of the latter is, perhaps, not too distant a possibility.

In the meantime, he has his friends and his fun. He has his folks—Tony's comradely relationship with his young and pretty mother is one of the nicest things in his life.

With no future planned, he is nonetheless setting the stage for a not-so-lonely period. He is planning a home—with two bedrooms, one for a wife if and when he gets one.

The house must be all on one floor—"practically all knotty pine," Tony says, adding, "an early American ranch house, if there is such a thing."

It has to have a fireplace, of course, and music in every room. And it must have a fine big dining room for Tony wants ten people for dinner every night. He would be lost without his friends.

"There were sixteen people here last night," he explains. It was no trouble; all he had to do was call the chef and warn him. It was Mother's Day and his mother was down from Oakland. "If any one of those sixteen people went broke tomorrow, the other fifteen would chip in to see to it that he had everything. Great people! And funny! You should have seen Harry Ritz. We sat at the table for three hours, and laughed until we cried."

"My mother," he swears, in illustration, "doesn't wear mascara, but it was running."

"I like people," he says, and you realize it's his solution, for the moment.

With lots of people around, a Happy Bachelor can enjoy what he has, and not have too much time to himself to worry about what he's missing.

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The Secret Place

(Continued from page 21)

naturally, at the Marlowe house and chairmanned by motherly, bustling Mrs. Marlowe. If there was a problem of juvenile delinquency in a family she knew, parent and culprit and truant officer found themselves holding conference in Mrs. Marlowe's sitting-room. There was no end to the stories of Mrs. Marlowe's public charities and private kindnesses—stories which seemed to grow and enlarge now that the benefactor was dead.

But Ardith? Eileen's forehead wrinkled as she tried to place the daughter in these picture-memories. All she could manage was an impression of a drab, brown-tweed, slender figure sitting quietly in a corner wrapping bandages for the Red Cross; or driving her mother from one errand of charity to another; waiting on the hospital benches until her mother had finished talking to Dr. Jack Landis or Dr. Purdy about some case or other she was interested in.

Ardith remained a shadow. And that was Eileen's first thought when she looked at the girl lying on the couch, before a dead fire, in the old-fashioned bedroom. A shadow of a girl.

"Good morning." The nurse spoke briskly, unfastening the clasp of her cape. The patient's eyes, dull and uninterested, followed listlessly Eileen's movements around the room. "Let's have some sunshine in here, Ardith. It's so dark I can hardly see you. On such a lovely day you really ought to be outside on the lawn." Shades rattled up and windows were thrown open vigorously.

BUT it made no difference to the girl on the couch. She closed her eyes painfully against the glare. A shaft of sunlight touched her face and outlined the hollows of her cheeks.

"That's what Doctor Landis is always telling me—to get outside. But I'd rather stay here. I haven't the energy." One hand moved toward the library book on the table.

It was a gesture of dismissal to Eileen—a pointed hint the patient did not want to talk.

Eileen saw it, and for an instant anger flared inside her. Not a word of thanks from Ardith! She must know that nurses these days had more important things to do than to spend their time with selfish hypochondriacs! If it weren't for Mrs. Marlowe and the memory of her help to the hospital, Eileen would have walked out then and there.

But she controlled her temper and sat down by the fire, poking it to revive a tiny flame in the charred logs. Determinedly, she began to talk.

"Unless you make the effort, Ardith, and get out into the sunshine—see people and take an interest in life, you never will recover your energy. You'll just lie here until one day you'll find you really do have something physically wrong with you. You're not eating properly, or taking care of yourself. If your Mother were alive—"

For the first time a flicker of emotion passed over the girl's face. One hand clenched on the robe thrown over her.

"If my mother were alive!" Grief and something that was strangely like resentment mingled in her face. The words seemed to burst from her. "If she were alive no one would notice if I were well or sick or what happened

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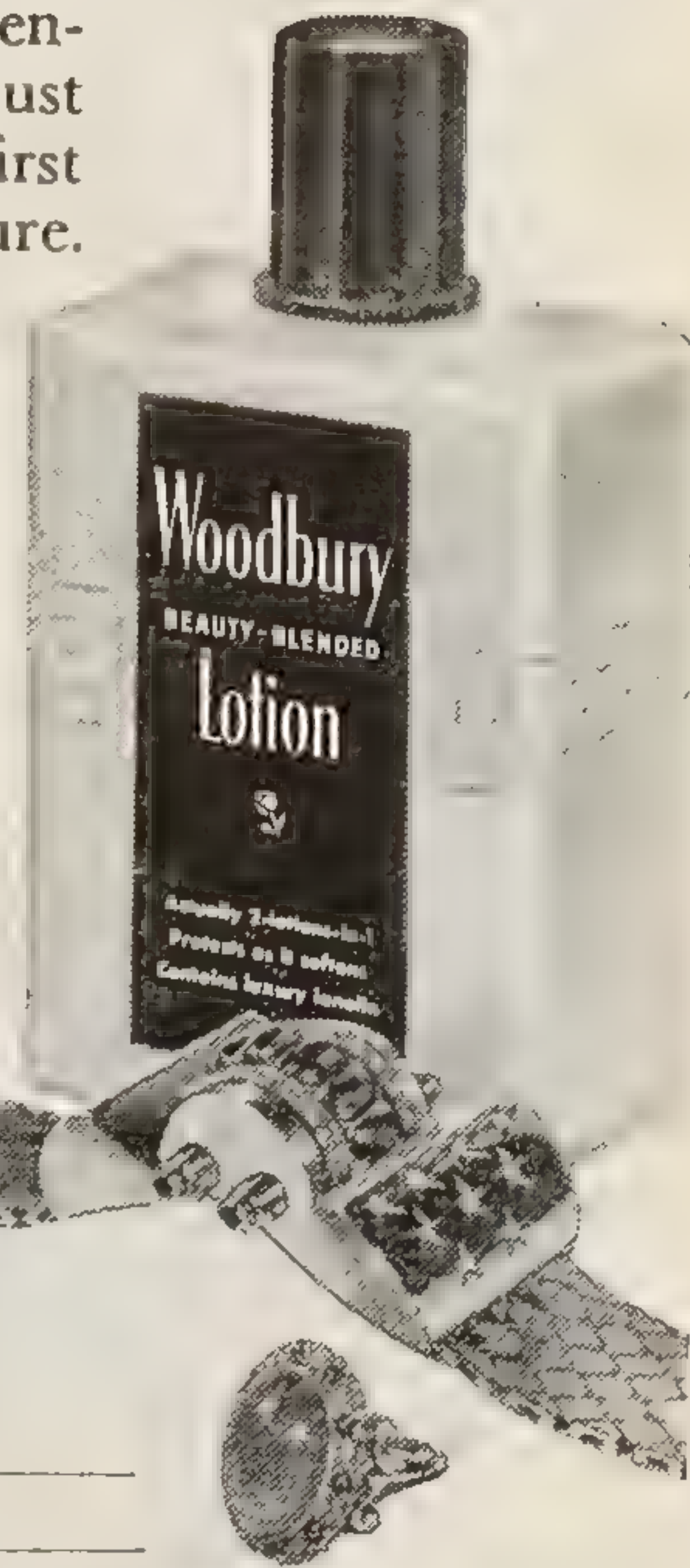
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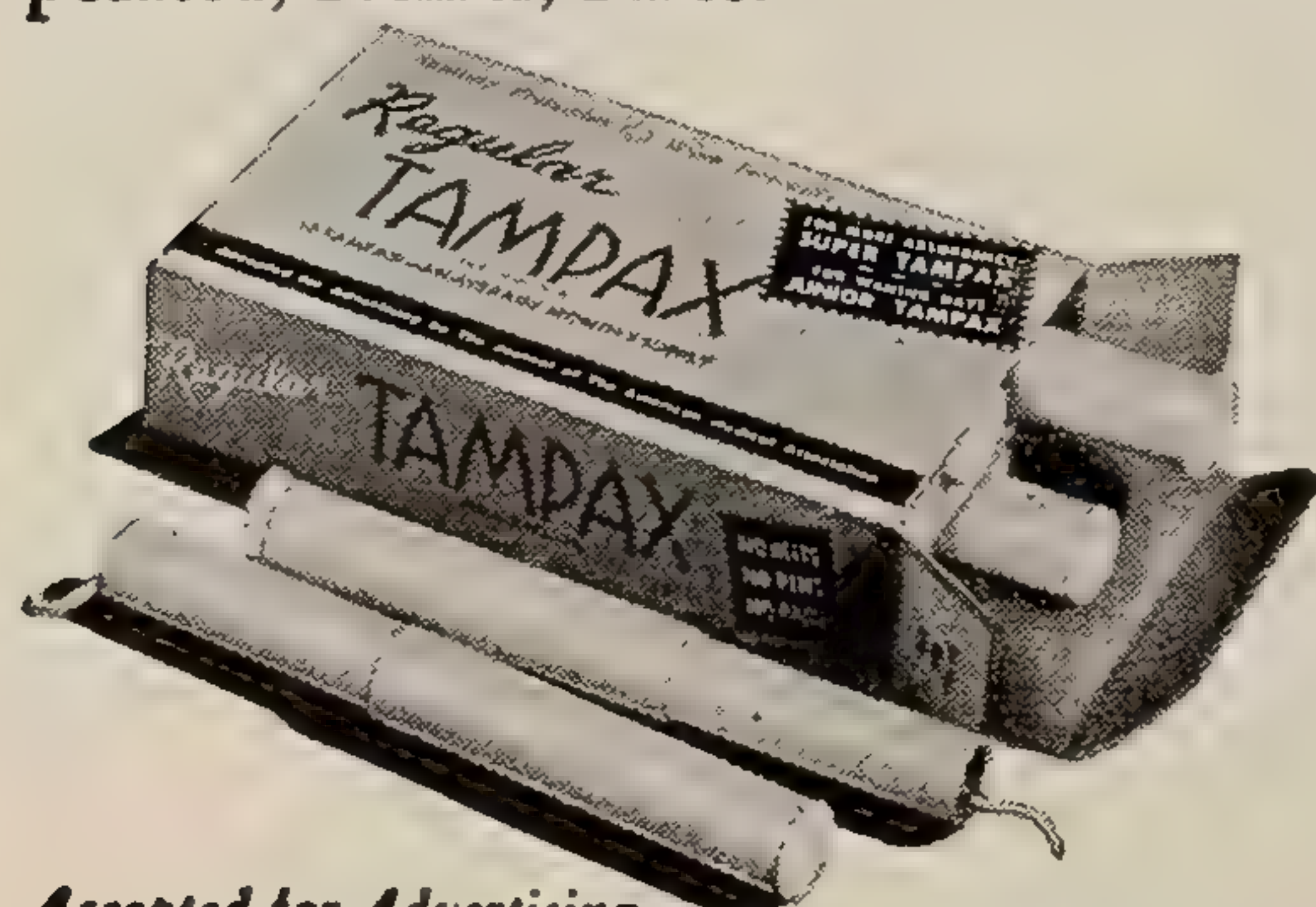
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to me. And all I want now is for people to go on leaving me alone. I didn't ask you to come here. I don't want Dr. Landis here, either. Mrs. Anderson comes in every day to clean and cook for me—that's enough. Why can't people leave me alone?"

"Why—Ardith—!" Eileen stared at her in shock. "I believe you resented your mother!"

The girl began to cry. "No—no—I loved her." For a moment it seemed as if she would turn her head away, but the weakness of her tears broke her down again and the words came as if they were forced from her. "I loved her. But she had so much time for everyone—people who were suffering or sick or needed money—and I was well and I guess she thought I didn't need her as much as the others. There never was any time for me. She thought I was strong and could take care of myself. I understood—but I wasn't strong as she was. I couldn't make a life for myself out of helping other people. And now I don't care any more."

GENTLY Eileen straightened the robe around the other's knees. Gently—so as not to stop this release of words that was pouring from Ardith's lonely misery.

"I guess it was selfish of me, but I wanted so much to be like the other girls and spend my time with them and go to parties and picnics. Mother wanted me to—but I just couldn't stand to dawdle around in the drug store drinking milk shakes with them, when I knew Mother might be needing me to drive her somewhere. And everytime we planned a party here or a dance, we would have to cancel it. Someone or other would get sick and need her or we would be planning a drive to send bundles of clothing to some unfortunate families and there'd be meetings—"

Eileen had a quick vision of a quiet, conscientious girl, always in the background, but always helping. A girl who never had time for hours in a beauty parlor or a dressmaking shop. A girl who adored her mother—but a girl who needed, too, her own little place in the sun, her own friends, her own sense of importance.

The tears were subsiding into shame-faced sniffles and Eileen got up, quickly. She didn't want Ardith embarrassed over her sudden confidences.

"Take a nap, dear," she said, quietly. "I'm going down to the kitchen for some soup for us both. Maybe you'll feel better for crying—it helps us all, sometimes." She turned to go and her eyes fell on a tiny bowl of moss roses and wood violets on the coffee table. "Oh, aren't they pretty? I wouldn't have given Joe Adams credit for so much imagination with a gift of flowers. I would have thought he'd stick to the ordinary roses or gardenias or flowers like that!"

Two spots of color burned in Ardith's tear-wet cheeks. But she lifted her head, bravely. "Then you haven't heard. Those aren't from Joe. The librarian brought them over when he brought this book. Joe is—Joe has jilted me, I guess. We aren't seeing each other any more. He says he likes girls with more life to them."

So Joe Adams had finally broken off the long engagement between Ardith and him! It was on the tip of Eileen's tongue to say *good riddance*, but she checked herself. She did say it to Jack when he looked in during the afternoon.

"—a good thing, I say! I never liked that Joe Adams." She and Jack were pacing the graveled walk from garden to sundial and back. "But that's part of her trouble, I'm sure, Jack. She's so beaten down and hopeless. She just doesn't think anything is worth the effort—not even rousing herself to get Joe back. All her life she's been in the shadow of her mother's vitality and without any real life of her own. You know what it's like with most young girls—the whole family in a dither over their first dates and their first long dresses and debates over when the time has come for them to use lipstick and so forth. Well, Ardith never had that kind of importance in her life. She had Joe—but it's my hunch he was just another person who dominated her."

Dr. Jack nodded. "He's not a bad sort, but he is conceited. And now even he's lost interest in her. I can't say I know what to do, short of dragging Joe back by the scruff of the neck, and that wouldn't solve things."

They were interrupted just then by the click of the gate as it opened and shut. A tall, slim young figure strode up the path towards them, a bundle of books under his arm. As he came nearer Eileen recognized Richard Stell, librarian of the branch library in the neighborhood. Behind the tortoise-shell glasses he wore his eyes had a friendly, gentle twinkle.

"Hello, Doctor—Miss Holmes. I'm bringing Miss Marlowe her quota of books for the week. Do you know if she's finished the others?" A private little joke seemed to suddenly occur to him and he laughed. "Do you happen to know if my plot succeeded? I slipped in a few light novels and a couple of detective stories, and I was wondering if she succumbed to the temptation. I've told her often enough she reads too much heavy stuff. It's a little war we carry on." He said the last almost apologetically, as if he felt his joke might be too slight to be appreciated by others.

"I THINK that's a good idea, Richard. I'll run up and see if my patient is finished with the books she has—and if she 'succumbed to temptation'. I'll bring them down."

"Oh, no—" hastily—"don't bother. I'll go up and see her myself. I'd rather like to tease her a bit, if you don't mind. Handing out books all day, I don't often get a chance like this, to impose what I like on other people." Again there was that laughing twinkle in his eyes as he strode away towards the house.

That evening when Eileen went in to get her patient ready for bed, she found Ardith reading one of Richard's "temptations". It seemed to do her good, because she was smiling, slightly, as she read.

"It's silly," she seemed to feel the need to explain to the nurse, "but he was so insistent and he teased me so much about always picking books that are so solemn. I'm just reading this so I can tell him how silly it is, when he comes back next week."

Eileen hardly paid any attention. A plan was forming in her mind and she wondered only if she were diplomatic enough to carry it through.

"I'm going to brush your hair tonight, Ardith. It will help you relax and sleep." Her hands were busy unpinning the large coil of hair on her patient's neck as she spoke.

For a few moments they were quiet as Ardith let herself relax under

Eileen's ministrations.

"What lovely hair you have!" Eileen said it artlessly, but she had the feeling it was the opening gun of her attack. Surely any girl would respond to flattery—would have enough vanity to take an interest in her looks if others did. And Ardith did have lovely hair! "It's so long and so golden-brown. You're very fortunate not to have to worry about rinses and bleaches and permanents, the way other girls do."

Almost automatically the girl twisted to see herself in the long pier-glass near the closet. "I've always wanted to cut it. It's so much trouble."

"Then why don't you?" boldly.

"I don't know. I guess I could, now. Mother liked it long and I left it that way, to please her." The idea that the decision was now entirely hers seemed a new thought to Ardith. She looked again at the mirror . . . then she sank back against the pillow. "What difference does it make? Who is going to care what I look like—whether it's short or long?"

"Nobody's going to care!" Eileen said it with the effect of an explosion. "Stop thinking about other people. You've done that all your life—and you know what I think? I think it was a form of selfishness. You just did what you thought other people wanted because you wanted them to like you. You never did anything without considering first if it would please your mother or Joe and if they would like you better for doing it. Your mother was the kindest person on earth and she would have been happy if you'd developed a will of your own, but you just wanted her to pat you on the back all the time."

ARDITH'S mouth had dropped open in surprise and it made her look like a little girl being unjustly punished.

"Selfish—me?"

"And now you can't satisfy your ego by being anyone's errand girl or anyone's audience, so you've folded up like an accordion." With an effort Eileen was keeping her voice hard and uncompromising. "I'd like to see what you can do on your own. You won't admit it, but you blame your mother for your being unhappy. Well, she's not here now. What are you going to do about yourself? I think she was probably right to drag you around with her wherever she went—you'd have been nothing without her."

She gave a last vigorous swipe with the brush; threw a curt goodnight over her shoulder, and left the room quickly.

Had she said too much—or not enough? Would Ardith respond to the challenge or would she go on feeling sorry for herself?

It was with some trepidation that she brought the breakfast tray to Ardith's room the next morning. And her first glance at the girl seated in the big rocking chair confirmed her worry. There was a new sullenness; a real dislike in Ardith's eyes as they watched her approach with the tray.

"Just set it down, Miss Holmes. I'm not so selfish I can't help myself." The words came out in a smoldering kind of fury.

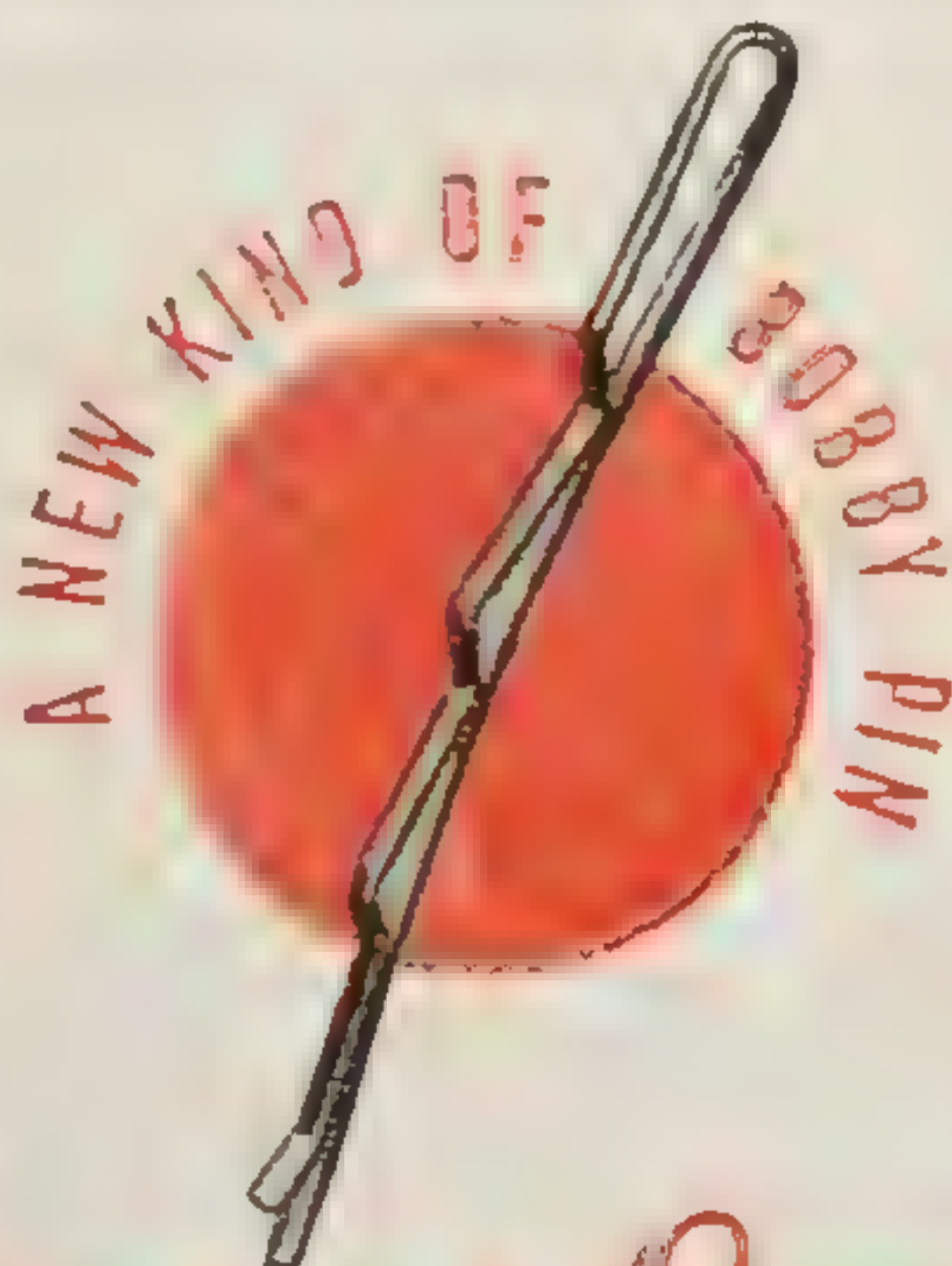
Eileen's heart sank. What had she done?—instead of helping Ardith, had she made her an enemy?

The girl got up and walked to the little table, slowly but with a purpose that was different from yesterday's lassitude. "I can manage, thank you. And please don't think you have to stay here any longer. Surely you have other patients who need you and your advice more than I do."

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Gayla

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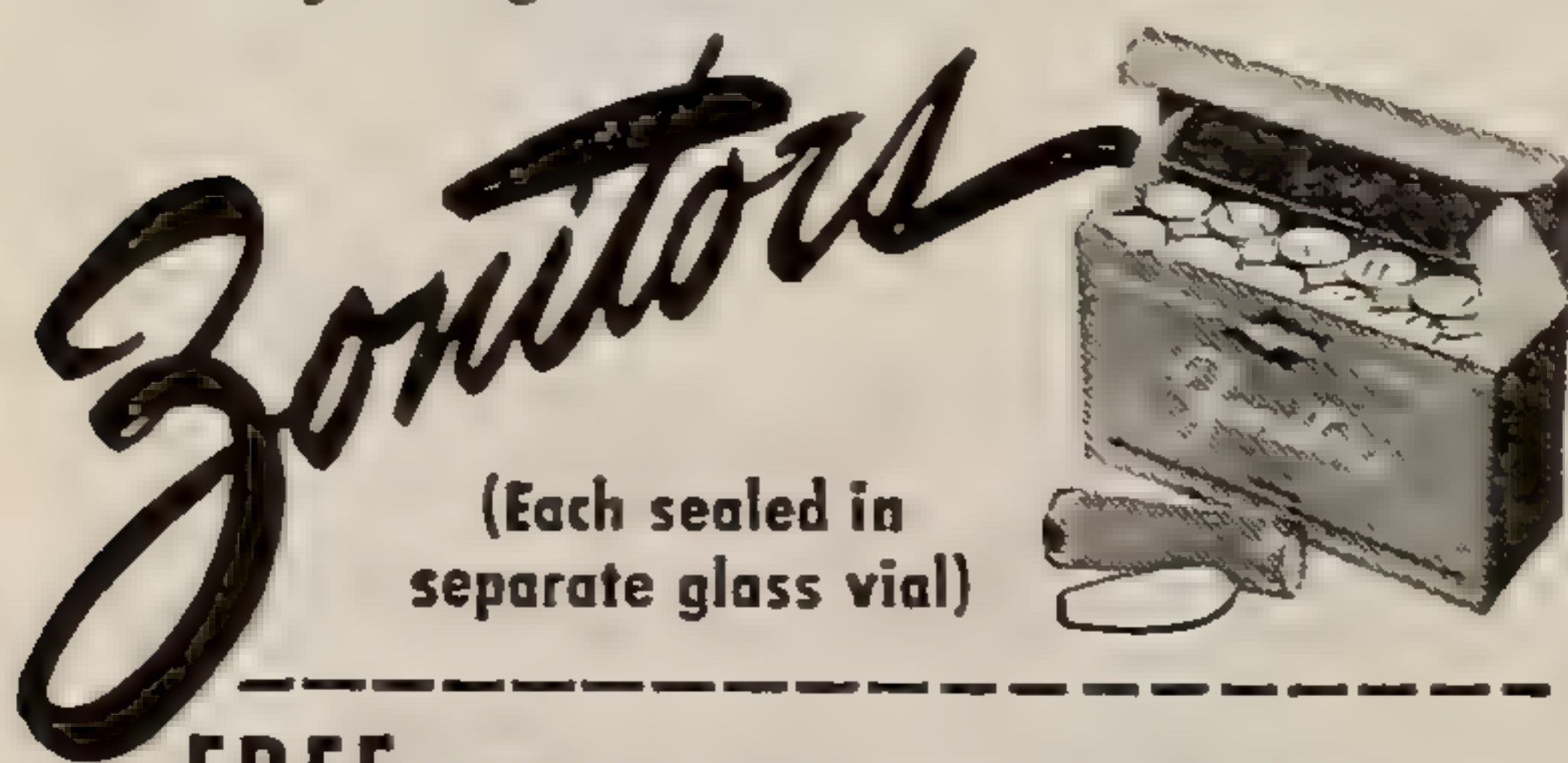
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Her rudeness stung. Before she could think, Eileen had spoken. "You're quite right. But I've never walked out on a patient yet and I don't intend to leave here until Dr. Landis tells me to. When you've finished your breakfast I'll give you an alcohol rub and—"

"I don't want a rub!" she almost shouted at Eileen. "This morning I'm going—" she seemed to be casting about, wildly, in her mind for some forbidden pursuit—"I'm going outside and sun-bathe! And I'll go out by myself, without any help!"

All at once, Eileen felt a bubble of gleeful laughter rising inside her. It was all she could do to repress that laughter and allow no sign of it to show in her face. *Ardith rebellious!* Ardith—standing up for herself and refusing to be told what to do! *Ardith—angry!* The plan that had been in Eileen's mind last night was working, though it had taken a slightly different turn from the one she'd expected. She had hoped for independence from Ardith—or perhaps an understanding of her emotional illness. But Eileen had not counted on the girl's anger being channelled against herself!

Well, anger was an emotion that could be used, too.

"JUST as you say, Ardith. But there's a breeze—I'd suggest you wrap up well." Eileen wondered how good an actress she was. Could she pretend this bossiness much longer?

Ardith rose to the bait immediately. "I'm capable of dressing myself, thank you. And I know a spot in the garden that's protected."

It was here Jack Landis found her when he made his usual daily call. His surprise was evident, but unspoken. Unconsciously, he added new coals to the fire that was beginning to burn in Ardith, by remarking that her sunsuit seemed out of fashion for that year.

The next morning Ardith was gone. Frantically Eileen searched the house and garden. Frantically she called the hospital—but no one had seen or heard from Miss Marlowe. Eileen blamed herself. Had she driven Ardith to some act of foolishness? Even though the girl's illness was largely emotional and mental, still she *had* been ill. A picture of her, weak and thin and exhausted, walking off somewhere by herself where no one could help her, haunted Eileen as she desperately dialed the phone or rushed to the window to see if Ardith had returned.

It was nearly noon before she saw the girl coming slowly up the drive.

Eileen rushed out of the house. "Oh—where have you been?" Her fear made her genuinely cross, now that the girl was back and safe. "You've given us all such a scare!"

That Ardith was tired to the point of almost dropping in her tracks, there could be no doubt. But her head was held high and there was a light of victory in her eyes. As casually as she could, she answered, "Just shopping, Miss Holmes. Surely I may walk to the stores if I choose! But—I would appreciate it if you'd take some of these bundles. They're awfully heavy."

Back in bed, Ardith sank into the pillows with a grateful sigh. Eileen stepped back and surveyed her, critically. There was something different about her—more than just the new curve to her formerly-drooping mouth—more than the new light in her formerly lackluster eyes—something different—

"You've had your hair cut!"

Feebly but jauntily, Ardith swung

her bobbed thick, golden-brown mane on her shoulders. "Why shouldn't I?" she asked with an air of defiance.

"No reason at all." Eileen was a little dazed at the quick rush of events. "I think it's extremely attractive."

She turned to go, but a small voice from the depths of the bed called her back.

"Miss Holmes—Eileen—could you stay just a moment?" Ardith's eyes were cast down and her fingers plucked nervously at a corner of the blanket. "I'd like to say something."

After a little while she looked up and faced Eileen squarely. "I'm sorry I was so rude. I knew all the time that you were just trying to make me mad so that I would snap out of all this self-pity and not caring about anything. I wanted to be different, but it was so much trouble and I didn't think anyone would care, no matter what I did. When you said—well, I guess I was just being perverse—wanting something and yet not wanting to *show* how much I wanted it."

A real affection for the girl had grown up in Eileen. Now she sat down on the bed and took Ardith's elbow in her hand, giving it a shake. "Maybe you should lose your temper more often," she teased.

"No." Ardith shook her head. "That's not the way. That would die down and I'd be just the same as I was. I need help, Eileen. How can I really change?"

"Well, as a nurse I'm not supposed to prescribe for a patient, but there's a little therapy that most women seem to know when they're still in their cradles—the same kind of psychology that makes a woman go out and buy a crazy hat when she needs a lift in morale, Ardith. You've never experienced it before this morning. And it's very important. You need a whole new outlook on life—and people need to get a whole new outlook on Ardith Marlowe."

IN spite of her exhaustion, the girl leaned forward eagerly. Her hands were trembling. "Do you think I could? Change, I mean? Oh, I want so much to look like other girls and act like them! I don't want to sit in a corner all my life—I want to be in the center of things—I want to be *alive*, Eileen."

"You will be," promised the nurse.

Her role of nurse was in the background. Eileen was young, too, and excited over possibilities of transforming this thin, drab girl into a normal, healthy one. "Let's plan, Ardith. Let's keep this a secret between us—and I have a feeling that some day Joe Adams will fall in love with you all over again."

So the two put their heads together. The next day their mutual air of mystery was a great irritation to Dr. Jack when he paid his daily call. Until finally he gave up in disgust and left.

"I don't know what you two are plotting, but it's no place for a mere man, even if he is a doctor. Whisperings and goings-on—!" But he kissed his wife lightly when she took him to the door.

Things were *indeed* going on.

Ardith was so eager now to change that she welcomed the strict regimen of diet and exercise imposed on her. Sleep and sun she took in large doses. Her appetite was so ravenous as to make Mrs. Anderson, the housekeeper, raise her eyebrows in astonishment... since she had no way of knowing the hope that was making Ardith eager and famished for life itself.

Fashion pages were consulted. The straight, angular cut of Ardith's plain suits gave way to soft lines and to full, flattering, swirling skirts. Firmly Eileen vetoed the boyish sweep the girl would have carelessly given her new haircut, and encouraged it to fall in its soft, natural waves around her face. There was a slight tussle before Ardith consented, timidly, to give up the familiar browns she had always worn in favor of the clear blues and reds most becoming to her skin coloring.

But daily Eileen noted with satisfaction the improvement in her "patient." Eileen had resumed her work at the hospital, but she made it a point to drop in at least once a day at the Marlowe house. And each time she saw the girl it was with fresh surprise.

She had hoped Ardith would come to look and feel like any other girl her age—but she hadn't expected her to be beautiful!

Grooming had glossed the muddy hair to a butterscotch-gold. Now that the hollows of her face had filled out into health, flesh and bone had become an oval of loveliness. The bright dresses accentuated the clear bloom of her cheeks, and new pride in herself caused Ardith to walk straight and tall and slim.

THERE was more to it than just health . . . without the inward changes, the eager, expectant life that was so apparent in her shining eyes and the curve of her lips; without the lilt in her voice and the spring in her steps . . . there would not have been this startling beauty.

"It's not my doing—not any more," Eileen told Dr. Jack. Three weeks had gone by and even loyalty to Ardith couldn't withstand the temptation to "talk it over" with Jack, in their all-too-brief hours together. "We started this together, Ardith and I, but she's doing her own planning now. Something's driving her on. Something's putting that excitement in her eyes."

"She's in love," Jack defined it. "When you've dragged yourself around as she has for the past years, only half-alive, and when you've been really sick, as she was these past months—you may *want* love, but you can't really feel it, yourself. I'd say she was in love with Joe Adams for the first time—and all I hope is that she hasn't been hearing any of the gossip about him and Myra Coles."

The two had been talking as they walked from Jack's parked car up the driveway to the Marlowe garden. Now Eileen checked him, with her hand on his arm. "Don't mention Myra Coles to her! I really believe if anything made Ardith doubt herself right now, she could slide right back and we'd have a sick girl on our hands once more. Right now, more than anything else, she needs to believe in her future!"

But when Dr. Jack caught sight of the girl lying on the lawn couch, he could hardly believe she would need confidence forced on her.

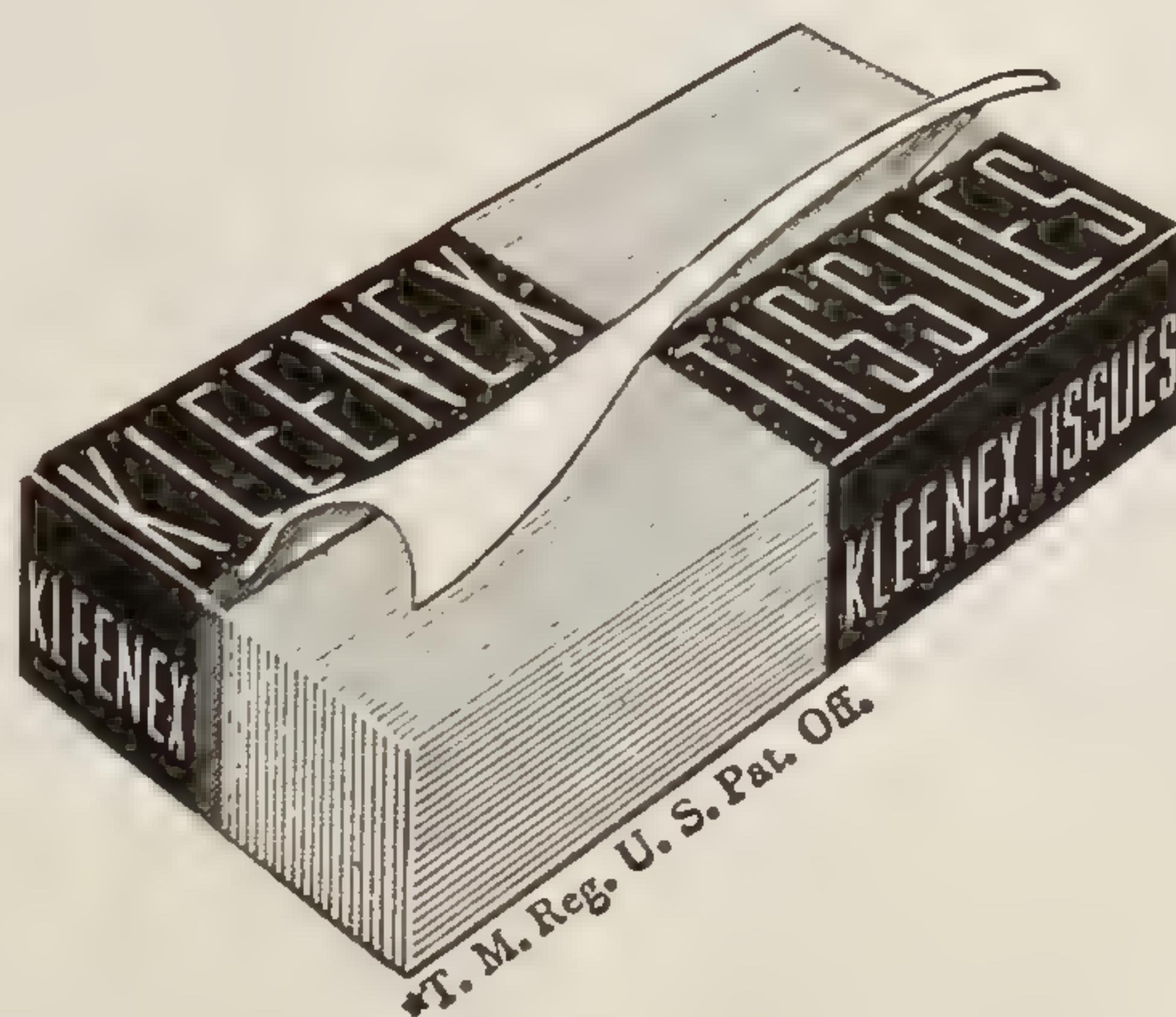
"Well!" he sat down abruptly on the edge of the couch, staring at the radiant Ardith. "Can this possibly be the same girl I attended three weeks ago?" He turned astonished eyes up to Eileen who was standing behind the raised head of the couch.

It was Ardith who answered, though. "Not at all the same girl, Dr. Landis. I feel like running and singing and shouting and dancing!" She looked it, too, with the bright flags of color coming and going in her cheeks and the



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radiance dancing in her eyes. If Jack hadn't been prepared for the change, he doubted if he would have even recognized this new Ardith.

"What next?" he wondered, aloud. "Where do you go from here, Ardith?"

For a fleeting moment there was panic in her eyes, and then her little chin set stanch.

"I asked Eileen to bring you here today for a reason, Dr. Landis. I'm ready—I'm ready to go out now. I want to take a walk, the three of us, down to Mother's Clubroom. I'm not going to hide away any longer."

The Clubroom, a few blocks away from the Marlowe house, had been a pet project of Mrs. Marlowe's for the adolescents of the neighborhood; Jack and Eileen were delighted that Ardith had evidently decided to take up where her mother had left off.

"Let me run and change my uniform," Eileen begged. Standing behind Ardith, she was able to signal to Jack to stay with the girl and keep her talking. This was no time for her to be by herself, to wonder or be afraid. The little nod Jack gave her showed he understood.

SO that Eileen was surprised to find him waiting in the downstairs hall when she came down.

"Oh—I wish you hadn't left her alone, Jack!" Eileen hurriedly pulled on her gloves as she moved towards the door. She was having her own feelings of trepidation over the test Ardith was about to face.

"Don't worry." Jack slowed her down. "She isn't alone." He indicated the two figures standing on the lawn. "Richard Stell came along with some books for her and I left them arguing happily over the respective virtues of Waldo Emerson and Sherlock Holmes."

Eileen relaxed. "Oh—Richard! He's been here often. He's the only person Ardith doesn't seem to mind seeing, no matter what mood she's in, up or down. And you know—the strange thing is, Jack—that I think he sees very little difference in her. He's not a noticing man."

It didn't seem so. As they approached they could hear him laughing and Ardith's gay voice in response. And as he waved goodbye there was camaraderie in his farewell but no hint he was struck dumb by her beauty.

But the incident, apparently, had done Ardith some good—as they started off, the three of them, down the hill, Eileen's fingers were nervously clutching her bag, but the other girl had an air of confidence to bolster up her excitement.

The first neighbor they met was old Mr. Appleby, retired banker, still spry and young for all his seventy years, with five marriages in his past and—it was said—considering another Mrs. Appleby for his future. He lifted his hat courteously as they passed. And then he stopped short and turned to stare.

"Bless my soul! It isn't little Ardith Marlowe!" The others had stopped, too, and now he made them all a deep bow. "Haven't seen you for some time, my dear—thought I was seeing ghosts just now—the living image of your lovely mother when she was your age and I used to escort her on hay-rides and spelling bees. Bless my soul! I'll have to be coming to see you more often, my dear."

Dr. Jack was laughing silently, his shoulders shaking. But Eileen exulted. Even if he was seventy, Mr. Appleby had an eye for a pretty girl, and his

admiration was no less welcome than if he had been fifty years younger.

From then on their walk became a triumphal march. Ardith's head went higher, her lips curved more joyfully with every step. Here and there she exchanged smiles with women who paused in their shopping to follow her with their eyes—women who'd been friendly with Mrs. Marlowe and who, Eileen knew, had been wondering since her death "what on earth was going on up at the Marlowe house?" It was to a large extent good-natured speculation, for these women had known Ardith since her baby days, but it was nonetheless a tonic and an accolade to watch as skeptical curiosity was replaced by admiration. It was particularly welcome, this admiration, for Eileen knew that Ardith would make a stop at Joe Adams' hardware store.

Sure enough—Joe's sleek, black, handsome head was peering, even then, around the display of fishing tackle piled outside his store.

"Steady, Ardith," warned Dr. Jack. "Head up!"

The comfort wasn't needed. Hardly had they come abreast of the store than Joe was out on the pavement to greet them, his smooth face wreathed in an approving, ingratiating smile.

"Well—well! It's good to see you, Ardith. I can't tell you how much I've missed you!" He nodded only briefly to the other two, and somehow he had quickly managed to draw Ardith away—into the store, away from the curious eyes of interested bystanders. But Eileen and Jack could hear a little of what he was saying—

"—your rest certainly has done you a world of good, Ardy. I always thought you weren't such a quiet little mouse as you pretended to be. You've been holding out on us—on me, too. Keeping yourself away from all your friends . . . not letting me come and see you—"

STRANGELY the triumph of the day seemed flat and stale to Eileen now. She turned, in disgust, to Jack.

"Listen to him! Acting as though it was she who kept him from coming to see her—when he wouldn't go near the house when she was sick! Acting as though it was Ardith who did the jilting!"

"That won't do her wounded vanity any harm, Eileen," reminded Jack. "And since it's Joe Adams she wants, I'd say your patient is doing very well." But his tone reflected some of Eileen's dissatisfaction.

They were interrupted as Joe put his head out the door and called to them. "Miss Holmes! Would it put you out if I stole Ardith from you and took her to dinner? She says she has an engagement with you two, but I told her you wouldn't object if we changed your plans."

Eileen hastened to assure him it would be perfectly all right. Then she and Jack made their way in silence down the street.

The next day Eileen felt a strange reluctance to visit the Marlowe house, but there was the discarded white uniform she must pick up. After this, there would be no more official visits. The patient was indeed completely recovered. She had what she wanted—health, an interest in life, and the knowledge that Joe Adams was again interested in her. Even pretty little Myra Coles was no match for the new beauty of Ardith. There was nothing more for Eileen to do except congratulate herself on the success of her job.

She let herself into the house with the key Ardith had given her.

"Ardith!" she called.

There was no answer.

She looked out the long French windows. It was too cold today for sunbathing on the lawn.

Perplexed, she walked slowly up the stairs and knocked gently on Ardith's bedroom door.

Still no answer—but the door gave at her push.

For a moment it seemed to Eileen, confused, as if the past three weeks had never happened. The scene was almost the same as she had walked in on that first day she had come there as nurse to Ardith. A fire almost dead on the hearth—shades drawn—a gloomy, cold, dark room—and a girl huddled on the couch—

"Ardith! Why, you're crying!"

The girl raised a tear-wet face at her approach. "I'm sorry, Eileen. I guess I'm just a contrary creature. After all you've done for me, I should be so happy and grateful. Everything's turned out just as we hoped—people like me—and Joe—" here her sobs turned into something like a wail—"Joe says he l-loves me! And I'm so miserable!"

Eileen sat down in relief, laughing in spite of herself.

"You have everything you want—and you're miserable! Ardith—don't you suppose it's just a nervous reaction? You've been so keyed up these past few days and perhaps yesterday was just too much of a day for you."

Ardith's sobs diminished a little. "I suppose so." But her voice sounded doubtful. "I guess that's it. Otherwise, it wouldn't be natural, would it, for me to feel so miserable every time I

think of Joe and me getting married and—"

Before Eileen could answer there was an interruption. Another voice called from the stairs.

"Miss Marlowe! Ardith—may I come up? I took the new books away with me by mistake yesterday."

"It's Richard!" Almost in a panic Ardith threw aside the coverlet and straightened her dress, wiping her eyes desperately with the other hand. "He mustn't see me like this! Eileen—stop him—"

It was too late. Richard Stell was already in the room.

"I heard your voices, so I came right up. By rights, now that you're well, I should make you come to the library—" he stopped at sight of Ardith's tear-wet face. "What's the matter?" He turned on Eileen, fiercely. The twinkle was gone from behind his glasses and his young face was stern. "What's going on here? Have you been making her cry?"

Both girls rushed to explain, but Ardith got there first.

"No—it's nothing, Richard. I don't know what was making me cry." With a sudden, arrested movement of her hand as she was smoothing her tangled hair, she stared at them both. "Why—that's not true. I do know what is wrong—I don't want to marry Joe! And I don't have to. You do understand, don't you, Eileen? I know you wanted me to marry him and be happy, but I wouldn't. Not with Joe."

Her eyes had been caught by Richard's. In the silence that followed as the two, boy and girl, stared at each other, Eileen realized she might as well be on the moon, as far as they were concerned.

"You don't have to do anything—" somehow he had moved so that he was standing beside her, her hands caught up in his—"you don't have to please anyone but yourself, Ardith."

"You don't even have to marry me, unless you want to, Ardith." There was tenderness and a wonderful realization in his face as he looked at her. "But I think we're both unhappy, Ardith, unless we're together—"

That was all Eileen heard. As the door closed softly behind her, she heard movement inside the room—but no more words.

"Richard Stell!" Eileen had gone straight back to the hospital, where she knew that Jack would be at his desk. She *had* to talk to him. "Richard—and not Joe Adams. Should I have guessed, Jack? I had it so carefully planned out—I never dreamed—patting myself on the back that I had transformed her into a girl a man might love, when all the time Richard might have married her, anyway."

"But would Ardith have married him?" Dr. Jack took the pipe out of his mouth and smiled at his pretty, excited wife. "Would she have known enough, in her old frame of mind, even to recognize love if it had been handed to her? No—Eileen, she owes part of her happiness to you. It's just—"

"It's just that, being a nurse, I should know enough of human nature. I was unconsciously, just repeating the pattern her mother had set for her—deciding that such-and-such was what Ardith really wanted. Without letting Ardith go under her own steam." She smiled back at Jack. "It seems you can help people, work for them, work *with* them—but never try to live their lives for them!"

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"I Met the Right Man"

(Continued from page 33)

stamps." And with no trace of a smile!

So, of course, I didn't write to him. *Naturally* not. Felt, indeed, no compulsion to write. Felt, I told myself, rather crossly, I remember, nothing at all, nothing whatsoever, for that—that young *philatelist*!

When, therefore, upon my return to Prague, Walter took me out to dinner and, over the canapés, said to me, as a statement of fact, "We are going to be married," I laughed *hysterically*.

Perhaps, I thought, I misunderstood him, for his impossible English and my bad German made speech between us something of a guessing game. But no, I hadn't misunderstood him and I knew it.

SO I continued to laugh, and said that nothing could be more fantastically impossible and thought I meant it; thought, *I would not dream of marrying a European*. Thought, what would I, an American girl, born in New York City, and brought up in Elmhurst, Long Island, be doing with a European husband? Like marrying a man from Mars, I thought, or someone come alive out of an old, illumined story-book.

Why, every time I'd meet him, and he'd kiss my hand, and he always did, I was always embarrassed, terribly embarrassed—and why not, used as I was to my football-playing brother and his pals who would as soon have thought of kissing your foot as of kissing your hand!

But when, that summer, I went home to visit my parents I found, incredibly, that I was missing him... missing him so much, indeed, that I couldn't wait to get back to Prague and didn't wait to get back to Prague but left weeks earlier than I'd planned...

Upon my return, Walter began showing me attention, "serious" attention and a colder word than "attention" was never used, or misused, to describe the old continental atmosphere of romance, intrigue, uniforms and legend that was our courtship...

Those were beautiful days... the European way of life he showed me... the strange places and the authentic places to which he took me, or chose for our rendezvous... cafés and old curious houses and museums and old cemeteries Time had forgot and hidden-away streets and little parks and gardens so submerged that even the rain didn't dust them anymore... to a Beer Garden one night, perhaps, with Czech dancers in Czech costumes and Czech music playing... to a place of crystal and champagne the next night where, in that bated breathing spell before Hitler came, gay and gracious and high-born people were taking their final curtain call and didn't know it...

... and the flowers he sent me. I did not know such flowers grow and *do not believe they do*... the jewels with which he presented me... not diamonds, for I am not fond of diamonds and never wear them... but rubies, for I love rubies, and gold, for I love gold and most of my things are gold... and still, and now, ten years later, he is always presenting me with jewelry... a pair of earrings, golden earrings, he had made for me last winter—one, the mask of Comedy; the other, the twin mask of Tragedy—a bracelet, gold of course, formed of

letters that spell my name, Risë, and with an inscription on the inside which reads, "We love you, Walter and Nicky."

Nicky, it needs a separate and special paragraph to say, is our little son who comes, being now two and a half, later in our story... and who will be followed, we hope, we pray, a *very* little later in our story, by a brother or a sister and then another brother or a sister...

By this time, of course, this time of rendezvous and flowers and the presenting of jewels, Walter and I were formally engaged—although no one in Prague took our engagement seriously. Everyone thought it a joke, two people of the theater marrying and expecting it would last. When, on January 6, 1939, we were married in New York, our friends in Prague still thought it a joke. ("We give it two months," they wrote us and then, two months having passed, "We give it four months")—and, believing it a joke, they did not send us one wedding present. Not one.

Now, in our ninth year, what would they think, our friends in Prague, what would they say—if we had not lost track of them through the war years?

When, at the end of that season abroad, I returned to America, with Walter's engagement ring, a thin-as-thread gold band, like a guard on my hand, Walter soon followed. He had no intention of remaining here. He came to America only to marry me and then to go back. He was busy in the theater in Vienna. He was, also, doing a great many pictures for Ufa and for Vienna Film. When he did come, and we were married, Walter decided to take over my career, to become my manager as well as my husband.

ONCE read a short story titled something like "A Diva's Marriage Day." In the story, the diva, regal in satin and old ivory lace, walked to Wagnerian music, an aisle of orchids to the altar. When Walter and I want a good hearty bout of laughter, we recall *our* marriage day.

Not for us Wagnerian music, an aisle of orchids, white satin and old lace... we were married in City Hall, New York. We went to the City Hall by subway, I remember, because we could not get a taxi. I wore a very plain sports dress, golden brown, with a small matching hat and an ocelot coat, not new, I had bought in South America for one hundred and sixty-nine dollars. In the excitement Walter forgot—for the first and last time, *ever*—the flowers. At the very last moment, my brother had to rush out and buy a bouquet for me to hold. Still unable to speak more than a few words in English, Walter had arranged with my brother to poke him each time it was his turn to say "I do." Whether my brother poked him at the wrong time, or whether it was a delayed take on Walter's part, I do not know—I do know that Walter said some of his "I dos" at the *wrong* times!

After the ceremony we went for our wedding supper, not to a place of crystal chandeliers and champagne, but to a nearby cafeteria—because, rehearsing that night, as I was, for the *Rosenkavalier*, we had no time. Nor did we meet again, after that hasty

hamburger in the cafeteria, until the following day. Walter, in fact, spent "our" wedding night at a Ball at the Waldorf-Astoria where he had the eerie experience—since no one knew we had married—of meeting a fortune-teller who, taking one quick look at him, asked "Did you get married today?" Ever since Walter, a skeptic where the supernatural is concerned, has taken his fortune-tellers with marked respect!

Up to the time Walter went into the American Army, he had been running my career completely. When he went in, and I was on my own again, I knew how completely dependent on him I was, for every move I made I'd write him long folding letters, listing questions alphabetically—"What shall I do about this or that contract?" "In what city shall I make my debut in *Carmen*?"—answer "Yes" or "No." And Walter, poor darling, in basic training at the time, which meant that he had no time except when he was in bed and then lights were out, would take my letters to bed with him and answer them, under the blankets, by flashlight. . . .

But somehow, even with a war on, when I needed him most he, miraculously, would be there. For instance, when I made my debut in *Carmen*, in Cincinnati and thought I would surely die of it without him and knew there was no slightest chance, no least hope that he would be there—one hour before I was to go on, dead-beat, unbathed, unshaven, filthy, there, blessedly, was Walter!

IN Intelligence at that time, in charge of shipping Mexican troops overseas, Walter had contrived to move them by rail because he had found that the train would stop in Cincinnati!

Somehow I, too, managed to go to him when I knew, because he wrote me or, at times, when he didn't write me, that he needed me. "I would like to see you," he wrote me from Sacramento, "for one day." So, "for one day" I traveled 6,000 miles by train, between performances at the Met in New York.

Now the War is over and Walter is at home again. Nine months of the year—from September to May, my opera and radio season—"home" is an apartment in New York, where we have two small suites, one for our home, and the other for business purposes, and so that my practising does not disturb Nicky's slumbers. The remaining three months, "home" is our own home, in the Hollywood Hills in California. The home Walter found and furnished for me when, soon after I finished work in "Going My Way," with Bing Crosby, we were sure the baby was coming. Not an elaborate house, not very large—eight rooms—done in Viennese modern, with lovely loungy chairs and great big sinkable couches—it is that lovely thing in a home, creature-comfortable, *livable*. . . .

East or West, on stage and off, Walter continues to run my career—and me—completely.

Extremely clever about business, Walter attends to all my contracts—radio, concert, motion picture and with the Met—with absolute "power of attorney" to okay or veto any and every matter, major or minor. He acts for me at all conferences. He runs my Fan Club completely, my publicity—often getting up in the middle of the night, pacing up and down, saying in the morning, "I thought up a publicity idea at two this morning—I'll go after it today."

Love-quiz... For Married Folks Only



WHY IS HE WRITING TO ANOTHER WOMAN?

A. Her husband's cooling love... his apparent disloyalty... may be largely her fault. She may have become neglectful of proper feminine hygiene.

Q. Can such neglect affect married happiness?

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We act out all my roles together—Walter does all the *mise en scene* with me, always. And never misses a performance, never. And never fails to detect a flaw, however trivial. "In your performance last night," he'll say, "in that scene with the priest, the way you sat in that chair gave the wrong impression about what was going on in your mind. Your posture suggested that you were questioning the priest when it should suggest fright." Then he will sit in a chair and show me what he means.

No one knows my voice like Walter. He can tell, the very minute I open my mouth, and far better than I can tell, how I am going to sing a performance that night. He guards, protects, shelters and runs interference for me in every way.

HE never lets certain things happen around me in the theater. For instance, he will not permit my secretary or anyone else to come into my dressing room while I am making up. Nor may anyone come into my dressing-room and sing snatches of a different opera from the opera I am singing that night. He will not permit anyone to see me between the acts and never, of course, just before I go on. Nervous as I always am before a performance, I could not see anyone for I am just not talkable. Besides, if you do not concentrate on your very first entrance, you may lose the whole performance. In opera, the vital thing is to get the voice quiet, still, before you go on . . .

It was Walter who, long ago and far away, made me give up smoking. In Prague, in the days when we first met, I smoked constantly. In those days, too, it was the custom for members of the cast and their friends to sit together in a Coffee House before a performance, having cake and coffee—and cigarettes. On one such occasion I was smoking a cigarette that was one of a long chain. Walter suddenly flipped it out of my hand. I was so embarrassed, I didn't speak to him for a week, but—I never smoked again.

If I get a little out of hand—and how easily, in this profession, you can get out of hand—Walter is wonderful at putting me in my place. Never, with Walter, will I get to the point of being spoiled, become the "diva." If, for example, I have a performance and am very high-strung, and become abrupt in speech and manner, Walter takes hold of me with both his hands, and "This is one thing," he says, "we don't do, ever." After I have dismounted from my high horse, "Your performance will be much better tonight," he tells me, "if you remember that."

Only an actor, one who knows, could say that or *would* say it . . .

Walter buys most of my clothes. When we are in Hollywood he usually visits Adrian, makes the selections and all I have to do is go in, try things on for size. Knowing my size and taste in shoes, he buys all my shoes for me. He buys me beautiful robes and mules and lingerie. He buys my hats (all of this shopping, mind you, without me) although he prefers me, always, without hats. The result is that most of the bonnets he buys are so small, with little tiny veils and worn way back so you can't see them. Walter thinks there is no reason for hats, period. Unfortunately, my weakness is hats. I cannot pass a hat shop without going in and buying one or two.

When I am at home, in Hollywood, I just relax. Never do any planning of

menus. Never do any housework, never do any cooking. Walter doesn't like me to. Walter doesn't like me to be (Isn't this a husband to make your mouth water?) in the kitchen.

In New York, we use room service for all meals, and such light housekeeping as I do consists in keeping jams and jellies, extra cream and beer (Walter likes beer) in the ice-box. And of course, Nicky's food, which his English nana prepares.

We have, alas, so little time for home things, for friends, for anything at all but my schedule.

Such time as we can manage to salvage out of no time at all, we spend with the baby who, I am enormously flattered to say, loves to hear me sing. Especially the Brahms lullabye and, in his lighter moments, nursery jingles. (Walter loves best to hear me sing "Through The Years." Our song, we call it, and so every word of it is . . .)

No one, by the way, can safely say to Walter that the baby doesn't look like him. The least egotistic of men, if someone says the baby doesn't look *exactly* like him, I have a job of pacifying to do! An easy job, however, because (Walter, please note!) the baby does have Walter's coloring, shape of face, many of the same expressions, really does look—well, *almost* exactly . . .

WHEN we do have an evening to ourselves, we sometimes have dinner with friends—the Nigel Bruces, who are very close friends of ours, or with friends who are not in our business at all, when we are on the Coast; with the Fred Allens, or my family, when we are in the East. Or we go to the movies, which is the most relaxing way we know of spending an evening. But since I must go to bed not later than 10:30, and always do, in order to be up and in voice *and* at breakfast with Walter (We never have breakfast without one another) at eight, our evenings out are few and very far between. Since there is no time in my life for very much besides my career, I try to make Walter go out occasionally, without me—to dinner with friends, to the theater—and although he isn't very happy about it sometimes, to please me, he does.

Perhaps, I often think, I should have resisted the irresistible temptation and said "No" to Walter when he took over my career. For it was, although he denies it, a pretty supreme self-sacrifice. He would have made a great career of his own if he had not become so involved with mine. So deeply involved that he has made only one picture in this country—Warner Brothers' "To Have And Have Not," in which he played the head of the French Underground. He will not even go to see the films he made in Europe when they are shown here.

There is, besides, the embarrassing attitude some people take toward a man who makes his wife's career his job. A man can manage a "property" and no questions asked. A man manages his wife and although it is exactly the same kind and amount of work, calling for exactly the same acumen and energy—if not more, since it is an around-the-clock stint—there are those who look at him askance.

When I worry about it, "What difference does it make, Risé," Walter will always say, "So long as we understand each other?"

There is only one answer to that question, tender as it is, true as it is—and I make it.

Come and Visit Martin Block

(Continued from page 51)

pony, Apache, is the only resident thus far, the Blocks—who love to ride—are shopping for more horses, and for ponies for the children.

Martin is pleased when you remark the visible evidences of his success. And they are everywhere, despite the quite simple life the family leads. And pretty impressive they are, too, for a guy who left school after the eighth grade.

It's not just the one-man studio. Art collectors go crazy seeing the paintings casually displayed about the house. Old Masters, French, Italian, English and Flemish, they are worth a fortune. There is a huge canvas by Michelangelo—this one is insured for \$50,000—a Franz Hals, two Carpaccios, a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The Louis XVI furniture in the drawing room and the master bedroom is the real thing—brought to this country along with some of the paintings to furnish the French pavilion at the 1939 World's Fair.

A MECHANICAL rather than an artistic wonder is Martin's complete kilowatt shortwave radio transmitter—with its own rotating beam—which is the envy of all the "hams" in the vicinity. Martin has set it up in "the dog house," an extra bedroom downstairs where he sleeps if he is too keyed up from a strenuous day on the air to keep the normal sleeping hours of the rest of the family.

Many times Martin—like the legendary postman on his day off—will sit up half the night chattering with "ham" radio friends all over the world. It's relaxing, he says.

Martin Jr., who is six, and Jo-Jo, going on three, can stick around sometimes to observe the amateur broadcasting—even get a word or two on the air themselves. It compensates somewhat for the Number One House Rule which they hate: "No Children Allowed in the Broadcasting Studio." The windows to the big studio are gummy from little noses being pressed wistfully against the glass.

"Kids are funny," Martin says. "I can't wait to get out in the sun—they want to come in and play with the microphone and turntable. No matter how often I explain it to them, they can't get it through their heads that radio broadcasting is work!"

"Doesn't sound like work, Daddy," Martin Jr. puts in—and his father should be flattered—"Not the way you do it."

The boys adore their father, and the one thing which pleases Martin most about his new affluence is that his sons can grow up without the terrible insecurity which marred his own early years.

He didn't quit school at fourteen because he wanted to, he says. (And he has not enjoyed the experience of being turned down for jobs a hundred times in his life for "insufficient education.")

The eighth grade was as far as Martin could make it because his family needed money and he had to work. "Same work then as now—selling," he says, "except when what you're selling is newspapers the profit margin is narrower."

He was always a salesman, he says.

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SENT ON APPROVAL

That he happens to be selling on the radio is one of those accidents. It grew out of a very rugged year in the bottom of the depression when Martin and his first wife (they were divorced nine years ago)—having no money to go to the movies—sat around every night listening to the radio.

"That beat-up radio set which went with our \$15 a month furnished three room shack—and it was a shack—changed my life," Martin says. If he could find it he would put it on a marble pedestal in his studio.

"Every night," he recalls, "we would hear the big shows—a million a year for time, a half a million for talent—dropping into absolute drivel when the time came to sell the soap."

"One day," Martin said then, "sponsors are going to wake up to the fact that the most important talent on their programs is the guy who delivers the message for the company."

Then he says, he did a double-take.

"The man who delivers the message? The salesman? Hey, that's me!" Martin had always sold things—from newspapers straight through refrigerators, shoes, gasoline, the works.

It occurred to him then—he was sick of canned beans—that the booming radio business might have room for a good salesman even if everybody else was firing them in 1931. He decided to have a try at selling on the air.

The shack was in San Diego—the Southern California city where the Blocks had landed after a precarious trip back from New York (where he had had, he says, his fiftieth kicking around) in a 1926 Buick. The next day Martin, alight with his new idea, called at the local radio stations to try to sell them on selling.

One after another, he heard the excuses—the same excuses he had listened to in the business world. His education was insufficient. He had not had experience. Times were bad. And there were some new ones—chiefly that he did not have a "radio voice."

So Martin drove the Buick over the border to Tia Juana in Mexico, and got a job spinning records of "Celito Linda" and "El Rancho Grande" between plugs for products too embarrassing to rate time on American stations. The stuff sold. So Martin got a little better job as staff announcer on a small station, then the one with KMTR in Los Angeles.

It began to be fun, but it was still "staff announcing." It was still the fast \$25 a week for the twelve hours a day. He decided to have another try at New York—the big town might not be so inhospitable now that he had a new medium for his trade.

This time, the Buick barely made it, and Martin wasn't in very good shape at the end of the journey himself. When he presented himself at the desk of WNEW—the first station on his list—he was a mess. He needed a haircut and a shave, his suit was rumpled and soiled from changing the fifteenth flat in eight days, and his voice was raw from a cold.

The receptionist, a pretty girl in a crisp shirtmaker dress, looked up at this apparition and recoiled.

"What do you want?" she said.

Martin said he wanted to see the manager.

The receptionist didn't even bother to give him the excuses. She just threw him out.

"It's corny, but it's true," Martin says. "That girl is now Mrs. Martin

Block." He married her—"I got even," he says—exactly five years later. Same day, December 23; same hour, two o'clock.

Martin came back the next day, shaved, pressed, with a pocket full of lozenges and got the job. But staff-announcing—after that horrible trip!—at \$25 a week. To Esther, who for a long time clung rigidly to her first impression, it was way too much.

For two people who started out hating one another, Martin and Esther Block manage to have a lot of fun together. They both love riding, and fishing. Esther can handle a hunting gun as well as her husband, and bagged more quail than he did on their most recent hunt in Palm Springs.

This is fair enough, she thinks, since Martin can cook, and she can't.

It is Martin, as a matter of fact, who puts on the apron when their friends—the Andy Russells, the Mark Warnows and other Encino neighbors—come for a barbecue. He broils a masterly steak, and Esther makes the French fries and a big green salad. They enjoy it more, and so, it seems, do their guests—than the more formal parties when the servants do the work.

"There is always a house full of people—what with the children's friends and ours and the radio gang," Esther says. "It is really hard to say when we are 'entertaining' and when we're not."

One party—which was a party—which the Blocks will never forget was the housewarming for the new studio. Martin and Esther were exhausted after the month of frantic work which had gone into the building and outfitting of the studio. Martin's New York shows had gone on, of course, as usual, and tomorrow the new KFWB schedule was to begin. All they wanted to do, they confessed to one another, was to go to bed.

BUT four hundred people were coming to a lawn party! They groaned when the doorbell rang and went downstairs with misgivings to greet the first guests.

Everybody came. And everybody had a wonderful time, Martin and Esther the most wonderful of all. Tommy Dorsey spotted five of his old boys in the band, and led them in an impromptu revival of their famous "Marie." Nobody remembered the words, but it was great. Dinah Shore showed up, glowing with the first news that—at last—there was going to be an occupant for the nursery George Montgomery designed for their new house.

On the air—part of the proceedings was broadcast—she told how Martin Block had put her on the radio for the first time in New York.

"We changed your name to Dinah," Martin reminded her, "for the first song you sang in the audition."

"Yeah," Dinah drawled, in her lovely, lazy Southern way, "Martin didn't like my real name. You see my real name is Frances Rose Shore, but all my friends called me Fanny!"

That evening when the company had all gone home, Martin and Esther looked around at the lovely mess happier than they had been in years.

"Do you mean to tell me," he asked at last, "that people have been having this much fun all along?"

"Sure," Esther said, "radio doesn't have to be a jail."

Martin looked at his wife, the lovely little feminine thing who had pulled this miracle off.

"How did you do it?" he said.

"Why," she replied innocently, "by using *your* system—I found out all the talking points for my product before I tried to sell it!"

She reminded him that when he took on a new account he always spent a day talking to the executives of the company, finding out how they felt about their product, and then another day in the factory to learn for himself how the product was made.

Esther just followed suit. She had a tough product to sell—a move to the West Coast. But it was what Martin wanted most, and the only chance for the family to live a normal life. It would take work, but it was worth it.

First she bought the Encino ranch—for vacations, she said, for herself and the children. But she knew that as soon as Martin saw it—and he flew out to the coast to do just that—he would be on her side.

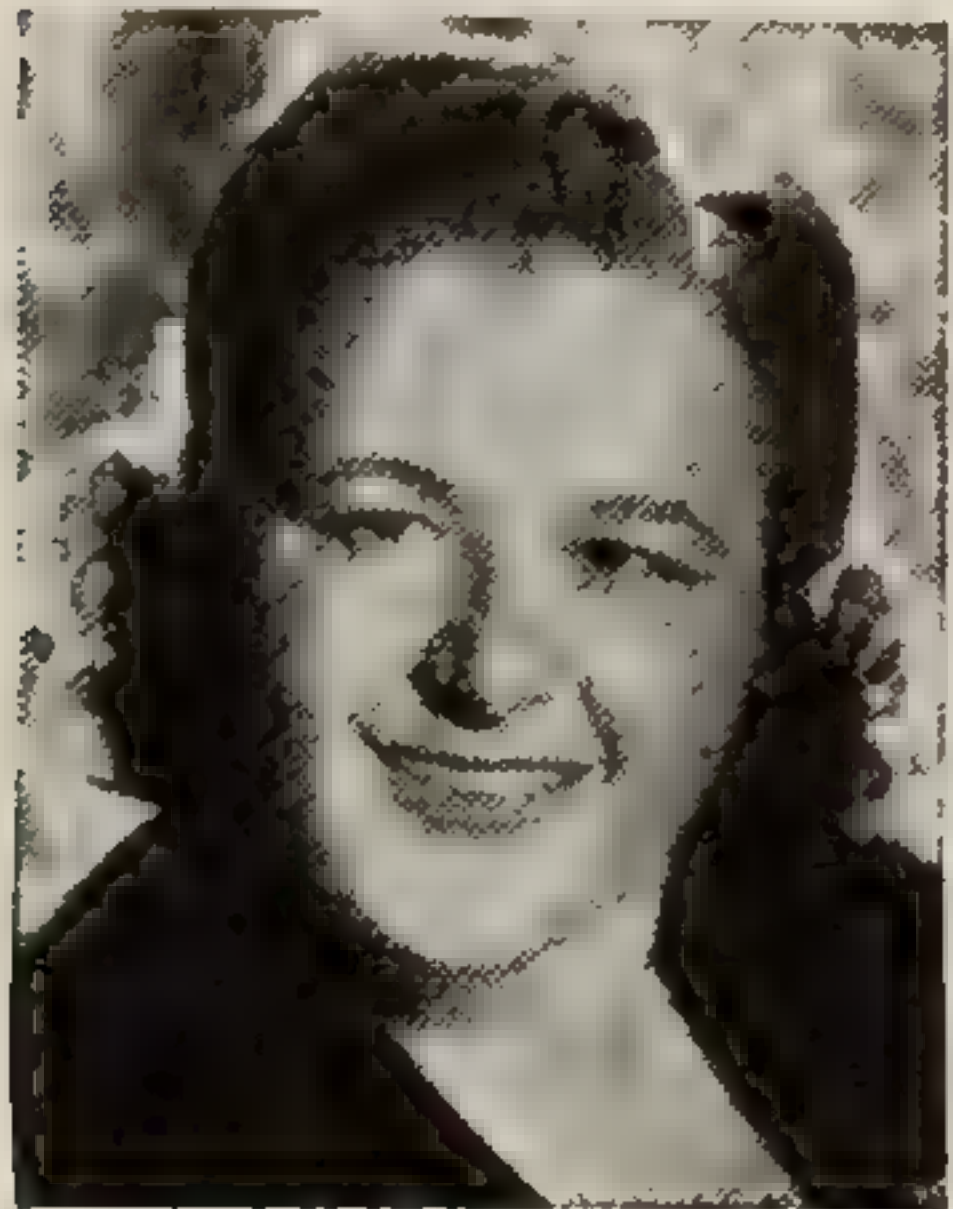
Then she found out "how the executives were thinking." It amounted to "No Transcriptions."

So she changed her tack. She dug up the offer from KFWB. Martin now could move to the coast with or without his New York job. But suddenly WNEW, threatened with the loss of their biggest attraction, thought that transcriptions would be great. (For obvious reasons: the six-a-week, fifteen minute shows with Block and records which began selling after the Hauptmann trial for \$129.50 a week for station, time and talent, were now drawing down \$1500—and there were twenty-two of them. That's business!) The Supper Club program was pleased to change its point of origination to the coast; the 400-station Mutual network came up with another offer which dovetailed nicely with the KFWB program. The Blocks, who had wanted to move west badly enough to take a stiff money loss, found their dreams coming true at a profit.

"I guess," Martin says fondly, "that Esther really found out how that product was made."

Esther hopes she doesn't have to take on another selling job for her super-salesman-husband—it's too much like work. But it was worth it to get Martin out in the sun Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday afternoons, and all day every Sunday. To give him a chance to live.

After a fourteen-year sentence in a gold-lined jail living—just plain living—can, the Blocks find, be very, very pleasant.

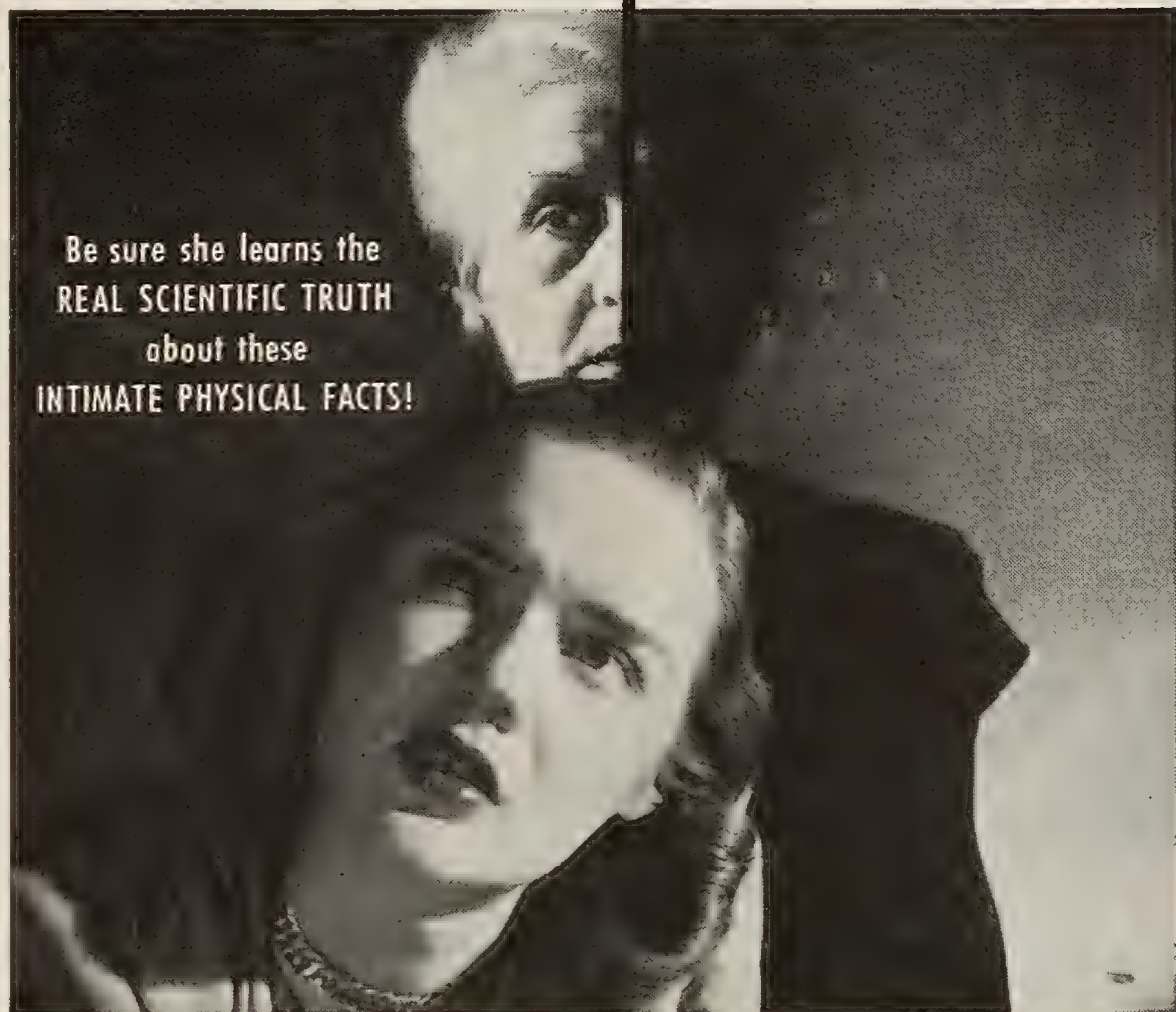


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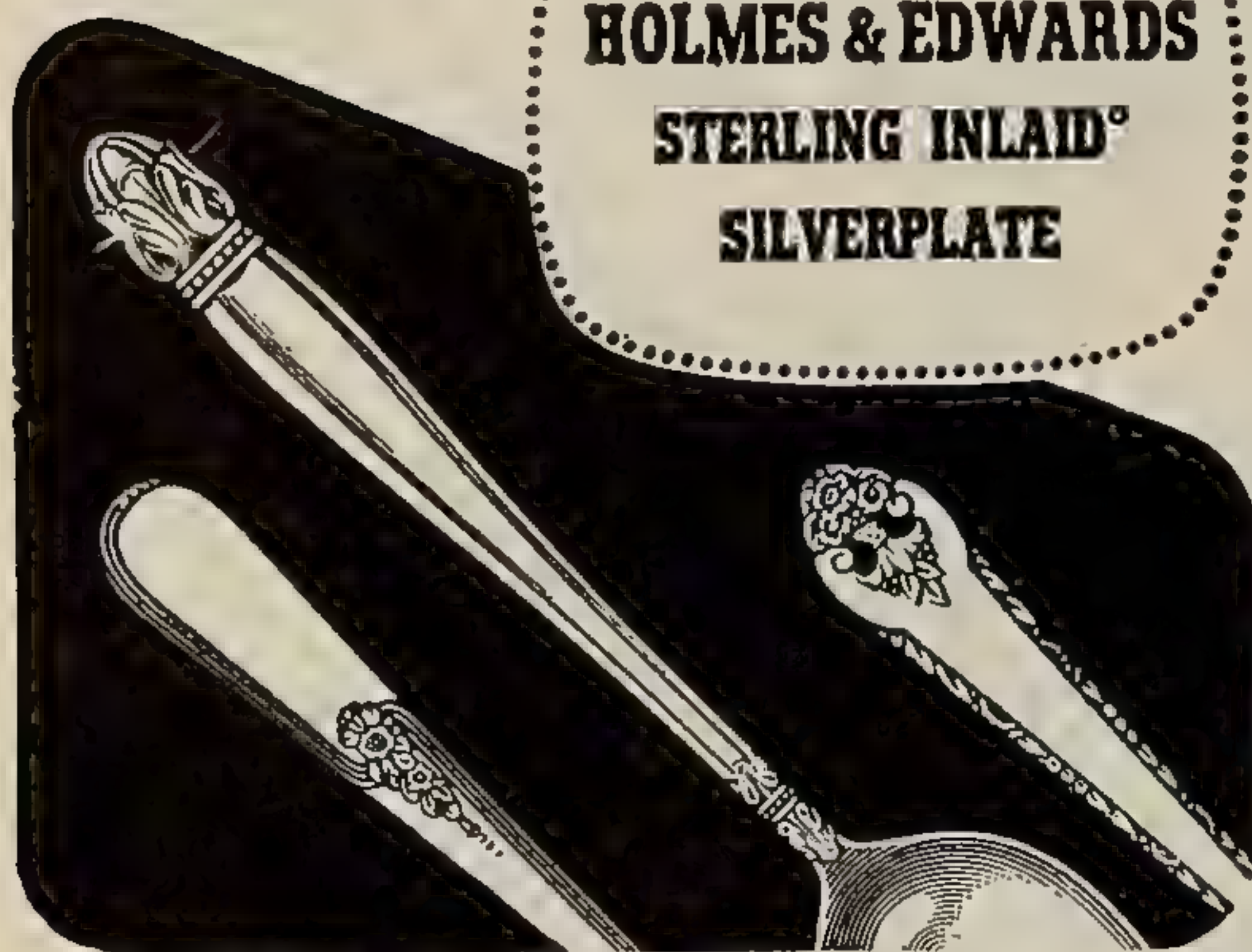


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The Pony Who Talked

(Continued from page 31)

him like a magnet. Near it was a bookcase. There was something pathetic in the way he pretended to look at the titles of those books—none of which he could possibly have understood—running a chubby finger down their covers, while all the time his whole self was in quivering attention upon the laughter and the game going on outside that window.

A child like that is too sensitive to be questioned openly.

I picked up a newspaper, and started to read from it in a kind of mumbling undertone, until he got used to the sound of my voice. Then I began to talk to him—using the newspaper as an excuse—

"—all this trouble in the world. Too bad people can't get along with each other. Take my son, Jim, for instance. Friendly as all get-out. All you got to do is smile at that boy and he's your friend. Just walk up there, Burke, and say, 'Hi, Jim!' and you'd be right in the games with the other boys—even if he is older than you. But walk up to him with a stiff look and a cold eye—why, he's as ready for a fight as the next one. People take you at your face value, Burke. You be friends and they'll be friends with you."

WITH his attention still focused on what was going on outside that window, Burke's defenses were down.

"Not me, Mr. McConnell. Kids don't like me. If I go outside now, they'll just stay away from me or call me a sissy. You know that!"

Score one for Burke. I did know that—and with a kid's realistic appraisal of himself and other children, Burke had neatly punctured my well-meant but fatuous generalities. The other boys had seen him when he first came in the door—they must have instantly labeled him a mamma's boy and a Little Lord Fauntleroy. If he were to go outside now, it would take more courage and cleverness for him to try to break down that barrier between himself and the others than most people possess.

My annoyance at the Gittlesons turned into something like anger.

I set myself to make friends with Burke. He wasn't an easy one to thaw, but gradually he began to talk about himself—what he had done that morning; how he was going to be a sailor when he grew up; about the star he got on his spelling paper that week.

"I'll bet your father's proud of that star, too, son," I reminded him, gently.

He was sitting now on the stool beside me, his eyes dreamy, his chin cupped in his hand.

"Oh, he isn't my real father, Mr. Smilin' Ed. I'm adopted. My own, real father was a sea captain and he was lost in a storm, but they think maybe he's still alive somewhere and he'll come back and get me soon."

Ordinarily, I'd never fall for that one. Lots of kids—when they're mad at their folks or disappointed, day-dream about being the long-lost son of some very glamorous figure. But Burke was so serious when he spoke and he had seemed so unimaginative all during our conversation that it fooled me.

Anyway, I nearly dropped another brick.

They were at the door, saying good-bye—Mr. Gittleson shaking hands—

when his wife spoke up.

"I'd like it very much, Mr. McConnell, if your son could come over and play with Burke. I'm afraid he doesn't have many friends. We can't understand what's the matter—our back lawn is filled with swings and slides to attract the children of the neighborhood, but Burke seems to be always alone."

That's when I almost lost Burke's friendship.

"Glad to, Mrs. Gittleson. I'll bring him over sometime—I think he'd enjoy going through that old sea chest—" I happened to look down at Burke.

His eyes were filled with a kind of panic and something that begged with me not to betray him. In a second I realized. I knew that Burke had been making up the whole story of the sea captain and the wonderful sea chest he had left for his son and that was supposed to be in Burke's room!

Lamely I went on, in the face of the Gittlesons' bewildered looks—"sorry—I guess I was thinking of something else. Another boy I know. Has a sea chest." I wasn't wiggling out of it very well, but at least Burke's eyes had given me back his trust. "Sure—I'll be glad to come over and bring my son. We'll let them get together, but I warn you to put Burke in overalls or blue jeans. Kids these days can get themselves pretty dirty, playing the way they do."

Well, I don't believe in forcing youngsters together, so I let the invitation ride. In fact, it was many months before I heard anything at all of this family. And then my memory was jogged because a neighbor of mine sold the Gittlesons a pony.

This was good news. A pony can be a fine companion for a lonely boy and it was more than idle curiosity that prompted me to question this neighbor after the pony had been delivered.

He told me: "Never saw a kid so excited in all my life. His folks are going to have a hard time keeping him out of that stable all day and all night. He went for Pinto with his whole heart the minute I brought the pony into the stable yard."

GOOD news, indeed. Pinto might help to fill up that lonely gap in Burke's life. After years of broadcasting to children, I know their natural hankering for animals. Why, Froggy, the gremlin, who entertains with me every Saturday gets more fan mail from children than I do.

It was quite by accident that I met the Gittlesons again. My own family was away, visiting, and I had tried to console myself with a visit to the local movie house. And coming out I bumped right into the Gittlesons. They lived close by, and Mrs. Gittleson urged me to run over for a moment with them for late coffee and cake.

It was while we were in the living room, waiting for Mrs. Gittleson to bring in the cake tray, that I asked Henry about Burke and Pinto.

I thought his hand trembled a little as he tried to light his pipe.

"Pinto?" He kept his eyes on the flaming match. He seemed to be trying to evade the answer, then abruptly he put down his pipe and leaned toward me in his chair.

"Nothing but trouble, Ed." We were on first names by now. "From the

minute that pony came into the stable, we've had nothing but trouble with Burke. Oh—he's just as well-behaved around the house and about most things as he always was, but—the boy's turning into a downright liar, Ed! Do you know—"

Mrs. Gittleston interrupted. "Are you talking about Burke and Pinto, Henry? I'm glad. Maybe Mr. McConnell can help us."

I could tell the matter was serious when the Gittlestons looked to someone else for advice. "You said he tells lies?" I prodded.

"Yes. Burke insists that Pinto talks to him—that he and that pony carry on long conversations. Either the boy is deliberately lying to us or his mind has slipped over the borderline between fact and fancy—and I'm sure it's not that. He gets furious when we try to point out the pony *can't* talk. And if you're to believe Burke, that animal is a pretty bad character." Henry tried to laugh, but it was a feeble effort.

"How do you mean?" I asked.

Mrs. Gittleston took up the story. "For instance, this morning. Burke told us, quite calmly, that Pinto said if I ever came near him in the stable, he'd bite me. And when I scolded Burke for saying that about his own mother, he repeated that he hadn't said it, Pinto did. I tried to make him admit he was angry with me because I wouldn't let him go next door and pick grapes, but he still insisted it was Pinto who didn't like me—not Burke."

HENRY took up the story. "Pinto can fly. Pinto can swim. Pinto can—and does, so Burke says—run away every night and have wild adventures which we have to hear about next day. Until that horse came, Ed, our son was a loving, obedient and docile child—now he has Pinto saying things about us both that would curl your hair! And he seems to think now that he can make Pinto responsible for saying these things, he can get away with it.

"Ed, I don't know what to do. The boy is turning into such a clever little liar!"

I tried to explain to them, then, my theories about children and their imaginations. But it wasn't much use. I tried to show them that adults have either learned to adjust or else found a way of escape—in their day-dreams, where they win wars single-handed, tell off the boss, win the girl, are heroes or villains just as they choose. Children make the mistake of telling their day-dreams.

Actually, I consider children to be the most ruthlessly honest individuals on earth. They will tell you, straight out, whether they like you or not. They haven't learned yet to be diplomats, hypocrites, tactful about their observations. And if a child trusts you he will tell you anything.

"—and if a kid thinks you're on his side, all the time, Henry, he'll confide in you," I said. "Let him tell you his conversations with Pinto; it's a good way of finding out what's going on in his head. I've had kids tell me the biggest whoppers you ever heard and I encourage them to tell me clear through to the finish. If you don't act shocked, usually a kid will wind up by saying of his own accord that it's a made-up story. I've had them say to me—'See, I fooled you, didn't I?' You'd be surprised what a kid reveals, that way, about himself and his ambitions and his resentments."

The Gittlestons listened politely, but I



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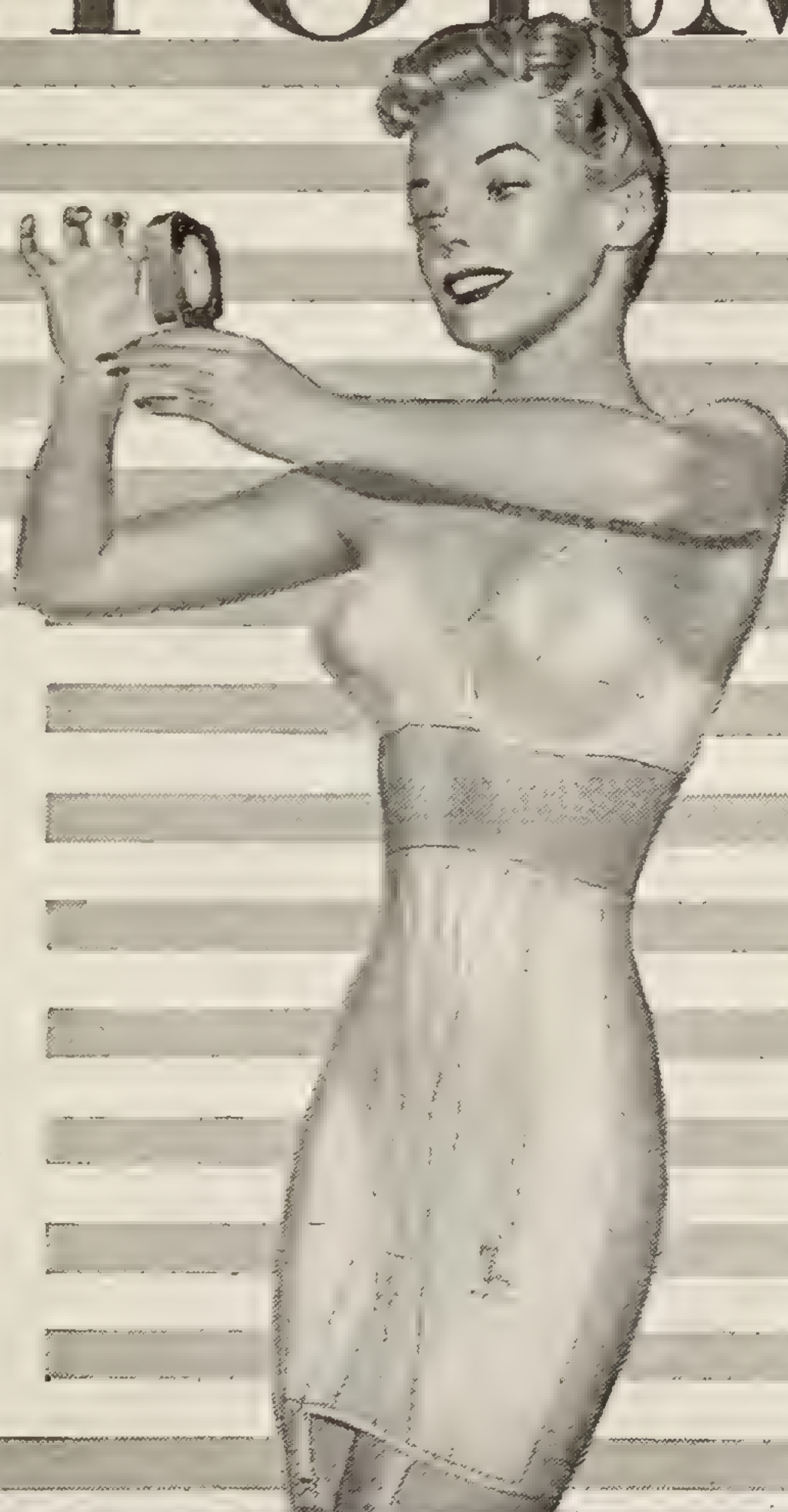
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knew we were talking a different language. To them it was all black and white. Burke was telling lies. Burke must be stopped from telling lies.

To say that I was troubled, going home, would be putting it mildly. I had hoped a great deal for little Burke from the companionship of his pony. I had hoped that its appearance in the neighborhood might also attract the other children. But the boy seemed to have retreated farther and farther into his dream-world. His fantasy that Pinto could talk was Burke's way of escaping the iron discipline imposed on him—Pinto was his outlet for being bad.

THE Gittlesons weren't unfeeling parents. They thought they were doing the right thing for their son, bringing him up so strictly.

Two nights later the phone rang, sharply.

It was three A.M., and I woke up blessing up and down the idiot who would get me out of bed at that hour. I stumbled to the telephone and answered it in no very friendly tones.

"Yes—who is it?"

The voice that answered was agitated to the point of panic.

"It's Henry Gittleston, Ed. I'm terribly sorry to wake you up like this—but Burke's gone!"

I was still half-asleep and the words didn't quite penetrate. "Gone? Gone where?"

"Just gone, Ed. I thought perhaps he'd run away to your house. He took Pinto, so they could have covered the distance in this time. Are you sure he's not there, somewhere?"

Wide awake by now and fully alarmed, I looked out through the sun porch window. "I don't think so, Henry, but I'll have a look. He might possibly be outside, but I would have heard Pinto, I think. Give me a few more details, first."

Henry explained that they had come home late and before retiring had looked in to see if the boy was okay. Burke's bed had been slept in, a window was wide open—and he was gone. The girl who "sat" with Burke while they were out reported that she'd heard nothing suspicious; she'd looked in only fifteen minutes before and then gone on reading her book. He was in bed, then. She'd heard no noise from the stables, but Burke had learned to bridle and saddle Pinto, himself, and he must have been careful in the dark.

I got dressed in a hurry and went outside. Little boys do run away quite often, but they don't usually make such elaborate plans as Burke had done. It looked as if he'd carefully waited for the best time—lain there in bed until just the right moment. I was plenty worried.

There was no sign of either him or Pinto on my place.

When I drove into the Gittlesons' an hour later, I asked the question that had been uppermost in my mind since Henry had first told me of the runaway.

"What made him do it?" I asked. "I certainly wouldn't have put him down as adventurous."

Henry looked as if he would like to tell me it was none of my business. He stiffened and his face closed up tight. But his wife was different.

Huddled in the chair, she was crying and not caring who saw her. I'll never forget those two in that room. There was only one dim light glowing over on the desk; the rest of the room was in

shadow. Outside the lanterns and flashlights bobbed up and down as friends and neighbors hunted for tracks of the pony. San Fernando Valley is a big place, for the most part residential and suburban, but out here where the Gittlesons lived there were larger orange ranches and farms, hills and big, fantastic rocks, gullies and underbrush—plenty of places for an eight-year-old to hide—or get lost in.

The strain of waiting was telling on Mrs. Gittleston.

And, on Henry, too. Suddenly the remnants of his self-assurance cracked wide open. He covered his face with his hands. "I don't understand it, Ed. Burke knows I've always wanted to do the best for him—he knows I only do things for his own good. I thought I knew my son, Ed. But today you would have thought I wasn't his father, the way he talked back to me. He said he hated me. He flew into a temper."

"What caused it?"

"I told him we would have to take Pinto away from him."

"Oh, Lord!" I thought, silently. And then, aloud: "And you expected him to understand that?"

"I've always expected him to understand that I do things for his own good. I never have to explain to him—he knows I try to be fair. He's intelligent. I told him he had been warned over and over again not to indulge his fancy over Pinto talking, but that it had reached the point where it would be best for him and the pony to separate. I knew he'd be disappointed—but I didn't think he'd go all to pieces like that—tell me he hated me—throw himself at me, screaming at the top of his lungs."

TALKING to Gittleston now was like kicking a man when he was down, but I'd never have a better chance to make him understand.

"You didn't expect that? You were prepared to take away the boy's closest friend, his other-self—"

He almost shouted at me. "Pinto's a horse! He's not a human being, even if you and Burke seem to think so."

"Of course not. But you kept Burke so slicked up and so polite, so full of do's and don'ts, he wasn't comfortable around other children—so Pinto was the closest thing in his life. Yes, I mean that. Parents can't ever really bridge that gap between them and their kids—not just years, but years of experience!"

I'd said enough. I'm not one for lecturing, anyway; where kids are concerned I've got too much to learn, myself. Besides, it wasn't good for Henry to sit here in the house while others were out hunting for his boy. Inaction would just rasp his nerves and he'd work himself into a state of agony.

All that night we hunted. When day broke we had narrowed the search down to one hill—particularly bad, particularly rocky. By process of elimination, by rousing all the neighbors in all directions, by inquiring in every all-night filling station and restaurant, the searching party came to the conclusion Burke and Pinto had left the main roads and struck up over this hill.

State troopers had joined us, and while their presence gave the search efficiency, it also added the final touch of ominousness. The boy had been out all night long and Burke was dressed thinly. There might be danger of exposure; there was worse to be expected from the boy's own shock if he were lost—or he might have fallen and be

lying hurt somewhere.

We reassured ourselves by saying that the pony, at least, was hard to hide. By honeycombing the hill with searchers we would be sure to hear Pinto nickering or moving about.

But Pinto was found that morning—and no Burke. A farmer came upon the little horse wandering aimlessly near a dirt road, dragging his bridle behind him.

Now the search doubled in intensity. Mrs. Gittleson was frantic, refusing the sedative the doctor ordered, pacing up and down outside the house, unable to sit still. Henry's neat, tidy face wore an unaccustomed haggard, disheveled look and his eyes were miserable and haunted. He drove himself tirelessly, punishing himself—forcing new paths through the scratchy underbrush, going over ground the others had already covered sometimes—as if he would cover every inch of the hill by himself.

It was dusk again, and I was trying to persuade Henry to go back to the house with me for a quick bite to eat, when the shout came—the shout we'd been praying for—

"We've found him! We've got him—he's safe!"

I saw Henry lean for a second against the trunk of a tree, weak in his relief. He took a long shuddering breath. Then he turned and plunged down the hill to where the little knot of men were hurriedly gathering.

Burke was safe. Exhausted and whimpering a little from shock and tiredness, but safe and unhurt.

One man carried in the limp little figure and put him on his bed, turning him over to his mother. There wasn't much Henry could say in his relief to the searching party; there wasn't much in the way of thanks that these friendly neighbors wanted to hear. They had children of their own and they well knew the burden of anxiety the parents had carried. One by one they slipped away. Even in their relief they kept their voices low so as not to disturb Mrs. Gittleson's vigil.

Though I doubt if she would have heard them, so intent was she on the boy on the bed. The doctor came, pronounced him well, though weak from his day-and-night ordeal without water or food—and ordered him to stay in bed for a while.

"Where did you find him?" I asked.

A neighbor whispered back. "A little cave on the hillside."

I might have known that. There's something instinctive for a child, when he finds himself in trouble, to hunt a place to hide himself. Have you ever seen a child crawl under a table or a chair when he's been punished?

I started to leave, too, but Henry laid his hand on my arm and held me back.

"Don't go, Ed. Not right now. If you don't mind—I'd—I'd like to talk. I'm tired, but I've got to talk. You see, Ed, I don't know what to do. When Burke's better, tomorrow, what am I going to say to him? How am I

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going to make him understand what he did? I can't punish him!"

"You punished him before. That's why he ran away, Henry. Are you just going to repeat the pattern all over again?"

"Is he going to grow up to be a liar, Ed?" he countered.

"I told you before, I'm no good at speechifying. But I'm going to say a few things. You keep a child or a pony on too tight a rein and what's going to happen? He's going to buck. A child has to grow up knowing the rules in this life, but you want him to be independent, too, don't you? How's a child going to think for himself if he's never allowed to make his own mistakes?"

Henry Gittleson said, humbly, "I know you're right about that, Ed. You're not the only one's told me I'm too strict with my boy. I can see my mistake, and when he's better the first thing I'm going to do is buy that kid a pair of overalls and hope he gets into plenty of dirt and maybe a few scraps. I'd like to see him with a bloody nose, even. But what bothers me is this lying business."

"CAN'T you get it straight?—the difference between lying and imagination?"

He hunched his shoulders, impatiently, but I went on.

"These stories he made up about Pinto came about because there was a need in Burke to escape into a world of fantasy where he and Pinto were free agents. It's a painful process for kids, growing up. They know they have to learn to compromise. They know they're earthbound; they know they have to live with other people; conform to certain rules; but they're fighting those rules, all the time. If the rules don't give once in a while—relax a little and let them have a breathing spell—they get frustrated."

I was going to get it off my chest while I had the chance. "Grown-ups like you and me can work out some of our frustrations by making some of our dreams come true. We have our audience to play for—whether we're lawyers like you, or radio people, like me. Or grown-ups fly aeroplanes or drive speedboats or pilot ships. But children don't have these realizations. They have to make them up. Why do you think comic books and fairy-tales appeal so much to children? Look how bad Burke made Pinto! He was just transferring to the pony all the deep-down violent reactions he, himself, had but was never allowed to show. Actually, Henry, you should have been grateful that Burke had Pinto to take out these resentments against you and society."

We were interrupted by Mrs. Gittleson, motioning to us from the bedroom door. We tiptoed into the room.

The boy on the bed turned his head at our approach, but his eyes were indifferent, hardly seeming to see us.

"Burke—" his father whispered, leaning over. And there was a yearning in his voice.

But the boy hardly seemed to hear him, though he looked straight at him. And now we saw that there was a hurt in the boy's eyes that had nothing to do with his physical condition.

He said, slowly—"Pinto left me. Pinto wouldn't stay with me. I called him and called him, but he left me."

This was Henry Gittleson's chance... his chance to forever disillusion his child; to destroy Burke's faith, forever,

in the magic of his make-believe world. I held my breath... waiting for the practical words, the no-nonsense, adult words that would tell Burke how foolish he was to expect a pony to act like anything but a pony.

Henry sat down, gently, on the bed. And presently he spoke.

"Maybe Pinto was smarter than you think, Burke. Maybe he knew you were both in trouble and he left you, so he could find us and tell us where you were. The only thing is—he forgot we couldn't talk to him. We didn't know how." And, somehow, Henry managed a chuckle that brought forth, like an echo, an answering, timid little smile from Burke. "I'll bet Pinto thought we were awfully stupid, after he left you just so he could find us and lead us to you, and then we couldn't understand a word he was saying!"

And then Burke laughed. Weak it was—but wonderful in the way he looked at his father as if they, two, shared a secret. Imagine!—Daddy thinking Pinto could talk!

I felt like shouting.

Gittleson brought little Burke over to my house a few days later, just as I was leaving for my Hollywood broadcast.

I took one look at them—at the way Burke leaned so companionably, so trustingly, against his father's shoulder—at the new pride and humility in Henry's eyes—and I invited them to go along. When something is as right as that relationship between the two, it's too good to miss.

The way they talked!—driving in. Like two old cronies. Henry was being very smart, not drawing a blanket of censorship over Burke's runaway, but letting him talk about it and getting it out of his system.

"—and then we rode and we rode and there was a big hill and a bear and a tiger and Pinto went right towards him and stamped on him with his feet and—"

"Yes? And then what happened to the bear, Burke?"

"Oh, he wasn't hurt!"

I cut in. "What did Pinto say to that?"

THE boy looked up at me, mischief and glee in his eyes. "Mr. McConnell! You know Pinto can't talk! Besides, I'm getting too big—big like my Daddy—I couldn't understand him anyway!"

I put them in the soundproof sponsor's booth to watch the show. I could see them laughing over the antics of Grandy, the piano; Squeaky, the box; Midnight, the cat; and Chickie, the hen.

But I noticed that the smile faded, and in its place there was a genuine interest and understanding, when Froggy, the gremlin, was holding forth. I know that Henry realized, seeing the raptures the children went into over the antics of the big, swaggering frog, played by announcer Arch Presby that Froggy is my conception of what all children would like to have around them—a gremlin who could get away with all the forbidden, the impossible things they would like to do, themselves.

I like to think—and Henry agrees with me—that Froggy is, to thousands of children, what Pinto was to Burke. A necessary transference of the desires they must inhibit. A friend who can defy the rules of society. And a wonderful figure for their imaginations to flow and build and create around; to help make their lives richer; to help them with their growing-up.

I Quizzed the Quiz Kids

(Continued from page 23)

letters were narrowed down to ten which the committee unanimously selected as best; and the ten teachers named in these letters were closely investigated by the committee.

I didn't even know that one of my former fourth-grade pupils had written a letter about me until I received a card from the Quiz Kids telling me about it. Even then, I didn't give the contest too much thought, regarding the letter as the mere childish enthusiasm of a boy I had in class the previous year, 10-year-old Edgar Nation, Jr. I found out later that Edgar's letter, for which he was awarded \$100, said:

"Miss Neal made me feel that I was 'somebody.'"

"NO one ever gets sent to the 'office' for punishment in Miss Neal's room, because we learn to handle things like that ourselves. We learned self-control because the rest of the room made you feel so bad when you misbehaved."

"Everyone in the room was in a hurry to get to school every morning because we had something to do and we wanted to get started. She called my mother once and told her how much I had improved in my arithmetic, and how well I was doing my work. To me that was so wonderful that I felt like working my head off for her."

"I began to feel like I could do things as well as the others and I sure liked school. I believe the main reason Miss Neal is such a good teacher is because she likes to teach school and she likes people. She's pretty, too."

I more or less forgot about the whole incident until I received a special delivery letter from Mr. Lewellen telling me that I was one of the ten finalists. Of course, I couldn't help mentioning it to a few of my friends, and pretty soon the whole town seemed to know about my good fortune. In the meantime, the judges read letters from my superiors in Jackson, and from other pupils and parents who wrote the Quiz Kids.

It seemed that I couldn't even visit the store to buy a bottle of milk without the clerk and other friends asking me, "Have you heard anything more, Miss Neal?" In fact, I thought quite seriously about walking around the town with a sandwich board, proclaiming, "No New News Yet."

Then I received a wire from Mr. Lewellen, asking if it would be convenient for me to have him visit my classroom. Of course, I immediately wired back that I would enjoy having him visit us.

I must say that I've never been dismissed from my own classroom more gracefully than when Mr. Lewellen dismissed me. He talked with the superintendent and others, and then visited the room. "You know," he said, "I've always wondered if I would be able to teach a group of children, all by myself. Would you be good enough to let me try it, Miss Neal?"

The children told me later that Mr. Lewellen just wanted to chat with them. (As if I didn't know, and as if I wasn't out in the hall keeping my fingers crossed!) "He said he just wanted to have a heart-to-heart talk

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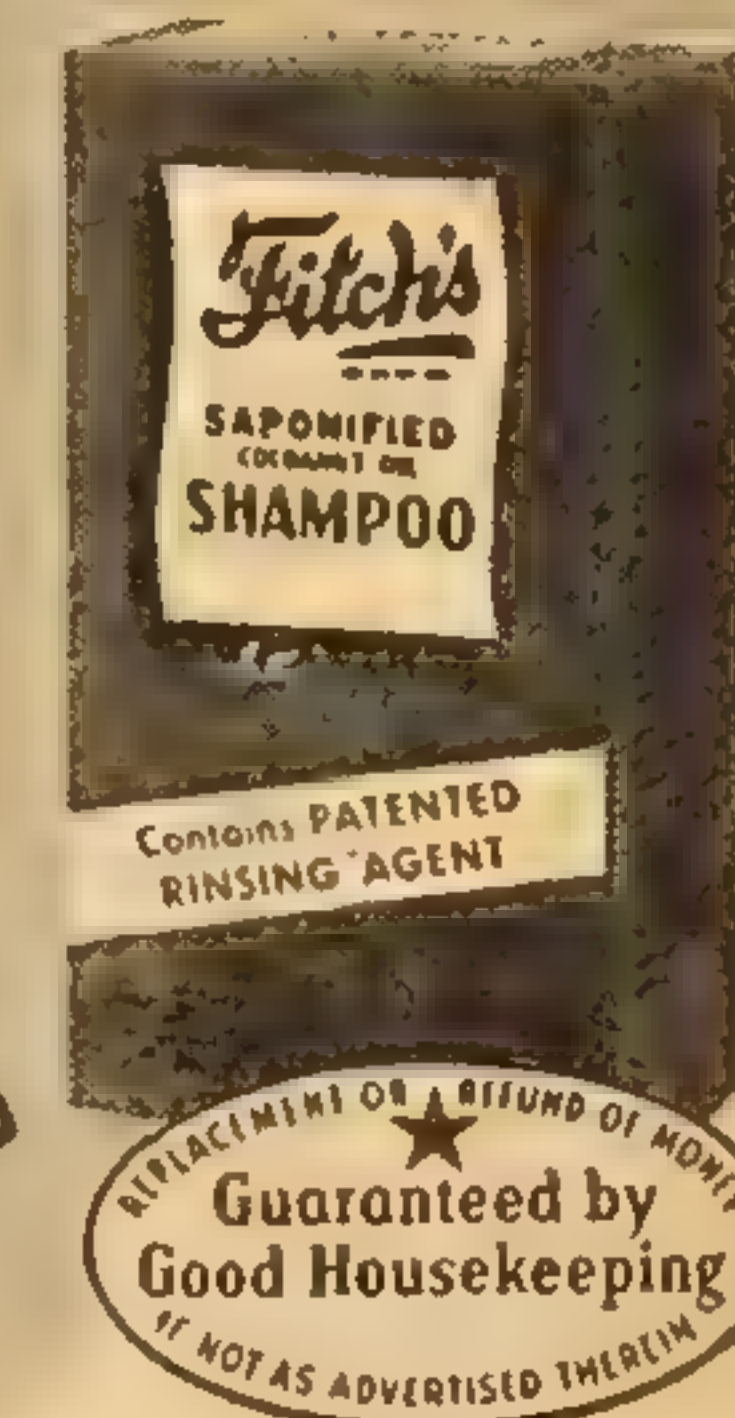


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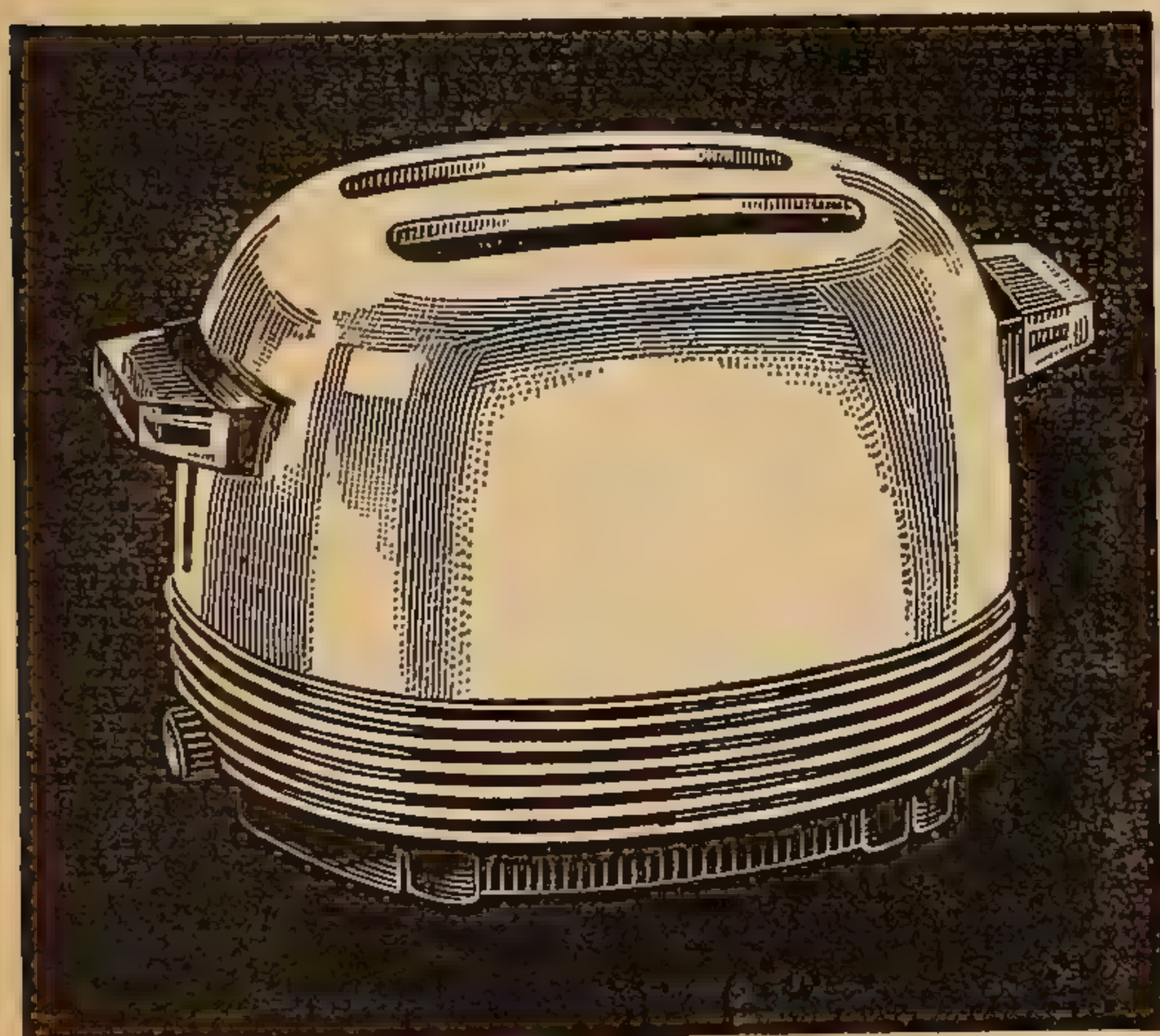
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with us about you," one of them told me later. "He asked us if we could think of any way in which you aren't perfect. We thought and thought. Finally, one boy put up his hand and said, 'Well, she sometimes makes mistakes in arithmetic.' But five of us raised our hands then, and another boy said, 'She didn't make mistakes until she got your letter about the prize!'"

Several days later, while I was teaching class, I was called to the telephone. It was Mr. Langcliff, program director of station WJDX in Jackson.

"Say," he said, "have you heard anything from the Quiz Kids?"

"No, nothing more," I replied. "Well, I've just received a wire," Mr. Langcliff said. "They're sending you one too, but this must have been delivered first. You've won the contest!"

WHEN I returned to the classroom I just sat down, and looked at the children. They were quiet, expectantly waiting for me to say something about our bird studies. I just said, "Well, children, I've won the contest."

And then, I declare I've never heard such pandemonium in all my life. Those children just shouted, and yelled, and some of the boys whistled as loud as they could. Almost immediately, two or three pupils who had been in the hall, and another teacher, looked in the door. "She's won the contest! She's won the contest!" the children were shouting over and over.

Schoolroom decorum was destroyed as classroom door after classroom door opened and the children called to each other, "Miss Neal has won the contest! Miss Neal has won the contest!" I'm afraid that was quite the end of studying that day!

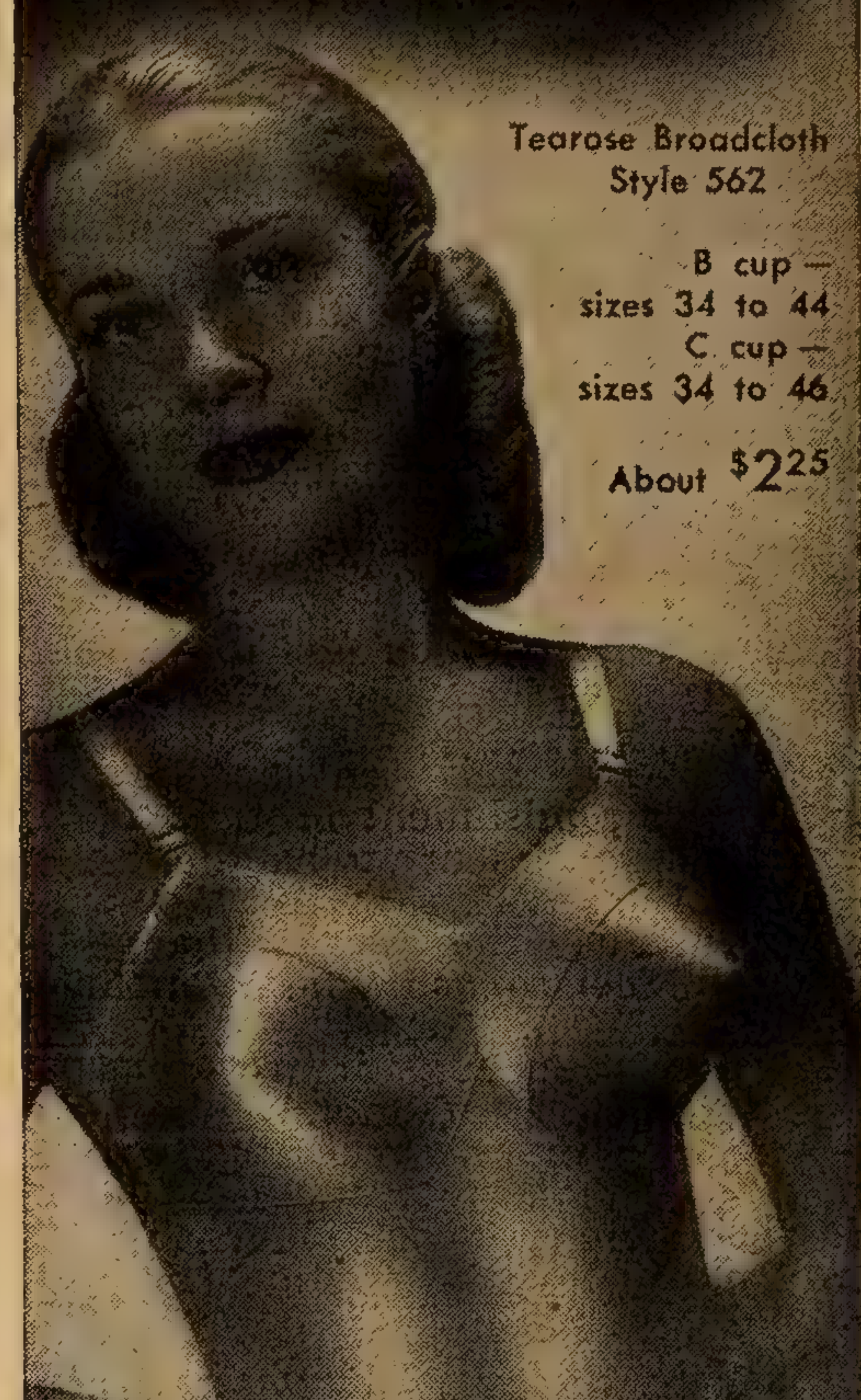
I was interviewed on WJDX at 9:00 on the next Sunday morning, and that afternoon my name was announced on the Quiz Kids program itself. Overnight I became a local celebrity—which I can assure you is something for a schoolteacher! Reporters came to the school during noontime, and photographers took pictures of the class. It was all very exciting for the children—although I'm again afraid that in all the excitement that week we didn't get much work done!

As the news traveled around the town, everybody was simply grand to me! In fact, everybody in two towns was grand! You see, although I stay in Jackson during the week, while I'm teaching school, I go home every weekend. My home town is really Brandon, fifteen miles from Jackson, where my mother and father live. My father has been an invalid for five years, so those visits home mean a great deal to me. Scores of people in Jackson and Brandon wrote me letters, and called me on the telephone, to congratulate me and to wish me an enjoyable visit in Chicago. I heard from former pupils I hadn't seen for years—my goodness, some of them were married and raising three children!

To supplement my salary as a schoolteacher, which was only \$1,900 a year, I had been working from 6:30 to 9:30 each night, and from noon to 9:30 P.M. on Saturday, at the Paramount-Richards Theatre, taking tickets. Yes, I'm quite an accomplished ticket-tearer. That brought me an additional income, and helped balance the budget.

The theater planned a big party for me, and even put my name up on

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the marquee—in letters just as big as those they use for Betty Grable! The Parent-Teachers' Association presented me with a beautiful set of luggage, and the theater employees gave me toilet articles, perfume and a diary. (But I was so busy in Chicago I didn't even have time to write a line in the diary—I filled it all in later!) Mr. Richards of the theater sent me a handsome check, too. And the PTA mothers gave me another party in the school auditorium, where they brought together all the things the various stores in Jackson gave me—a black woolen suit, black dress and hat, purse, gloves, white blouse, costume jewelry, overnight bag, cosmetic kits, lingerie, hose by the dozen, boxes of candy, flowers and other gifts. It felt just as if I'd hit the jackpot of *all* the giveaway radio programs at one time!

I received an orchid on the Orchids to You radio program of station WSLI, and wore it to the airport. Jackson city officials took me to my Chicago and Southern Dixieliner with motorcycles and police escort cars sounding their sirens. Even the state superintendent of education was there. I'm sure some of the people at the airport from out of town must have thought President Truman had come to Jackson!

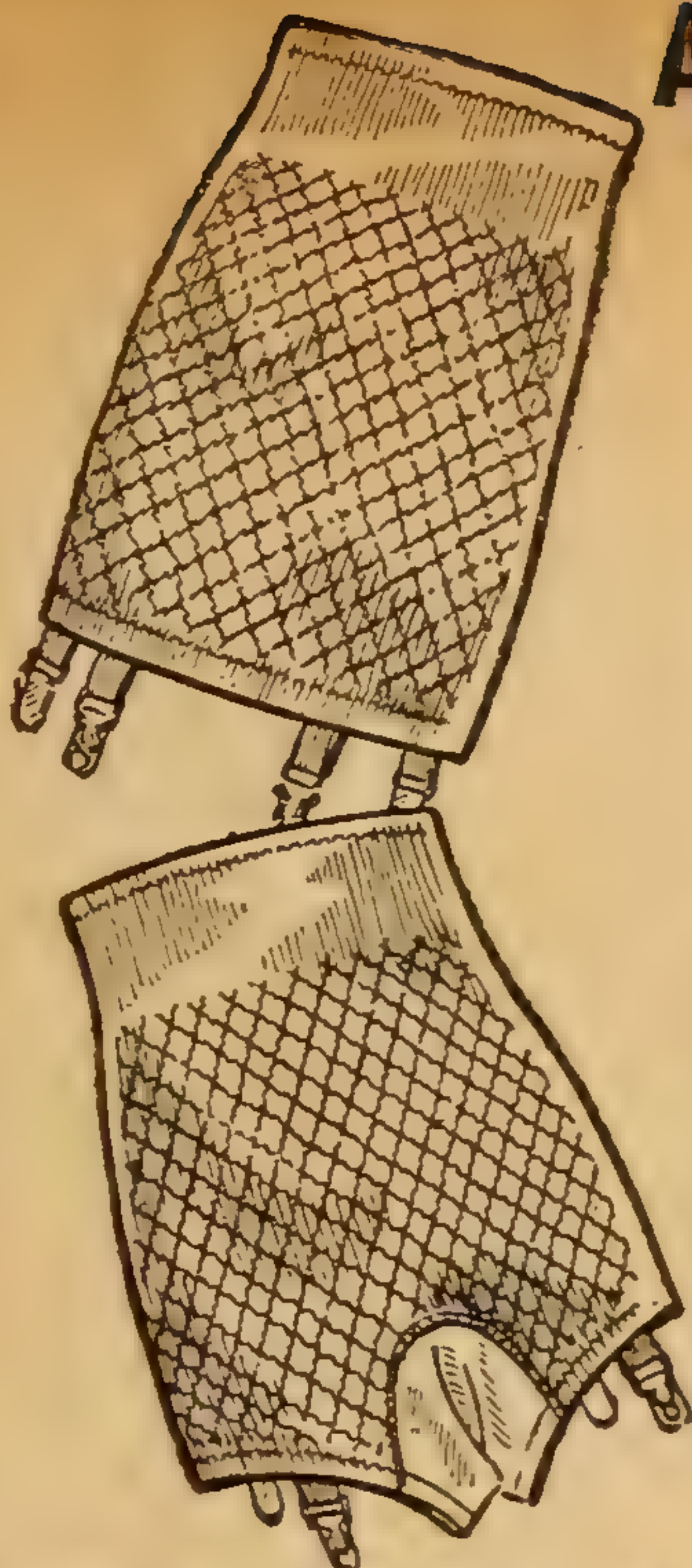
My trip was especially pleasant because the Quiz Kids had invited me to bring along a traveling companion. One of my best friends and a first grade teacher at Duling School is Patricia Seamans, and it made me very happy to be able to ask her if she wouldn't like to join in the fun. We talked and talked about what we were going to do in Chicago—just as two little kittens might talk about a trip to a catnip factory, I'm sure!

ONE of my former pupils, John Malard, had given me a question for the Quiz Kids at the airport—"Radium finally changes into what other substance?" I made a little note so I wouldn't forget to ask if that question might be used. For I knew that John was anxious to have either one of those Zenith Transoceanic portable radios which the Quiz Kids give for each question used on the show, or the Zenith radio-phonograph combination which is sent to people submitting a question which the Quiz Kids somehow miss.

It seemed as if the Quiz Kids were expecting me to see the entire city of Chicago, and to meet everybody in it, in four days! We arrived in Chicago on Tuesday afternoon, and the Quiz Kids had a special car to take us to our room at the Knickerbocker Hotel. That evening, Mr. Lewellen and Miss Eliza Merrill Hickok of the Quiz Kids staff, who wrote the book "The Quiz Kids," took us to dinner. (Friends of Miss Hickok call her by her nickname, "Roby," and she asked me to use it too. I liked that.)

On Wednesday morning I had my first of a whole parade of pleasant surprises—breakfast in bed! I hadn't had breakfast in bed since I'd had the mumps as a little girl—and I'd never been served in fancy hotel-style before. What's more, I had breakfast in bed for the next three days, too. After dressing, I met Roby.

We went to Marshall Field & Co., where I selected an entire new outfit in the "Tip to Toe" shop, as a compliment from the store. When they say "Tip to Toe" they aren't joking, for the salesgirls scurried around from one de-



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partment to another to get just what I wanted so I wouldn't have to walk around. I selected a black faille suit, white blouse, black Milan straw hat with a big cerise bow, white gloves, black patent leather purse and patent pumps. I felt as if they were trying to dress me up for one of their State Street show windows. They did offer me a job as a model—a live one, I mean—and it would have been fun, I must admit!

Then we took a cab to the huge Merchandise Mart, where NBC has its beautiful Chicago studios. I was interviewed by Elizabeth Hart on her Elizabeth Hart Presents program at 12:30 on WMAQ, and had a chance to talk about my new finery. After that, another cab! This time we went to the Bismarck Hotel, for what they call a "press luncheon." There were dozens of reporters, and people from radio, and columnists—I only wish I could remember all their names! But they were all very pleasant, and I answered their questions as well as I could.

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S came next—where a complete "work-over" was waiting for me as their guest. Roby popped us into another cab. I had a wonderful facial—and my first body massage. I felt as if I were glowing all over, with little electric lights stuck all over me—a grand and glorious feeling! That night, Pattie and I had a quiet dinner together at the Yar, a beautiful restaurant done in the Russian motif, near the Knickerbocker.

Another trip to Elizabeth Arden's was waiting for me the next morning—and my "beauty treatment" continued with a manicure, finger wave and pedicure. Then I met Miss Mary S. Wilkinson of the Chicago *Sun* for luncheon at the Knickerbocker. (The following Monday, I read her nice story in her "The Business Box" column, written from the woman's angle. I thought, "My goodness, did I say all that?"

Immediately after our luncheon, I found *two* men waiting for me in the lobby—Bud Thorpe, of WMAQ, and a photographer from Acme Photo Syndicate. Mr. Thorpe made a wire recording of his interview with me, and later on I had an opportunity to hear myself as others hear me—a most enlightening experience! The recording was played on Bud's News on the Spot program.

After dressing for dinner, Roby picked us up and we went to the Empire Room of the Palmer House for dinner. We had steak, too—and the tall and good looking headwaiter, Fritz, was most attentive. Then we had tickets for "The Red Mill." Our seats were right in the front row, center! And they even took me backstage before the performance—right into comedian Jack Whiting's dressing room, where he and Buster West showed me how they put on their theatrical make-up. We visited conductor Pembroke Davenport in the pit, too! And how I was impressed by the height of the backstage area—14 stories in order to pull the curtains and drops way up into the loft!

Friday morning, Pattie and I went out to the University of Chicago Laboratory School, on Chicago's south side. We "sat in" at both the first and fourth grade, and had a chat with the principal. I think the University has a fine school, and I was interested in seeing that their procedures and text books were quite similar to ours. At



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last, aside from just having a good time, I could feel that I had really learned something, too!

That night, we had dinner at the Marine Dining Room of the Edgewater Beach Hotel with several executives of the company, ending in a theater party at the Selwyn where Billie Burke was playing in "Accidentally Yours." Tired again when we got to bed? You bet! But happy again? Yes, indeed!

Originally, Saturday was listed as a "free day" on my schedule. But that didn't last long! First, there was another trip to the beauty salon—then a session with the Quiz Kids staff to go over the script for the radio program on Sunday. Pattie has some friends in Chicago, and they invited us for dinner that evening at the South Shore Country Club—a beautiful spot right on the lake front. It was another eventful day, but I must admit that when we finally got to bed, I was nervously wondering if I would stumble all over my words on the actual broadcast the next day.

High point of my entire trip was my appearance on the Quiz Kids program itself, of course. At the program, Joe Kelly sits at a small "teacher's" table opposite the Quiz Kids themselves. The Quiz Kids have individual desks set in a row on a platform, each with its own microphone. On the program were Joel Kupperman, 11; Lonny Lunde, 11; Mike Mullin, 9; Patrick Conolon, 10; and Sidney Coleman, 11, who came out winner in the Chicago Times-WLS Quizdown.

I HAD to laugh when Lonny answered a question during the "warm-up" period which the radio listeners don't hear—although Joe Kelly put on a long face. The question was, "What can take a turn without moving?" Patrick said, "Railroad tracks." Then Lonny, a grin on his face, said, "Well, I could take my turn without moving!"

For the first half of the program I sat on Joe Kelly's right as he asked the questions—and a more jovial man I've never seen! With his full face and blue eyes, he radiates the Irish in him.

Before we started off the second half of the questions, Mr. Kelly interviewed me—and what nice things he said! He said, "Miss Neal is a tall handsome woman with twinkling blue eyes, a schoolgirl complexion, and a wonderful smile!" I ought to write him a nice note of thanks every day for a year, for that!

Mr. Kelly said that he understood I was trying to complete my own college work. I told him yes, that for ten years I've gone to summer school, borrowing tuition money from the bank in Brandon in summer and paying it back in winter. I had only about six months to go before I got my degree. Then, Mr. Kelly told me something that made me very happy—that the Quiz Kids scholarship committee discovered my class had an outstanding record of accomplishment. I do give some of my free time to helping children in their personal problems, which Joe also mentioned.

For the second group of questions, I changed places at the Quizmaster's table with Mr. Kelly. I asked John's question first—"Radium finally changes into what other substance?" Then I held my breath.

Sidney's hand went up first. "Helium," he said.

"No," I replied, "I'm afraid that's

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*Pile Ointment and Suppositories.

not correct." There was a brief pause. Then Pat raised his hand. "Neptunium," he guessed, incorrectly. Sidney took his turn. "Lead," he said.

"Oh!" I replied. "That's right!" But John is very happy with his portable radio because he can take it on picnics with him—and he couldn't do that with the bigger combination! So that was all to the good—and I went on with my questions.

I didn't know until Mr. Kelly told me on the air that besides the money and the trip to Chicago, I was also to receive a 1947 edition of the World Book, and a new DeVry 16-millimeter motion picture sound projector and radiant screen. I'll certainly be making good use of them all.

"HIGH point of the high point" came when I stepped down from the table to the center microphone standing on the floor, and Mr. Beardsley presented me with the check for \$2,500. I wish everybody who didn't hear his words would read them closely. And even if you did hear him, I hope you will give his comments added thought. Mr. Beardsley said:

"The future of our country depends upon our children and their education. This is something we all know, but seldom think about. The freedom and democracy of America will be entrusted to our children who are growing up and going to school today. The preservation of our American way of life depends upon how well we train and educate our children for the responsibilities which will fall on their shoulders tomorrow.

"The training and education of our children depend upon the teachers in our schools. This is why Miles Laboratories and the Quiz Kids are pleased and proud to honor Miss Neal today.

"The only reason for making this annual award is to impress upon you listeners the big debt of gratitude we owe to all the fine women and men who are entrusted with the teaching of our children in American schools. It is in the schoolroom they spend so many hours under the guidance of their teachers.

"If this award to Miss Neal today stimulates a more active interest in the teachers in your community and in your school affairs, and if it makes you conscious that the teachers in our schools should receive the appreciation, both personal and financial, they so richly deserve, then this idea of ours in sponsoring a nation-wide teacher's contest will not have been in vain.

"Our first award goes to a woman you have all heard on our program today. One of the accomplishments which has earned for Miss Neal the love and respect of her pupils, past and present, was the way in which she helped and understood her students in their personal and scholastic problems."

Edgar Nation and his parents came to Chicago, too, and Mr. Beardsley asked Edgar if he thought the scholarship committee made the right choice in selecting me. I was a little worried there, for a moment. Edgar said, into the microphone, "She's not the best teacher in the United States." Then he paused, and I wondered what he was going to reprimand me for! But Edgar continued, "She's the best teacher in the whole wide world!"

After the program, newsreel men took pictures. Then we were Mr. Beardsley's guests at a dinner in the Walnut Room of the Bismarck Hotel.



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Finally, we went to Mr. Lewellen's home for a visit, which I specially wanted to do—his wife and children make a wonderful family.

That night I did manage to get to bed early—by 10 o'clock, somehow. The next day, we wanted to shine early in the morning—for ABC's Breakfast Club. Pattie and I managed to get to the studio by 7:30 A.M., Chicago time, by gulping our coffee. Don McNeil interviewed me (by this time I was beginning to feel on actual speaking terms with a microphone), Jack Owens sang to me (on his knees!) and I conducted a spell-down between Adeline Elliott of Conyers, Ga., who won the sixth and seventh grade spell-down in her school, and Sam Cowling. Sam flunked out when I asked him to spell "phantasmagoria" and he said "C-A-T—cat!"

Immediately after the Breakfast Club we scooted over to Seymour's, where some of the biggest names on the stage and in motion pictures have been photographed, and where the Quiz Kids had arranged for my "glamor" pictures to be taken. I sat under the bright lights on their tall stands, and Mr. Seymour positioned me "just so." He was gracious enough to say he wasn't disappointed in me as a subject—and the picture is now on the mantel at home. Then, another cab—to Field's again. And still another cab—this time to the Chicago Herald-American, where more pictures were taken of me modeling hats from Field's.

That cleaned everything up! All appointments, interviews, dinners and luncheons were completed and accounted for. So—yes, you're right—I stayed in Chicago two more days to rest up!

Just before I checked out of the Knickerbocker on Wednesday, one more thing *did* happen to me, although up to that morning I couldn't see how there was room for anything else. The Encyclopedia Britannica called me, and told me that if I would write them, I could have my pick of their educational films—with their compliments—for my classroom use. We'll certainly be having a lot of movies now!

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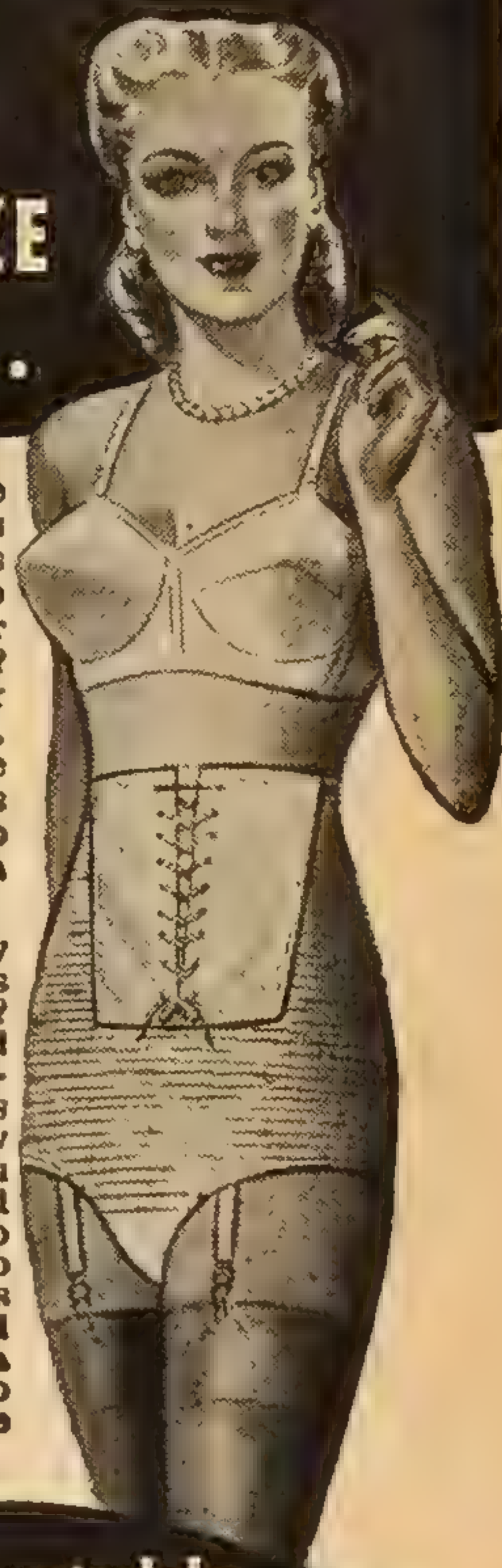
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popular ideas when I say that I think education is life, not merely development for life. I believe in the all-around development of the child—morally and physically as well as in religion and education. Teachers must work with the parents in order to develop a well-educated child, who will find school a rich experience.

Perhaps that's why I've developed my "Citizenship Club," which has attracted some attention. It is organized to train children in becoming good citizens—to teach them to live and work together, to be happy and to get along well with other people, and to do the things that they do well. They choose their own officers by democratic voting, set up their own standards of behavior, and administer their own punishments for wrongdoing. Of course, I give a guiding hand, but I try to stay in the background.

EACH semester we concentrate on developing two or three points—such as cooperation, good sportsmanship, self control, responsibility and working well with others. For example, last semester we stressed sportsmanship. The children made up a chart, with each name in a column to the left, and headings to the right indicating "Excellent," "Good," "Fair," and "Poor." Each week, arrows would indicate how each child had progressed—for better or for worse—and the direction of those arrows was indicated by the children themselves. The class actually is proud of one who improves and becomes a "good boy." I've found that if you discover a bad trait, and enlist the disapproval of the group in that trait, half your battle of eliminating the trait is won. I give special attention to developing working habits—neatness, promptness and accuracy.

One day I came into the classroom after a number of the children had already arrived, and they were going ahead with a "trial." The judge was in my chair, the jury had been impaneled, defense and opposition lawyers were on hand, and two boys were on the witness stand accused of destroying a bird's nest. At the time we were studying birds, each child was making a bird scrapbook, and to heighten interest we had joined the Audubon Society. The boys were found guilty, and their sentence was to miss half of their play period for two days.

The students are given different responsibilities—one takes charge of purchasing and writing all lunch tickets, another checks attendance, others act as monitors of washrooms, playground, and the classroom if I leave my desk for a moment. If a student talks out of turn, or constantly interrupts someone else, or isn't a good sport in taking the decision of the umpire on the playground, he is reported to the proper committee. The committee decides what to do, and may order a trial. Penalties may be that the offender must miss a play period, or stay after school, or be deprived of going to a program in the auditorium.

In showing children how to act if they want other children to like them, I have made use of Munro Leaf's interesting "characters." One little boy in my class had been spoiled at home—he tried to do all the talking in class, and to be the center of attention. When the other students called "Blabbermouth! Blabbermouth!" at him one day, he cried—but the combined disapproval of the others was far more

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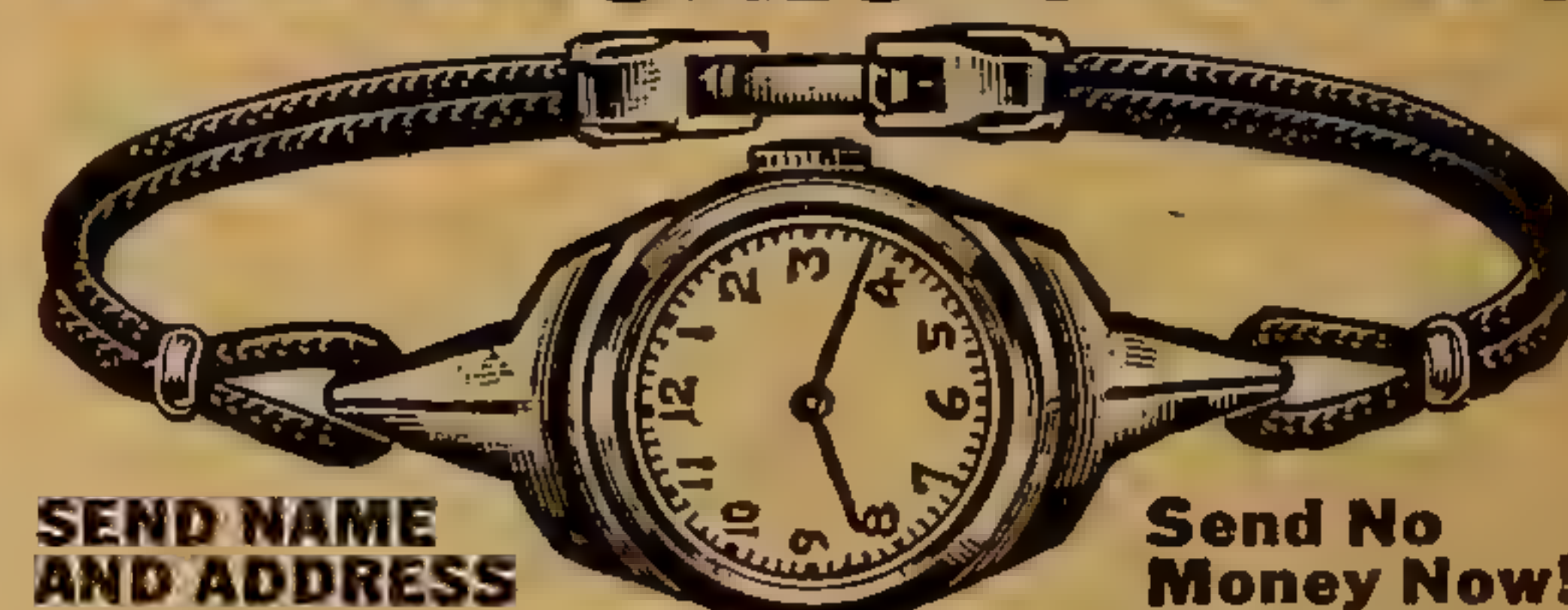
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effective in breaking this habit than my lecturing him might have been.

Another child would often have a "temper tantrum" if things didn't go exactly his way. The children solved that problem for me when one of them drew a picture of "Temper Tantrum" on the blackboard and wrote the boy's name below it. I didn't erase the picture, and it quickly cured the boy.

The \$2,500 award will make it possible for me to accomplish something I've been wanting to do for many years—obtain my B.S. degree. I have been taking summer school courses at Millsaps College and Belhaven College in Jackson, and extension work from Peabody College. Now I'll be able to go right ahead and get my Master's degree in elementary education—and nothing could please me more.

Teaching has been my profession for twenty-four years. When I was a little girl on my father's farm near Brandon, and walked two miles to school each day, I had little idea of ever becoming a teacher. It was much more fun playing in the hay mow, and riding my pony, Dixie. As a youngster I could catch a horse, place a saddle, and even help in the round-up for the dipping vat. I can still remember how Dixie threw me one day, and I was knocked out for a moment. But Dixie came back when I called him. I didn't tell daddy about that until Dixie was sold, for I was afraid he might not let me ride any more!

I WENT to high school at Rankin I County Agricultural High School at Johns, Miss., which was twelve miles from the farm. The family moved into Johns for a couple of years, but then returned to the farm. Dad had a grocery business in Jackson for a while.

I passed the state board examination for teachers after graduating from high school, but I still didn't know just what I wanted to do. Dad sent me for a two-year course at Hillman College, at Clinton, Miss. It was a girl's school at that time, and has since been absorbed into Mississippi College, which is co-educational. Somehow, I was elected "best sport" during my senior year—for the pranks I used to pull on the other girls in our residence hall.

After graduating from Hillman I taught piano for a year at Rankin A.H.S., and then took my teacher's examination. My first job was at Fanin, a county school near Brandon—and how scared I was the first day I took a class! But all went well, and I took other teaching positions at Purvis and at Meridian. Then I went to Duling School, where I've taught fourth grade for the past nineteen years.

They have been fine years, crammed with a lot of interest and some feeling of accomplishment in watching the children I have taught grow into upright young men and women. I am looking forward to continuing that work.

The Quiz Kids gave me a transcription of the program, and in future years I can just see myself going over to station WJDX and asking them if they would play it for me! Seriously, however, I don't think anyone can possibly realize just how much this Quiz Kid Scholarship award means to me and to all teachers. It is a great thing, and it will help so much in overcoming the inadequate salaries, the lack of appreciation, and the obsolete social restrictions that discourage so many young women and young men from becoming teachers.

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Apple Pie Orders

(Continued from page 53)

Sour Cream Apple Pie

- 6 medium apples, peeled and sliced
- 2/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 cup thick sour cream
- 1 unbaked 9-inch pie shell

Mix together all ingredients except the pie shell. Pour into shell. Bake in a hot oven (425° F) 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (350° F) and bake 30 minutes or until apples are tender. Makes one 9-inch pie.

Apple Snow Pudding

- 1 1/2 tablespoons plain gelatin
- 1 1/4 cups water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 apple, grated
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Combine gelatin, water, sugar, salt and cinnamon. Heat over medium heat until gelatin and sugar are dissolved. Cool until syrupy. Stir in apple and lemon juice. Chill until partly set. Beat mixture with a rotary beater until frothy. Fold in egg whites. Pour into a 1 1/2 quart mold or bowl. Chill until firm. Unmold and serve with cream or custard sauce. Makes 6 servings.

Applesauce Cake

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon cloves
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup applesauce

Sift together dry ingredients. Stir in raisins and nuts, mixing until they are well covered with flour mixture. Cream shortening until light and fluffy. Add sugar gradually, beating thoroughly after each addition. Beat in egg. Add dry ingredients alternately with the applesauce, beating thoroughly after each addition. Pour batter into a greased 8-inch x 5-inch x 3-inch loaf pan and bake in a very moderate oven (325° F) 1 1/2 hours. Makes one loaf cake.

Apple Upside-Down Cake

- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 2 large apples, peeled and sliced
- 1 3/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon ginger
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup buttermilk

Melt butter in an 8-inch square pan. Spread brown sugar over butter. Place sliced apples on top of brown sugar in desired pattern. Sift together dry ingredients. Cream shortening, gradually add sugar, creaming until light

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and fluffy. Stir in molasses, blend well. Beat in egg and buttermilk. Stir in dry ingredients all at once and beat until smooth. Pour batter over apples. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F) 40 minutes. Remove from oven and turn upside down on a plate. Let stand about 1 minute to allow syrup to drain on the cake. Makes one 8-inch square cake.

Apple Strudel

1 1/2 cups sifted flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons shortening
3 tablespoons milk
1 egg, beaten
2 cups finely chopped apple
1/2 cup chopped raisins
1/2 cup chopped almonds
1/2 cup sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon mace
1 cup dry bread crumbs
1/4 cup butter, melted

Sift together flour and salt. Cut in shortening. Add egg and milk and stir thoroughly. Knead dough for 1 minute, return to bowl and let stand in a warm place for 30 minutes. Roll and pull on a lightly floured board until dough is paper thin. Mix together remaining ingredients. Spread over dough and roll like a jelly roll. Place on a large buttered baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven (450° F) 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (350° F) and bake 30 minutes. Brush with melted butter twice during the baking time. Makes 8 servings.

Applesauce Torte

1 1/2 cups graham-cracker crumbs
3 tablespoons melted butter
Dash nutmeg
3 eggs, separated
1 tall can sweetened condensed milk
3 tablespoons orange juice
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 cups applesauce

Combine cracker crumbs, melted butter, and nutmeg; mix well. Place crumb mixture in a well-greased shallow baking dish. Using hands or back of a large spoon, press crumb mixture against bottom and sides of dish. Beat egg yolks until thickened; stir in condensed milk, orange juice and rind, lemon juice, salt and applesauce. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold into first mixture. Pour into lined baking dish, and bake in a moderately low oven (325° F.) 45 minutes, or until firm. Serve with Wine Custard Sauce. Makes six to eight servings.

Sauce: Combine 2 beaten eggs, 1/4 cup sugar, dash of salt and 1 1/2 cups milk in the top of a double boiler. Place over hot water and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture just coats a silver spoon. Remove from heat and cool. Add 1 tablespoon sherry wine. Sprinkle with nutmeg.

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Lucy Is a Beachcomber

(Continued from page 41)

about their famous neighbor.

"Fanny is a really great person," Lucille says. "Honest and kind. She helps everybody. But you'd never hear about it from her."

When Bruce bought a broken down second-hand sofa and hammered it back into shape and then found that the old cover—which was a sickly brown—refused to dye any cheerful color, Fanny sent her driver into town to ransack her storeroom. He came back with a great roll of heavy pile stuff in a heavenly lime green—plenty for the mammoth sofa.

"Just some old stuff I ripped off some chairs a long time ago," Fanny pooh-poohed. "I would never have used it." But the sofa with its new cover is a thing of beauty before the Kelloggs' fire.

Also prominently displayed is a portrait of a "Lady in Red" painted by Fanny's talented son, Bill.

"There wouldn't have been any house without Fanny," Bruce says.

THIS isn't quite true, for Bruce did quite a bit of hammering and sawing himself, and Lucille learned enough about upholstering in the process of remodeling and refurbishing the house to turn professional herself if she ever tires of singing.

After the bedroom, Bruce added a dining room, again in knotty pine, then, since a baby was on the way, a nursery. Next a porch across the ocean front, and a paved terrace with a mammoth brick barbecue in the walled-in patio at the back of the house. A store room was converted into a bunk house for guests. Next project on the agenda is an extra bedroom. In the meantime, Bruce has built some wonderful bookcases. And Lucille has scraped and stained the old piano until it looks like a fine antique.

What used to be a shack now is one of the most charming houses on the beach.

"Isn't it pretty?" Lucille will agree, beaming at you. "And now come on outdoors."

The three Kelloggs live out of doors. Lucille's naturally blonde hair is so sun-bleached that everyone assumes it has been peroxided. Bruce is as brown as the knotty pine boards he is forever hammering into place, and Pamela—well, Pamela is a wonder child.

Pam who came directly to X-Isle from Hollywood Hospital where she was born on January 6, 1946, doesn't know that there is any place in the world where the whole front yard is not a vast sandpile and the bath water not icy cold and salty.

She waddles around in the sun with her funny duck walk, wearing no clothes but a pair of training pants, getting healthier and healthier and healthier. It's frightening. She now weighs thirty pounds, which would be a good average for a three-year-old. What she'll be at three is a prospect the Kelloggs haven't faced. She takes two solid naps a day and sleeps like a lamb around the clock at night. She has never been sick a day in her life—never even had a runny nose.

As for "security," that big baby hurdle the child psychologists write books about, her world is friendly and safe and fun. Ma-Ma and Da-Da are there when she wants them. They

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love one another, and they love her. Dorothy—"Do-dee"—the baby sitter who comes to stay with her when Bruce drives Lucille in for her broadcasts—is just as stable a factor. What more can a little girl want?

Lucille and Bruce have one worry—laughable to anyone inured to Hollywood values. They are afraid they will both get jobs at once!

"We've been lucky," is the way Lucille puts it. "So far when Bruce has been in a picture, I could be home, and when I had a job, Bruce was free—so we have never had to turn Pam over to a housekeeper or a nurse. We don't want to!"

Radio is hard work, but concentrated, so that currently the Kelloggs can count on two or three days a week when they need to do nothing but live. The days are much alike, and yet all wonderfully different.

They get up at 6:30 with Pam, and the three have a whopping breakfast together. Lucille, who Bruce says is the world's greatest cook, may make her famous pancakes, or hot biscuits. After breakfast, Pam is popped into her playpen on the sea-side porch for a sunbath and Bruce and Lucille do a fast housekeeping job. Dishes—last night's as well as this morning's since a house rule is that nothing faintly resembling work is done after dinner at night. The beds, the floor mopping, the vacuuming—it's all very easy when two pitch in.

BY nine o'clock they are free of chores—free to lie in the sun, to give Pam a splash in the ocean, walk along the shore and look for crabs in the rocks. Pam gets noddly by ten, and has to have a nap.

Lunch is a picnic, and no fair objecting if Pam plays with bugs or eats a portion of sand.

In the later afternoon, after Pam's second nap, Bruce and Lucille do their daily distance swim—a half mile in the ocean (which is rugged) across Topanga bay to a rock promontory and back again. After that the prospect of dinner is mouth-watering.

Often dinner is steak, which Bruce cooks over charcoal on the barbecue. Pam—who stays up for dinner to make up for her two naps—likes "take" too, and gets it—but hers is ground. Corn on the cob—Pam's cut off—salad, fruit for everybody. So simple.

If it's a damp or foggy night, and they do have them occasionally, Lucille is Chief Cook and rules the efficient red and white kitchen. Then the family's collection of French earthenware casseroles comes into use. Wonderful things emerge—stew, beef goulash, frankfurters with sauerkraut.

Pam usually puts her head in her plate to indicate that she's sleepy—again!—and she is slipped into her nightie and into her crib, sometimes without opening an eye.

The evening—until their 9:30 bedtime—stretches before Lucille and Bruce with so many lovely things to do that they are torn deciding.

They can cuddle up in the big green leather chair and listen to radio mysteries. They love Murder and Mr. Malone and The Fat Man. If it's cool, it's fun to build a big fire and then lie on the big green sofa listening to records. Or reading to one another—plays, or, for moony nights, Lawrence Hope's love poems.

Nightclubs? The Kelloggs don't know what the inside of a nightclub looks like. If a good movie comes to

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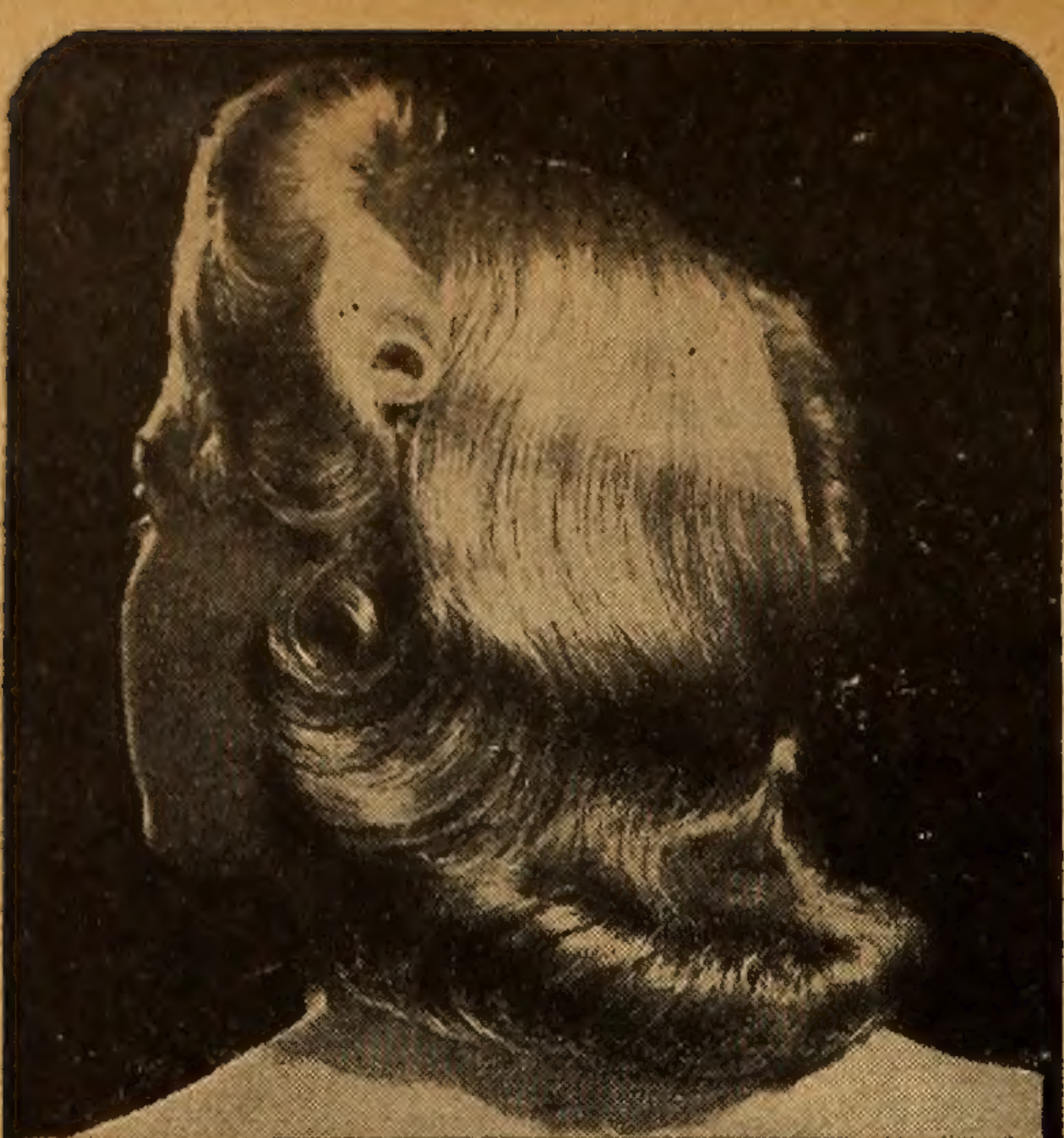
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the Santa Monica theater they sometimes call in Olga and drive down to see it—but this is infrequent.

Guests are infrequent too—not because the Kelloggs are inhospitable but because they are so contented just with one another that they forget to ask anyone until it is so late that their friends are busy.

The Don Curtises often occupy the bunk house for a weekend, or Dick Hyden, or other young actor friends the couple made when they were both under contract to MGM. On those occasions, the happy routine of X-Isle is augmented by a moonlight hike up Topanga canyon or a picnic in the hills back from the bay. Pam went for her first picnic not long ago, mountain-climbing like a little goat in weeds up to her ears.

Lucille is getting like Pam—she doesn't remember what life was like away from the beach.

When she and Bruce first started planning to get married—"he never proposed; we just slipped into it"—the only thing which worried her was that Bruce was a confirmed beachcomber, had never lived anywhere else in his five years in the movie colony.

Lucille, whose upbringing was scrub-brush-and-pail midwestern, didn't think she could abide keeping house in a place where sand was always gritty on the floor and there was always a mess of wet bathing suits in the bathroom. But Bruce was clever. He "broke Lucille in" by taking her for picnics at the very beach they now think of as the only possible place to live.

"I love it here," Lucille said finally, after moonlight weiner roasts, cold swims on hot days, long walks in the sand. "I'd like to live here."

"What a coincidence," Bruce lied. "As a matter of fact, I've just found a house here that I can buy. Would you like to see it?" It was X-Isle.

With this decision made, there was nothing to stop their looking for a justice of the peace—except that Bruce was in the middle of "They Were Expendable" and working every day. They managed anyhow—flew to Las Vegas and back, and Bruce didn't miss a day of shooting. And Lucille messed her brand new wedding ring in a paint can the very first day of her honeymoon with the shack's improvements.

Both Lucille and Bruce were having career trouble when they met. Like so many talented youngsters whom the big studios "discover" and then forget, they were sitting out their contracts at MGM doing almost nothing.

"But we were good for one another," Lucille says. "Bruce started getting good parts soon after we met. And I made a short, 'Musical Masterpieces,' with Carlos Ramirez which attracted a lot of attention.

"And then the radio job came along." Lucille puts it all down to her husband's good advice and guidance. He says it's her own beauty and talent.

Lucille's beauty and talent brought her recognition very early in her life. She learned singing from her mother—who also had a beautiful soprano voice.

"But Daddy was a religious lecturer, and frowned on show business—mother did her only singing in church." When it appeared, however, that Lucille had the same talent, her father agreed that she should be sent to study at the Cincinnati conservatory. When she was fifteen and spending a summer vacation with an uncle in Denver she won a Children's Hour radio contest, and got her first job at the sponsoring station, KLZ. The same summer she sang with the Colorado symphony. In 1941 she won the Metropolitan Audition of the Air and was in the finals when MGM talent scouts spied her and signed her to a long-term contract. She was eighteen years old.

Lucille bears no grudge about the failure of her first movie contract to produce spectacular results. Didn't it bring her together with Bruce?

She feels, and rightfully—she is just twenty-three—that she is just beginning now. All sorts of wonderful offers are popping up, including a tremendously exciting possibility that she'll be Bing Crosby's lead in "A Connecticut Yankee."

This, of course, would be a fabulous break. Lucille knows it, but her feelings are mixed. How can she possibly leave X-Isle? Bruce has the answer to that: Take it that is, us with you.

There will be three Kelloggs on that train when it leaves for Broadway. There would be no point in pursuing Fame and Fortune, they figure, if you have to leave Happiness behind.

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